

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXVIII.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

NO. 50.

Epilepsy Fits St. Vitus Dance

Are nerve diseases, and unless checked, lead to destruction of both mind and body. The weak, shattered nerves must have something to strengthen and build them back to health. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is a remarkable nerve tonic and stimulant. It strengthens the nerves, relieves the nervous strain, and influences refreshing body-building sleep and rest. Persistent use seldom fails to relieve these afflictions.

"I was taken with epileptic fits; had eleven in less than 12 hours. My father sent for our family physician, but he could do very little for me, and I grew worse every day, and at last they had three doctors with me, and I still got worse. My father heard of Dr. Miles' medicine, and bought a bottle of Nerve and a box of Nerve and Liver Pills. I had taken only a few doses until I began to feel better. I took 12 bottles, and it cured me. I sound and well. It has been worth all the world to me. I recommend it wherever I go. You may use this as a life-long testimonial to the merits of your medicine, for I am enjoying the best of health, and feel that my life and health is due to this wonderful medicine."

R. F. D. No. 2, Boston, Ga.
Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Horrible Accident at N. C. Roundhouse at York.

William A. Myers, about 21 years old, a night hostler at the Northern Central Railroad roundhouse in York, was decapitated Tuesday morning by a wheel of the freight engine under which he was working. The head was cleanly severed from the body, the great weight upon the wheel forcing the socket of the spine from the skull, and the sharp edge of the flange severing the flesh like a knife. Not a bone was broken.

Myers, who had been employed on the railroad since February 1, boarded with his aunt, Mrs. Agnes B. Helzel, at 225 South Beaver street. He was in the ash pit in front of the roundhouse when the accident occurred. A big freight engine had been pushed across the pit and Myers was engaged in scraping out the ash pan. It was about 10 minutes before 6 o'clock at which hour the night hostlers go off duty. While Myers was in the ash pit, Grant Shoemaker, another night hostler, is said to have mounted into the cab of the engine intending to run it out to get another engine which was in the way of a passenger train almost due. Shoemaker, it is said, rang the bell until he was sure the way was clear, and then opened the throttle. As the locomotive started ahead he and the other hostlers, William Powell and Charles Ritter, heard a single loud shriek. Shoemaker quickly brought the engine to a stop, while Powell ran to investigate. He saw a man's head sticking out of the ash pit and caught the hair, thinking to drag him out. Instead, to his horror, he almost fell backward when he found that he held aloft only the severed head. The body lay in the ash pit, breast upward, one hand still upon the scraper the man had been using. Death had come with lightning swiftness.

Myers evidently heard the bell ringing and either not realizing that it was the bell of the engine above him, or not understanding its significance, put his head out under the wheel to see what was going on, when the wheel caught his neck. The body was Wednesday morning taken to Littlestown near which borough is the former home of the dead man's parents.

Rev. Father Lewis Maurath will celebrate his first mass in St. Joseph Catholic Church, Hanover, at 9 o'clock this Thursday morning. Rev. Maurath is a son of Ludwig Maurath of Hanover.

The appearance of the interior of the New Oxford postoffice has been greatly improved by being handsomely re-papered and other improvements made.

While walking along the street in Gettysburg, Monday night, when the town was in darkness, Judge Swope made a misstep and fell against a mail box inflicting a painful wound above his left eye.

BIG FIRE ON THE ISTHMUS

Cold Storage Plant Filled With Foodstuffs Destroyed.

Colon, April 2.—The cold storage establishment at Mount Hope, one of the largest and most valuable on the isthmus, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The loss is placed at several hundred thousand dollars. The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained. The building was filled with a large variety of foodstuffs and other property.

EXPLOSION WRECKS CHURCH

Blew the Floor Through Ceiling and Nearly Killed the Sexton.

Scranton, Pa., April 2.—An explosion of gas in the basement of the Dunmore Presbyterian church blew the floor through the ceiling and badly injured John Reiser, the sexton, who was in the auditorium just at the point where the greater force of the explosion was expended. A beam pinned him in the debris, which had taken fire, and it was only by heroic work that he was liberated, after his hair was burned off and his face and hands scorched. He was otherwise severely injured by the force of the explosion. Two women, one of them the organist, who were in the rear of the church, escaped with slight injuries. The firemen succeeded in saving the church from total destruction. The basement filled with gas from a broken pipe, and the gas was ignited by the furnace.

DOGS LAPPED HIS BLOOD

Man Shot Down and Left to Die in the Street.

Richmond, Va., April 1.—Isaac B. Ritter, 30 years old, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, was shot and almost instantly killed by Otto N. Hilliard at Carpenters Valley, two miles from Winchester, Va. Hilliard, who is in jail, claims that Ritter attempted to force his way into his home and that he shot in self-defense. Ritter bled to death in two hours and was left lying where he fell until the coroner's inquest. Dogs lapped up the blood from his wounds. A woman is said to be at the bottom of the affair.

HUGE PROFITS ON CAPITOL WORK

Harrisburg, Pa., March 29.—The enormous profits of John H. Sanderson & Co., of Philadelphia, contractor for the furnishings of the new capitol, were disclosed in detail at the sessions of the capitol investigating commission. The sub-contractors for the furniture and interior woodwork supplied by Sanderson upon his contract with the board of public grounds and buildings testified to the prices they were paid by the contractor.

Their testimony showed that some of the work was done through Payne & Co., contractors for the construction of the building, as sub-contractors for Sanderson, who supplied all the furnishings except the metallic filing cases. After the sub-contractors had been called and testified to the prices they received from Sanderson or Payne the official records were produced by James Cameron, auditor for the commission, to show what Sanderson received for the furnishings.

No attempt was made to show that the schedule upon which Sanderson was awarded the capitol furnishings contract was so arranged as to make intelligent bidding impossible. This has already been brought out by the testimony of several bidders, who said they could get no information from Architect Joseph M. Huston upon which to make an intelligent bid.

It was shown that the state paid Sanderson \$24,208 for the woodwork in the grand reception room, for which the sub-contractor was paid \$16,089.75. Sanderson collected from the state \$62,489.40 for the woodwork in the senate postoffice, telephone chamber and other rooms at the senate chamber, for which the sub-contractor was paid \$6145.

The testimony also showed that the state paid Sanderson \$3256.80 for a mahogany case in the senate barber shop for which the sub-contractor received only \$325. Sanderson collected \$1619.20 for a mahogany bootblack stand in the senate lavatory which was supplied to him by a sub-contractor for \$50, exclusive of two chairs, which cost \$25 each, and the foot rests, the cost of which did not exceed \$25.

For 38 mahogany clothes trees Sanderson collected \$73.60 each and paid the sub-contractor who supplied them \$12 each. For 31 umbrellas stands the contractor received from the state \$73.60 each and paid the sub-contractor \$14 each. For a desk in the lieutenant governor's room Sanderson collected \$349.60 and paid the sub-contractor \$130. The auditor's report shows that 147 additional clothes trees were furnished by Sanderson at \$27.60 each, and 109 additional umbrella stands at \$39.80 each.

Sanderson put a "medicine chest" in the senate at a cost to the state of \$128.80 and in the house at a cost of \$239.20. The sub-contractor who supplied one of these chests was paid \$30 for it. Sanderson's profits on the desks in the senate and house chambers were nearly 400 per cent., according to the testimony. It was also shown that he collected from the state \$264.60 each for 50 desks in the senate chamber, which were supplied by the sub-contractor for \$65 each. For 208 desks in the house chamber Sanderson paid the sub-contractor \$78 each and collected from the state \$285.73 each.

HOW WE GROW

Population of the United States increased 8,000,000 in Six Years. Washington, March 29.—There are now nearly 8,000,000 more people in continental United States than there were six years ago.

The above estimate is based upon figures compiled by the census bureau in a special report. According to its estimates, the population of continental United States in 1906 was 83,941,510, this being an increase over 1900 of 7,946,935. The population of the United States, inclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions in 1906, was 93,182,240. The growth in population in continental United States from 1905 to 1906 was 1,367,315.

Computed on the basis of the estimate, the density of population of continental United States in 1906 was 28 persons per square mile, as compared with 26 in 1900. The five leading cities and their estimated population in 1906 are as follows: New York, 4,112,943; Chicago, 2,649,183; Philadelphia, 1,441,735; St. Louis, 649,320, and Boston, 602,278.

SALUSHA A. GROW PASSES AWAY

Former Congressman-at-Large of Pennsylvania is Dead.

Binghamton, N. Y., April 1.—Former Congressman Galusha A. Grow died at his home in Glenwood, Pa., as a result of a general breakdown attributed to old age.

Mr. Grow was elected to congress from the Wilmet district of Pennsylvania as the youngest member of that body in 1851, and after retirement from public life for nearly 40 years, he re-entered the house of representatives as a congressman-at-large from Penn-

sylvania 14 years ago. He retired four years ago, his public service in the house extending over the longest period, although not continuous service, of any man who ever sat in that body.

During the ante-bellum days he was one of the best-known men in the United States, and in 1864 he came within one vote of being nominated for vice president in place of Andrew Johnson, who became president on the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Grow was elected speaker of the house of representatives in 1861, and occupied that position during the first two years of the war, until his retirement from congress in 1863.

Mr. Grow's greatest public service was as the "father" of the homestead act, through which measure many million acres of western farm lands were opened up to settlement by homesteaders, an act which has been credited with doing more than any other one thing for the development of the great west.

MISSING MARVIN BOY NOT FOUND

Rumor of His Recovery in Woods Near His Home Incorrect.

Dover, Del., March 30.—The report that Horace N. Marvin, Jr., had been found in a woods near the home of his father at Kitts Hammock, near here, has been found to be incorrect. Word had been received here saying that the boy had been found, and the detectives who have been working on the case for almost a month started for the Marvin home. When they arrived there they found that the rumor was without foundation.

The report probably gained circulation from the fact that the Logan school house, near the Marvin home, was broken into and was practically torn inside out by some unknown persons. This is the school at which Miss Lucy Killen, the young woman who was held up on Tuesday night by two men whom she came upon suddenly, is the teacher. Pinned to the blackboard in the school room was a note which bore a skull and cross bones and read: "Beware! You told!"

When Miss Killen came upon the two men they were talking about the kidnapping of the Marvin child, and they drew revolvers and threatened to kill the girl if she breathed to any person the conversation she had accidentally overheard.

DROWNED HERSELF AND BABES

Mother Fastened Two Little Ones' Garments to Her Own.

Dover, N. J., April 1.—Having fastened their garments securely to her own, Mrs. Otto Britting carried her two little children into Shongum lake, where all three were drowned.

The three had died in shallow water and the mother's body was in a stooping position, as though she had bent over to place her head under the water. With her right arm her 9-months-old baby George was clasped to her breast, while his sister Grace, 3 years old, was held firmly between the dead mother's knees. As thought to make sure that the children would not escape her even in death, Mrs. Britting had used safety pins to secure the clothing of the little ones to her own. Mrs. Britting is said to have been passionately fond of her children, and her act is ascribed to a mental trouble.

IS SHORT \$36,000

Former Receiver of Taxes of New Castle County, Del., Under Arrest.

Wilmington, Del., April 2.—Horace G. Rettew, former receiver of taxes and county treasurer of New Castle county, was arrested at his home here on a charge of appropriating \$5000 of the county taxes to his own use. The warrant, which was sworn out by Magistrate Hollis, was served by Constable Jones, who found Rettew ill with heart trouble. As the \$10,000 bail was not forthcoming he remained in custody of the constable at his home. The jury court directed his arrest, the complaint being made by President McFarlin. Rettew is alleged to be short about \$36,000.

TRAIN KILLS FOUR BOYS

Struck While Walking Pennsy Tracks at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 30.—Four boys were run down and instantly killed by a light engine on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Indian Church road, near the eastern city line. They were returning from a hunting trip and were walking along the tracks. A passing freight train drowned the noise of the approaching engine, which ran them down. The dead are: Anthony Phillips, 19 years; Frederick Phillips, 16 years, a brother of Anthony; Otto Mertz, 11 years, and Hugh Reavy, 14 years.

York Merchant Swallows Poison.

York, Pa., March 29.—David E. Frey, aged 52 years, a prominent merchant and one of the wealthiest citizens of York, committed suicide in a barn on his farm, located about two miles from this city, on the Chancetown turnpike by taking carbolic acid. Members of the family say that ill health was the cause of the act. It is stated that he had been suffering for some time with an incurable disease, and on account of his actions the family watched him closely for the last two weeks.

STANDS BY HIS RAILROAD POLICY

Mr. Roosevelt Declares He Will Not Deviate From It.

Washington, April 2.—In response to a much-expressed desire that he give definite expression to his views on railroad legislation, President Roosevelt has announced plainly where he stands.

In a letter to C. H. Smith, president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, declining an invitation to address that body on the railroad situation, the president announced that his attitude today is precisely what it has always been and for that reason there is no need of his making a speech on it.

He declines to add anything to his previous utterances, holding that he has gone over the ground fully. In support of this contention he quotes from his messages to congress and his speeches in the passages he quotes he disavows hostility to the roads and proclaims his opposition to government ownership. What he does want is "supervisory and regulatory rights" for the government. He arraigns over-capitalization as a menace to the public, to the stockholder and to the employee of the road. He particularly points out that he is not antagonistic to combination, but wants them to make their agreements public and in the interest of all the people.

He quotes the words in which he demanded a square deal; one that will be just to the corporation and to the shipper; one that will prevent discrimination against any individual and at the same time protect the corporation against "extremists and reactionaries." He also endorses his statement that he wants the roads to be able to get together lawfully for the purpose of settling rates, but adds that the government should have the last say as to the adequacy and justice of the rates.

For several weeks the president has been importuned to declare his attitude toward the railroads. To these requests he gave careful and serious consideration. After fully looking into the subject the president told his advisers that he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing new which he had to say at this time.

To the different men, friendly and unfriendly, who have visited him or written to him, he has answered verbally or in writing that his words and acts spoke for themselves and needed no explanation whatever, and that he should not in his future course, deviate a hair's breadth from the course he has pursued in the past and was now pursuing.

The statement was made from an authoritative source that "even a most cursory examination of what the president has repeatedly said in speech and message will show the utter nonsense of supposing the government has the slightest intention to take any action which would invalidate the safety and stability of the railway securities now issued."

The whole legislative program of the president has been proclaimed again and again, as one to insure the future against the mistakes and delinquencies of the past. The president holds that every executive action taken under his administration, whether by the department of justice or by the interstate commerce commission, has furnished its own ample justification.

It was pointed out in administration circles that the president has made no reference in his speeches or messages to the question of the physical valuation of railroads. His position on this question, it was said, is that the roads themselves will work out this problem as an item of bookkeeping and reference was made to the fact that two roads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—already have submitted figures as to their physical valuation.

It can be announced on authority that the president again will ask congress at its next session, for power to deal with the question of over capitalization of railroads. A similar request was made at the last session, but favorable action was not taken upon it.

32 BUILDINGS BURNED

Widow's Prayer That Home be Spared Was Answered.

Laurens, S. C., March 30.—Fire in Newberry, S. C., a thriving little city of 8000 population, destroyed 22 residences, 10 stores and two churches, entailing a loss estimated at between \$150,000 to \$200,000, with insurance of about \$85,000. The conflagration started in the rear of the Newberry hotel. A gale was blowing, and the flames spread with great rapidity.

Surrounded on all sides by the flames was the residence of Mrs. J. B. Humbert, a widow of a former Methodist minister, which was never touched, although the heat from the flames scorched the house several times. It is related that Mrs. Humbert during the entire time of the conflagration prayed that her home might be spared, and the way that her prayer was answered is the subject for discussion.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, March 27.

The home of George Castle, a Chicago theatrical manager, was robbed of jewelry valued at \$3000.

Jerry Horton, convicted of bigamy at Bordentown, N. J., was sentenced to state prison for one year.

The comptroller of the currency has issued a call for the condition of national banks at the close of business Friday, March 22.

Brigadier General Alfred A. Woodbull, U. S. A., retired, who has been the Princeton University lecturer on personal hygiene, has resigned.

While suffering from a severe attack of asthma, Mrs. Eliza Pendlebury, aged 81 years, attempted suicide in her home in Philadelphia by plunging a knife into her neck.

Thursday, March 28.

The Reading Railway company's car shops at Reading have been notified to work 13 hours a day.

Governor Stuart has appointed Edward A. Anderson to be associate judge of the Philadelphia orphans' court.

James Henry Smith, one of the wealthiest capitalists of New York, died in Japan while on his wedding trip around the world.

Samuel Logan, a clerk in the Philadelphia postoffice, is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$31.93 from the sale of postage stamps.

While suffering from a headache, the wife of Dr. W. J. Blewett, of Chicago, took by mistake a tablet containing strychnine and was found dead. Friday, March 29.

Dr. B. H. Warren, of West Chester, has resigned as state dairy and food commissioner of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Robert Blight died in a hospital at Norristown, Pa., from burns received by upsetting a lighted lamp.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Boyd, a prominent Methodist minister of Baltimore, died at Roanoke, Va., after an extended illness.

William R. Hearst has filed five libel suits against the Chicago Tribune for \$300,000 each for publishing extracts of Elihu Root's speech at Utica, N. Y., last November.

Hamilton F. Lee, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars and a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, died at Colorado Springs, Col., aged 87 years.

Saturday, March 30.

Safe robbers robbed the Farmers' and Merchants' National bank at Hanover, Mich., of \$3000.

Governor Carter says in his opinion President Roosevelt has abandoned his policy of Americanizing Hawaii.

Friday was the hottest March day on record in Philadelphia, the thermometer reaching 88 in the afternoon.

Two Italian workmen were fatally injured by an explosion in the excavation for the new Pennsylvania railroad station in New York.

Former Congressman James T. McCleary, of Minnesota, was sworn in as second assistant postmaster general, to succeed William Shallenberger, resigned.

Monday, April 1.

Orders for 40,000 sacks of flour for Chinese famine relief have been received in Minneapolis.

A dog, supposed to be mad, bit Mrs. Frank A. Suter and half a dozen other persons in Lancaster, Pa.

The submarine boats Viper and Tarantula, for the United States navy, were launched at Quincy, Mass.

A movement to gather a mile of pennies for the church debt has been made by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Reformed Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.

John Wyeth, one of the best-known manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations in the United States, died at his home in Philadelphia of pneumonia, aged 73 years.

Tuesday, April 2.

With the temperature below freezing an inch of snow fell at Frostburg, Md., and ruined early vegetation.

John Glancy, 70 years old, fell from a second story window of his home in Philadelphia and was instantly killed.

In a collision between a tug boat and a ferry boat in the North River at New York two men were drowned and the tug sunk.

Six trainmen were killed in a collision between freight trains on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad at Fort Worth, Texas.

F. A. Holbrook, secretary of the school furniture trust, pleaded guilty in Chicago to restraining trade and sentence was deferred.

Was With Perry to Japan.

Norfolk, Va., April 2.—Charles H. Graham, aged 86 years, who was with Commodore Perry on the latter's expedition to Japan more than a half century ago, which resulted in the opening of the ports of the mikado's empire to foreign commerce, died at his home in Portsmouth, Va., where he was a merchant. Graham was a passenger clerk on one of the ships of the Perry fleet.

Hung to Ties to Save Themselves.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 1.—Three men were caught on the Dessemer & Lake Erie railroad bridge at Turtle Creek, near here, by a fast passenger train. Two of the men hung to the ties, allowing the train to pass over them, but the third, Samuel Cjardac, was knocked off the bridge to the ground, 50 feet below, and killed.



Going to alabastine?
If you don't know what it means you have failed to take advantage of our offer to show you how to decorate your walls more easily and more economically, and secure more beautiful effects than you ever have before.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

is a powder that you mix with cold water and apply with a brush. You must see the Alabastine tint cards; you must learn how durable Alabastine is; you must know about its wonderful sanitary properties; you must come into our store as soon as you can, and ask us about Alabastine.

We will gladly tell you all about it, and give you prices for decorating with it, if you will give us the opportunity.



SOLD BY GILBERT & SON.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on SATURDAY, the 20th day of April, 1907, at 10:30 o'clock a. m.

79.—First and final account of Horatio M. Cole, administrator of the estate of Hannah C. Wolf, late of East Berlin Borough, dec'd.

80.—First and final account of J. A. and G. W. Denlinger, administrators of the estate of Catherine Patterson, late of the Borough of East Berlin, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

81.—First and final account of T. S. Patterson, Executor of the last will and testament of Catherine Patterson, late of the Borough of East Berlin, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

82.—First and final account of A. J. Smith, administrator of the estate of Ann E. Smith, late of Gettysburg Borough, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

83.—First and final account of H. J. Sprenger, administrator of the estate of Daniel H. Resch, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.

84.—The first and final account of the Citizens Trust Company of Gettysburg, Pa., Trustee for real estate of Robert M. B. Hill, late of Cumberland township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
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Myers, who had been employed on the railroad since February 1, boarded with his aunt, Mrs. Agnes B. Heltel, at 225 South Beaver street. He was in the ash pit in front of the roundhouse when the accident occurred. A big freight engine had been pushed across the pit and Myers was engaged in scraping out the ash pan. It was about 10 minutes before 6 o'clock at which hour the night hostlers go off duty. While Myers was in the ash pit, Grant Shoemaker, another night hostler, is said to have mounted into the cab of the engine intending to run it out to get another engine which was in the way of a passenger train almost due. Shoemaker, it is said, rang the bell until he was sure the way was clear, and then opened the throttle. As the locomotive started ahead he and two other hostlers, William Powell and Charles Ritter, heard a single loud shriek. Shoemaker quickly brought the engine to a stop, while Powell ran to investigate. He saw a man's head sticking out of the ash pit and caught the hair, thinking to drag him out. Instead, to his horror, he almost fell backward when he found that he held aloft only the severed head. The body lay in the ash pit, breast upward, one hand still upon the scraper the man had been using. Death had come with lightning swiftness. Myers evidently heard the bell ringing and either not realizing that it was the bell of the engine above him, or not understanding its significance, put his head out under the wheel to see what was going on, when the wheel caught his neck.

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HOW WE GROW

Population of the United States Increased 8,000,000 in Six Years.

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The above estimate is based upon figures compiled by the census bureau in a special report. According to its estimates, the population of continental United States in 1906 was 83,941,510, this being an increase over 1900 of 7,946,935. The population of the United States, inclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions in 1906, was 93,182,240. The growth in population in continental United States from 1900 to 1906 was 1,367,315.

Computed on the basis of the estimate, the density of population of continental United States in 1906 was 23 persons per square mile, as compared with 26 in 1900. The five leading cities and their estimated population in 1906 are as follows: New York, 4,113,043; Chicago, 2,049,185; Philadelphia, 1,441,735; St. Louis, 649,320, and Boston, 602,275.

BALUSHA A. GROW PASSES AWAY

Former Congressman-at-Large of Pennsylvania is Dead.

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Rumor of His Recovery in Woods Near His Home Incorrect.

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IS SHORT \$36,000

Former Receiver of Taxes of New Castle County, Del., Under Arrest.

Wilmington, Del., April 2.—Horace G. Rettew, former receiver of taxes and county treasurer of New Castle county, was arrested at his home here on a charge of appropriating \$5000 of the county taxes to his own use. The warrant, which was sworn out by Magistrate Hollis, was served by Constable Jones, who found Rettew ill with heart trouble. As the \$10,000 bail was not forthcoming he remained in custody of the constable at his home. The levy court directed his arrest, the complaint being made by President McFarlin. Rettew is alleged to be short about \$36,000.

TRAIN KILLS FOUR BOYS

Struck While Walking Penny Tracks at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 30.—Four boys were run down and instantly killed by a light engine on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Indian Church road, near the eastern city line. They were returning from a hunting trip and were walking along the tracks. A passing freight train drowned the noise of the approaching engine, which ran them down. The dead are: Anthony Phillips, 19 years; Frederick Phillips, 16 years, a brother of Anthony; Otto Mertz, 11 years, and Hugh Reavy, 14 years.

YORK MERCHANT SWALLOWS POISON

York, Pa., March 29.—David E. Frey, aged 52 years, a prominent merchant and one of the wealthiest citizens of York, committed suicide in a barn on his farm, located about two miles from this city, on the Chanceford turnpike by taking carbolic acid. Members of the family say that ill health was the cause of the act. It is stated that he had been suffering for some time with an incurable disease, and on account of his actions the family watched him closely for the last two weeks.

STANDS BY HIS RAILROAD POLICY

Mr. Roosevelt Declares He Will Not Deviate From It.

Washington, April 2.—In response to a much-expressed desire that he give definite expression to his views on railroad legislation, President Roosevelt has announced plainly where he stands.

In a letter to C. H. Smith, president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, declining an invitation to address that body on the railroad situation the president announced that his attitude today is precisely what it has always been and for that reason there is no need of his making a speech on it.

He declines to add anything to his previous utterances, holding that he has gone over the ground fully. In support of this contention he quotes from his messages to congress and his speeches. In the passages he quotes he disavows hostility to the roads and proclaims his opposition to government ownership. What he does want is "supervisory and regulatory rights" for the government. He arraigns over-capitalization as a menace to the public, to the stockholder and to the employe of the road. He particularly points out that he is not antagonistic to combination, but wants them to make their agreements public and in the interest of all the people.

He quotes the words in which he demanded a square deal; one that will be just to the corporation and to the shipper; one that will prevent discrimination against any individual and at the same time protect the corporation against "extremists and reactionaries." He also endorses his statement that he wants the roads to be able to get together lawfully for the purpose of settling rates, but adds that the government should have the last say as to the adequacy and justice of the rates.

For several weeks the president has been importuned to declare his attitude toward the railroads. To these requests he gave careful and serious consideration. After fully looking into the subject the president told his advisers that he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing new which he had to say at this time.

To the different men, friendly and unfriendly, who have visited him or written to him, he has answered verbally or in writing that his words and acts spoke for themselves and needed no explanation whatever, and that he should not in his future course, devote a hair's breadth from the course he has pursued in the past and was now pursuing.

The statement was made from an authoritative source that "even a most cursory examination of what the president has repeatedly said in speech and message will show the utter nonsense of supposing the government has the slightest intention to take any action which would invalidate the safety and stability of the railway securities now issued."

The whole legislative program of the president has been proclaimed again and again, as one to insure the future against the mistakes and delinquencies of the past. The president holds that every executive action taken under his administration, whether by the department of justice or by the interstate commerce commission, has furnished its own ample justification.

It was pointed out in administration circles that the president has made no reference in his speeches or messages to the question of the physical valuation of railroads. His position on this question, it was said, is that the roads themselves will work out this problem as an item of bookkeeping and reference was made to the fact that two roads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—already have submitted figures as to their physical valuation.

It can be announced on authority that the president again will ask congress at its next session, for power to deal with the question of over capitalization of railroads. A similar request was made at the last session, but favorable action was not taken upon it.

32 BUILDINGS BURNED

Widow's Prayer That Home Be Spared Was Answered.

Laurens, S. C., March 30.—Fire in Newberry, S. C., a thriving little city of 8000 population, destroyed 22 residences, 10 stores and two churches, entailing a loss estimated at between \$150,000 to \$200,000, with insurance of about \$85,000. The conflagration started in the rear of the Newberry hotel. A gale was blowing, and the flames spread with great rapidity.

Surrounded on all sides by the flames was the residence of Mrs. J. B. Humbert, a widow of a former Methodist minister, which was never touched, although the heat from the flames scorched the house several times. It is related that Mrs. Humbert during the entire time of the conflagration prayed that her home might be spared, and the way that her prayer was answered is the subject for discussion.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, March 27.

The home of George Castle, a Chicago theatrical manager, was robbed of jewelry valued at \$9000.

Harry Horton, convicted of bigamy at Bordentown, N. J., was sentenced to state prison for one year.

The comptroller of the currency has issued a call for the condition of national banks at the close of business Friday, March 22.

Brigadier General Alfred A. Woodhull, U. S. A., retired, who has been the Princeton University lecturer on personal hygiene, has resigned.

While suffering from a severe attack of asthma, Mrs. Eliza Pendlebery, aged 81 years, attempted suicide in her home in Philadelphia by plunging a knife into her neck.

Thursday, March 28.

The Reading Railway company's car shops at Reading have been notified to work 13 hours a day.

Governor Stuart has appointed Edward A. Anderson to be associate judge of the Philadelphia orphans' court.

James Henry Smith, one of the wealthiest capitalists of New York, died in Japan while on his wedding trip around the world.

Samuel Logan, a clerk in the Philadelphia postoffice, is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$31.93 from the sale of postage stamps.

While suffering from a headache, the wife of Dr. W. J. Blewett, of Chicago, took by mistake a tablet containing strychnine and was found dead.

Friday, March 29.

Dr. B. H. Warren, of West Chester, has resigned as state dairy and food commissioner of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Robert Blight died in a hospital at Norristown, Pa., from burns received by upsetting a lighted lamp.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Boyd, a prominent Methodist minister of Baltimore, died at Roanoke, Va., after an extended illness.

William R. Hearst has filed five libel suits against the Chicago Tribune for \$300,000 each for publishing extracts of Elihu Root's speech at Utica, N. Y., last November.

Hamlin F. Lee, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars and a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, died at Colorado Springs, Col., aged 87 years.

Saturday, March 30.

Safe blowers robbed the Farmers' and Merchants' National bank at Hanover, Mich., of \$3000.

Governor Carter says in his opinion President Roosevelt has abandoned his policy of Americanizing Hawaii.

Friday was the hottest March day on record in Philadelphia, the thermometer reaching 88 in the afternoon.

Two Italian workmen were fatally injured by an explosion in the excavation for the new Pennsylvania railroad station in New York.

Former Congressman James T. McCleary, of Minnesota, was sworn in as second assistant postmaster general, to succeed William Shallenberger, resigned.

Monday, April 1.

Orders for 40,000 sacks of flour for Chinese famine relief have been received in Minneapolis.

A dog, supposed to be mad, bit Mrs. Frank A. Suter and half a dozen other persons in Lancaster, Pa.

The submarine boats Viper and Tarantula, for the United States navy, were launched at Quincy, Mass.

A movement to gather a mile of pennies for the church debt has been made by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Reformed Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.

John Wyeth, one of the best-known manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations in the United States, died at his home in Philadelphia of pneumonia, aged 73 years.

Tuesday, April 2.

With the temperature below freezing an inch of snow fell at Frostburg, Md., and ruined early vegetation.

John Glancy, 70 years old, fell from a second story window of his home in Philadelphia and was instantly killed.

In a collision between a tug boat and a ferry boat in the North River at New York two men were drowned and the tug sunk.

Six trainmen were killed in a collision between freight trains on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad at Fort Worth, Texas.

F. A. Holbrook, secretary of the school furniture trust, pleaded guilty in Chicago to restraining trade and sentence was deferred.

Was With Perry to Japan.

Norfolk, Va., April 2.—Charles H. Graham, aged 86 years, who was with Commodore Perry on the latter's expedition to Japan more than a half century ago, which resulted in the opening of the ports of the mikado's empire to foreign commerce, died at his home in Portsmouth, Va., where he was a merchant. Graham was a passenger clerk on one of the ships of the Perry fleet.

Hung to Ties to Save Themselves.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 1.—Three men were caught on the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad bridge at Turtle Creek, near here, by a fast passenger train. Two of the men hung to the ties, allowing the train to pass over them, but the third, Samuel Cardiac, was knocked off the bridge to the ground, 50 feet below, and killed.

Epilepsy Fits St. Vitus Dance

Are nerve diseases, and unless checked, lead to destruction of both mind and body. The weak, shattered nerves must have something to strengthen and build them back to health. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a remarkable nerve tonic and stimulant. It strengthens the nerves, relieves the nervous strain, and influences refreshing body-building sleep and rest. Persistent use seldom fails to relieve these afflictions.

"I was taken with epileptic fits; had eleven in less than 12 hours. My father sent for our family physician, but he could do very little for me, and I grew worse every day, and at last they had three doctors with me, and I still got worse. My father heard of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and bought a bottle of Nervine and a box of Nervine and Liver Pills. I had taken only a few doses until I began to feel better. I took 12 bottles, and it cured me sound and well. It has been worth all the world to me. I recommend it wherever I go. You may use this as a life-long tonic to the nerves, the best of health, and feel that my life and health is due to this wonderful medicine." R. F. D. No. 2, Boston, Ga.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



Going to alabastine?

If you don't know what it means you have failed to take advantage of our offer to show you how to decorate your walls more easily and more economically, and secure more beautiful effects than you ever have before.

Alabastine The Sanitary Wall Coating

is a powder that you mix with cold water and apply with a brush. You must see the Alabastine tint cards; you must learn how durable Alabastine is; you must know about its wonderful sanitary properties; you must come into our store as soon as you can, and ask us about Alabastine.

We will gladly tell you all about it, and give you prices for decorating with it, if you will give us the opportunity.



SOLD BY GILBERT & SON.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on SATURDAY, the 20th day of April, 1907, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., viz:—
79.—First and final account of Horatio M. Cole, administrator of the estate of Hannah O. Wolf, late of East Berlin Borough, dec'd.
80.—First and final account of J. A. and G. W. Dentler, administrators of the estate of Sarah Dentler, late of Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
81.—First and final account of T. S. Patterson, Executor of the last will and testament of Catherine Patterson, late of the Borough of East Berlin, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
82.—First and final account of Ann E. Smith, administrator of the estate of Ann E. Smith, late of Gettysburg Borough, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
83.—First and final account of H. J. Sneginger, administrator of the estate of Daniel Kesh, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
84.—The first and final account of the Citizens Trust Company of Gettysburg, Pa., Trustee for real estate of Robert M. B. Hill, late of Cumberland township, Adams County, Pa., dec'd.
D. F. STEFFY, Register.

DEATRICK BROS., UNDERTAKERS,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Now is the time to subscribe for ITEM

Horrible Accident at N. C. Roundhouse at York.

William A. Myers, about 21 years old, a night hostler at the Northern Central Railroad roundhouse in York, was decapitated Tuesday morning by a wheel of the freight engine under which he was working. The head was cleanly severed from the body, the great weight upon the wheel forcing the socket of the spine from the skull, and the sharp edge of the flange severing the flesh like a knife. Not a bone was broken.

Myers, who had been employed on the railroad since February 1, boarded with his aunt, Mrs. Agnes B. Hellet, at 225 South Beaver street. He was in the ash pit in front of the roundhouse when the accident occurred. A big freight engine had been pushed across the pit and Myers was engaged in scraping out the ash pan. It was about 10 minutes before 6 o'clock at which hour the night hostlers go off duty. While Myers was in the ash pit, Grant Shoemaker, another night hostler, is said to have mounted into the cab of the engine intending to run it out to get another engine which was in the way of a passenger train almost due. Shoemaker, it is said, rang the bell until he was sure the way was clear, and then opened the throttle. As the locomotive started ahead he and two other hostlers, William Powell and Charles Ritter, heard a single loud shriek. Shoemaker quickly brought the engine to a stop, while Powell ran to investigate. He saw a man's head sticking out of the ash pit and caught the hair, thinking to drag him out. Instead, to his horror, he almost fell backward when he found that he held aloft only the severed head. The body lay in the ash pit, breast upward one hand still upon the scraper the man had been using. Death had come with lightning swiftness.

Myers evidently heard the bell ringing and either not realizing that it was the bell of the engine above him, or not understanding its significance, put his head out under the wheel to see what was going on, when the wheel caught his neck.

The body was Wednesday morning taken to Littlestown near which borough is the former home of the dead man's parents.

Rev. Father Lewis Maurath will celebrate his first mass in St. Joseph Catholic Church, Hanover, at 9 o'clock this Thursday morning. Rev. Maurath is a son of Ludwig Maurath of Hanover.

The appearance of the interior of the New Oxford postoffice has been greatly improved by being handsomely re-papered and other improvements made.

BIG FIRE ON THE ISTHMUS

Cold Storage Plant Filled With Foodstuffs Destroyed.

Colon, April 2.—The cold storage establishment at Mount Hope, one of the largest and most valuable on the isthmus, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The loss is placed at several hundred thousand dollars. The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained. The building was filled with a large variety of foodstuffs and other property.

EXPLOSION WRECKS CHURCH

Blew the Floor Through Ceiling and Nearly Killed the Sexton.

Seranton, Pa., April 2.—An explosion of gas in the basement of the Dunmore Presbyterian church blew the floor through the ceiling and badly injured John Relpel, the sexton, who was in the auditorium just at the point where the greater force of the explosion was expended. A beam pinned him in the debris, which had taken fire, and it was only by heroic work that he was liberated, after his hair was burned off and his face and hands scorched. He was otherwise severely injured by the force of the explosion. Two women, one of them the organist, who were in the rear of the church, escaped with slight injuries. The firemen succeeded in saving the church from total destruction.

The basement filled with gas from a broken pipe, and the gas was ignited by the furnace.

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IS SHORT \$36,000

Former Receiver of Taxes of New Castle County, Del., Under Arrest.

Wilmington, Del., April 2.—Horace G. Rettew, former receiver of taxes and county treasurer of New Castle county, was arrested at his home here on a charge of appropriating \$5000 of the county taxes to his own use. The warrant, which was sworn out by Magistrate Hollis, was served by Constable Jones, who found Rettew ill with heart trouble. As the \$10,000 bail was not forthcoming he remained in custody of the constable at his home. The levy court directed his arrest, the complaint being made by President McFarlin. Rettew is alleged to be short about \$36,000.

TRAIN KILLS FOUR BOYS

Struck While Walking Penny Tracks at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 30.—Four boys were run down and instantly killed by a light engine on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Indian Church road, near the eastern city line. They were returning from a hunting trip and were walking along the tracks. A passing freight train drowned the noise of the approaching engine, which ran them down. The dead are: Anthony Phillips, 19 years; Frederick Phillips, 16 years, a brother of Anthony; Otto Mertz, 11 years, and Hugh Reavy, 14 years.

York Merchant Swallows Poison.

York, Pa., March 29.—David E. Frey, aged 52 years, a prominent merchant and one of the wealthiest citizens of York, committed suicide in a barn on his farm, located about two miles from this city, on the Chanceford turnpike by taking carbolic acid. Members of the family say that ill health was the cause of the act. It is stated that he had been suffering for some time with an incurable disease, and on account of his actions the family watched him closely for the last two weeks.

STANDS BY HIS RAILROAD POLICY

Mr. Roosevelt Declares He Will Not Deviate From It.

Washington, April 2.—In response to a much-expressed desire that he give definite expression to his views on railroad legislation, President Roosevelt has announced plainly where he stands.

In a letter to C. H. Smith, president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, declining an invitation to address that body on the railroad situation the president announced that his attitude today is precisely what it has always been and for that reason there is no need of his making a speech on it.

He declines to add anything to his previous utterances, holding that he has gone over the ground fully. In support of this contention he quotes from his messages to congress and his speeches in the passages he quotes he disavows hostility to the roads and proclaims his opposition to government ownership. What he does want is "supervisory and regulatory rights" for the government. He arraigns over-capitalization as a menace to the public, to the stockholder and to the employe of the road. He particularly points out that he is not antagonistic to combination, but wants them to make their agreements public and in the interest of all the people.

He quotes the words in which he demanded a square deal; one that will be just to the corporation and to the shipper; one that will prevent discrimination against any individual and at the same time protect the corporation against "extremists and reactionaries." He also endorses his statement that he wants the roads to be able to get together lawfully for the purpose of settling rates, but adds that the government should have the last say as to the adequacy and justice of the rates.

For several weeks the president has been importuned to declare his attitude toward the railroads. To these requests he gave careful and serious consideration. After fully looking into the subject the president told his advisers that he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing new which he had to say at this time.

To the different men, friendly and unfriendly, who have visited him or written to him, he has answered verbally or in writing that his words and acts spoke for themselves and needed no explanation whatever, and that he should not in his future course, deviate a hair's breadth from the course he has pursued in the past and was now pursuing.

The statement was made from an authoritative source that "even a most cursory examination of what the president has repeatedly said in speech and message will show the utter nonsense of supposing the government has the slightest intention to take any action which would invalidate the safety and stability of the railway securities now issued."

The whole legislative program of the president has been proclaimed again and again, as one to insure the future against the mistakes and delinquencies of the past. The president holds that every executive action taken under his administration, whether by the department of justice or by the interstate commerce commission, has furnished its own ample justification.

It was pointed out in administration circles that the president has made no reference in his speeches or messages to the question of the physical valuation of railroads. His position on this question, it was said, is that the roads themselves will work out this problem as an item of bookkeeping and reference was made to the fact that two roads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—already have submitted figures as to their physical valuation.

It can be announced on authority that the president again will ask congress at its next session, for power to deal with the question of over capitalization of railroads. A similar request was made at the last session, but favorable action was not taken upon it.

32 BUILDINGS BURNED

Widow's Prayer That Home Be Spared Was Answered.

Laurens, S. C., March 30.—Fire in Newberry, S. C., a thriving little city of 8000 population, destroyed 22 residences, 10 stores and two churches, entailing a loss estimated at between \$150,000 to \$200,000, with insurance of about \$85,000. The conflagration started in the rear of the Newberry hotel. A gale was blowing, and the flames spread with great rapidity.

Surrounded on all sides by the flames was the residence of Mrs. J. B. Humbert, a widow of a former Methodist minister, which was never touched, although the heat from the flames scorched the house several times. It is related that Mrs. Humbert during the entire time of the conflagration prayed that her home might be spared, and the way that her prayer was answered is the subject for discussion.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, March 27.

The home of George Castle, a Chicago theatrical manager, was robbed of jewelry valued at \$9000.

Harry Horton, convicted of bigamy at Bordentown, N. J., was sentenced to state prison for one year.

The comptroller of the currency has issued a call for the condition of national banks at the close of business Friday, March 22.

Brigadier General Alfred A. Woodhull, U. S. A., retired, who has been the Princeton University lecturer on personal hygiene, has resigned.

While suffering from a severe attack of asthma, Mrs. Eliza Pendlebury, aged 81 years, attempted suicide in her home in Philadelphia by plunging a knife into her neck.

Thursday, March 28.

The Reading Railway company's car shops at Reading have been notified to work 13 hours a day.

Governor Stuart has appointed Edward A. Anderson to be associate judge of the Philadelphia orphans' court.

James Henry Smith, one of the wealthiest capitalists of New York, died in Japan while on his wedding trip around the world.

Samuel Logan, a clerk in the Philadelphia postoffice, is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$31.93 from the sale of postage stamps.

While suffering from a headache, the wife of Dr. W. J. Blewett, of Chicago, took by mistake a tablet containing strychnine and was found dead.

Friday, March 29.

Dr. B. H. Warren, of West Chester, has resigned as state dairy and food commissioner of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Robert Blight died in a hospital at Norristown, Pa., from burns received by upsetting a lighted lamp.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Boyd, a prominent Methodist minister of Baltimore, died at Roanoke, Va., after an extended illness.

William R. Hearst has filed five libel suits against the Chicago Tribune for \$300,000 each for publishing extracts of Elihu Root's speech at Utica, N. Y., last November.

Hamlin F. Lee, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars and a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, died at Colorado Springs, Col., aged 87 years.

Saturday, March 30.

Safe blowers robbed the Farmers' and Merchants' National bank at Hanover, Mich., of \$3000.

Governor Carter says in his opinion President Roosevelt has abandoned his policy of Americanizing Hawaii.

Friday was the hottest March day on record in Philadelphia, the thermometer reaching 88 in the afternoon.

Two Italian workmen were fatally injured by an explosion in the excavation for the new Pennsylvania railroad station in New York.

Former Congressman James T. Mc Cleary, of Minnesota, was sworn in as second assistant postmaster general, to succeed William Shallenberger, resigned.

Monday, April 1.

Orders for 40,000 sacks of flour for Chinese famine relief have been received in Minneapolis.

A dog, supposed to be mad, bit Mrs. Frank A. Suter and half a dozen other persons in Lancaster, Pa.

The submarine boats Viper and Tarantula, for the United States navy, were launched at Quincy, Mass.

A movement to gather a mile of pennies for the church debt has been made by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Reformed Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.

John Wyeth, one of the best-known manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations in the United States, died at his home in Philadelphia of pneumonia, aged 73 years.

Tuesday, April 2.

With the temperature below freezing an inch of snow fell at Frostburg, Md., and ruined early vegetation.

John Glancy, 70 years old, fell from a second story window of his home in Philadelphia and was instantly killed.

In a collision between a tug boat and a ferry boat in the North River at New York two men were drowned and the tug sunk.

Six trainmen were killed in a collision between freight trains on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad at Fort Worth, Texas.

F. A. Holbrook, secretary of the school furniture trust, pleaded guilty in Chicago to restraining trade and sentence was deferred.

Was With Perry to Japan.

Norfolk, Va., April 2.—Charles H. Graham, aged 86 years, who was with Commodore Perry on the latter's expedition to Japan more than a half century ago, which resulted in the opening of the ports of the mikado's empire to foreign commerce, died at his home in Portsmouth, Va., where he was a merchant. Graham was a passenger clerk on one of the ships of the Perry fleet.

Hung to Ties to Save Themselves.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 1.—Three men were caught on the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad bridge at Turtle Creek, near here, by a fast passenger train. Two of the men hung to the ties, allowing the train to pass over them, but the third, Samuel Cardiac, was knocked off the bridge to the ground, 50 feet below, and killed.

"RULES AND LESSONS."

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forsook
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread, and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thought then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the bush
And whisper amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leaf, but hath his morn-hymn; each bush
And ask doth know I am. Canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies; go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

—Henry Vaughan.

Crockett's Wooing.

DAVY WAS AFRAID OF THE GIRL, NOT OF THE BEAR.

"We're lost, boys, sure as shootin'!" said Davy Crockett to his dogs. "If we'd only stuck to the open trail and not followed off after that bear we'd have been home by now. What will my good Quaker, Master Kennedy, do when he sees me? Send me packing, perhaps. And all because I ran away to a shooting match and then got lost like a fool on my way home."

All at once both dogs gave tongue savagely, the hair on their backs rising with anger.

"What's this? What's this, boys?" cried Davy eagerly. He bent down, his eyes shining as he saw deeply printed in the soft earth the deep footmark of a bear, the greatest of all the game animals in that region.

"A bear," cried Davy, "and fresh! Why, boys, what do you mean by leaving a fresh trail?"

The ardor of the young hunter gave courage to the two hounds, which for the moment had hesitated to pursue so large a beast. They gave tongue now musically and presently disappeared in the dense thicket of cane and briars. Davy plunged on after as best he might, and was not far behind when he heard the hoarse roaring challenge of the two dogs.

"Rayed up!" he gasped, running on now as swiftly as his long legs would carry him. "They've stopped him at last."

He did his best to get near enough for a shot, but he had at the moment only a glimpse of a big black body moving through the cane, the dogs snapping at its flanks and heels. Davy was too good a hunter to risk a chance shot, and so he pushed on. Suddenly, as he hurried on through the thicket, there came directly in front the scream of a woman's voice.

At this sound the bear turned and came back toward him.

Seeing the young hunter, the great creature, now in confusion, concluded it would be safest to take to a tree. It did so, climbing the great trunk with a swiftness incredible for an animal of its bulk, all the while whining and protesting, half in anger and half in uneasiness. The dogs jumped up at the foot of the tree, baying loudly, but the bear looked down in safety from his perch on a great limb.

"Oh, you're safe enough now!" cried Davy, excitedly. "He could have easily shot the animal but was too tired and out of breath to hasten matters. Moreover, he was curious to discover whose voice it was that had turned back the bear. 'Hello! hello, there!' he cried. 'Who are you? Come this way? It's safe here.'"

As he called he edged over toward the sound of the voice, but still kept his eye on the bear even when he heard footsteps breaking through the cane. There paused at sight of him a young girl, hardly more than seventeen years old. She looked at him half in fear, half in relief. The blood flew to Davy's face.

"I didn't know, ma'am—miss. I mean," he stammered; and then, with eagerness, "but there's your bear. There he is, tread, all right."

The girl, pale from fright, half smiled, as she now approached. "Are you afraid?" she said.

"Yes, I reckon I'm scared a good deal."

"Why, he can't hurt you now; he's up a tree."

"He? Oh, that?" said Davy, with a jerk of his thumb. "I didn't mean the bear. I'm scared of you. What are you doing here in the woods all alone? Are you lost?"

"No," she replied. "I reckon you're lost yourself, or you'd know it's only a couple of miles to our house. I'm after the cows."

"Well," said Davy, dropping the stick of his long rifle to the ground, "I've got no cows, but here's a fine bear that belongs to me. If you need any bear meat you can have it. Just watch."

As he spoke, he raised the long brown barrel of the rifle slowly to the level of his eye, the bear meanwhile being busily engaged looking down at the dogs, as it half stood and half lolled in the fork of the great oak tree.

There came the sharp, keen report of the rifle, and the great black animal slowly sank down to the limb of which it stood, then clinging with its arms to the limb, swung half out and under, gripped with its remaining force to preserve itself. Suddenly, its muscles relaxing, it came down more than fifty feet, turning over in midair, and striking the earth with a great crash. At once the dogs were upon the dead body, growling and biting furiously at their fallen foe.

"Gracious me!" said the mountain girl, now fairly free from her fright. "That was a good shot."

"Humph!" grunted Davy. "I reckon if I can hit a half-dollar or forty yards I ought to hit a thing as big as a log house up in a tree."

"Now I'll go home," said the girl. "You won't till I go along," said Davy, growing bolder. "I'm lost."

"Where do you live?" "I work at old man Kennedy's, the Quaker."

Davy removed the bear's hide, rolled it up and swung it across his shoulders.

"Are you a married man?" said the girl, gazing at him frankly.

"Why?" "Well, now, you know, I can't be walking through the woods with a married man. What's your name?"

"Crockett, Davy Crockett. My dad lives over toward the Abingdon road. We're not rich, but we eat three meals a day, and no man needs more. I found my dad owed Quaker Kennedy \$60. I've been working out that note for dad."

"But you didn't tell me whether you're a married man or not."

"Married? How could I get married while my dad's in debt?"

"Well, I'm glad of that." The girl gave a sigh of relief.

"Why?" "Oh, I don't know."

"If I'm not married it's not my fault. A man ought to be honest. There came a schoolma'am down at the Quaker's. I 'lowed to marry that girl sure. She told me she was engaged to her cousin. When I heard that it was worse than war, pestilence or famine to me, but I couldn't help myself."

"My, that was pretty bad!" said the girl, laughing.

"Well, that's not all," continued Davy eagerly. "I know another family full of mighty pretty little girls. Right soon I found another one that I loved as much as I had the Quaker girl. She 'lowed she'd marry me quick as I got out of debt. We had the day all set. It was on a Thursday and it wasn't long ago either. Well, on a Saturday, just before I was to be married, I got so woolfish for another shootin' match that I stole away just as I did to-day, and I never did come back for two days. When I did my girl's sister told me that another fellow had got out a license and that my girl was goin' to marry him instead of me! Now if you ask me if I'm a married man or not I reckon I must say I'm not, but it certainly isn't my fault."

The girl's face clouded with sympathy, and her eyes grew soft as she turned toward the tall young man.

"Why, that was an awful thing for a girl to do," said she, with indignation. "That wasn't right. I'm sorry for you."

"It made me sick," said Davy. "Still, I got over it. Tell me, what's your name?"

"Polly. Polly Findley."

"Polly Findley," said Davy. "You must be the same family that the Dutch widow over near the Quaker's has been telling me about so long. She and her daughter told me that they'd introduce me to a little Irish girl who'd make me plumb forget these other two. I won't lie to you, but I will say that half of what they told me is true, and maybe the other half will be some day. I'll tell you right now that you're a heap handsomer than either of those others. And I like mighty well the way you act about bear."

"Well, we're on the right trail home now," said Polly. "I'll take you there."

"Home," said Davy Crockett, as if half talking to himself. "Home—that's a mighty fine word! I've got no home. My dad hasn't been just as good always as he ought to have been, and he drunk up what his children ought to have had for schoolin'. Why, I never have been to school but three or four months! I can hardly write my name. Yet here I am, just longin' for a home. I want to get out of debt. Why, you know, I'd give my rifle here if the old Quaker would take it and call the note square. I want to go to school and I want to have a home."

"Miss Polly," and he turned toward her suddenly, "you don't know me yet. This sort of life won't do for me. Davy Crockett's not going to be satisfied to hoe corn all his life, or just to go huntin' and never have a bigger ambition than that. I'd like to be a soldier, but there's no war that I can get into just yet. Some day I'm going into the Legislature, and after that I'm going to Congress."

Miss Polly laughed at him merrily. "My," said she, "you've got a mighty good opinion of yourself, haven't you?"

Two months later, Davy Crockett, still clad in moccasins and buckskin, stood before the father of Polly Findley.

"Mr. Findley," he was saying, "I've got a motto that I'm going to follow all my life. Once I knew a fellow who thought the house was on fire. He took a runnin' jump out of the window, and landed on a stump and broke his leg. He ought to have looked. So I says to myself, 'Look before you leap!' Now I'm willin' to jump into most any kind of trouble or difficulty, but I'm going to look ahead first. I've looked

ahead about this girl Polly, and about you all, and I'm not scared about where I'm going to land. Maybe I've made my mistakes, Mr. Findley, but I'm going to marry Polly, and I've just come to tell you all about it."

Mr. Findley looked at the tall and earnest young man and presently gave a chuckle.

"Davy," said he, "I haven't a thing against you. You're straight as a string, don't conceal a thing. You're the best shot in this neck of woods, and you're not scared. I notice at a house-raisin' you always carry your end of a log, and you don't shirk. If any fellow is good enough for my Polly, I reckon you are, but you're got to see her mother first." The two looked at each other with a certain uneasiness.

"I'd rather face the biggest bear in the hills," said Davy, "but I reckon I'll go ahead."

So, presently, indeed, he found Polly's mother, and approached her with equal directness.

"Ma'am," said he. "I just 'lowed I'd tell you I'm going to marry Polly next Thursday, if some other fellow doesn't get her before then."

There long remained memory in all that countryside of the tongue-lashing which voluble Mrs. Findley gave this presumptuous suitor. She pointed out to him that he was too young to marry, that he had no family, no property, no prospects. Yet through it all Davy made the same straightforward and manly answer.

"What you say is true, ma'am," said he. "I've got no knife or fork or plate to put in my cabin. I've got not even a rifle, for I threw in my rifle to finish paying off that note of my dad's to old man Kennedy. I'll be married in my moccasin feet, and when Polly takes me that's all she does take. But she can spin, and when I need a shirt she can make it. I'll get a rifle somewhere. Polly says she'll teach me how to read and write better than I do. I tell you, ma'am, you can't stop me and Polly. You can't stop us gettin' on. I am sure I'm right, and now I'm goin' ahead!"

And so, indeed, Davy Crockett did go ahead. Polly's mother for a time remained unappeased, but the young suitor told Polly that on the following Thursday he would bring a horse for her and that she must then be ready to leave. The young mountain girl was as plucky as her wooer and agreed to this.

To the last hour Mrs. Findley remained "hostile," as Davy expressed it, but relented at last, as she saw her daughter about to leave her. Then she called the young people into the house, told Davy to send for the person, and so the wedding went on merrily at Polly's home.

And Polly's mother from that time on was kind. It was she who gave the young couple two cows and calves to add to their scanty stock on the small farm which Davy rented near by. Good Quaker Kennedy likewise came to their assistance and gave Davy an order on the country store for \$15 worth of goods. "This fixed us up pretty grand," said Davy.

Such was the start in life of Davy Crockett: He got his schooling in great part from the kindly tuition of the mountain girl who in this abrupt fashion became his wife. She was his faithful companion when, a few years later, they took their two little sons and all their household goods and, packing everything on two young horses, started across the mountains to Lincoln County, where Davy took up land of his own at the head of the Mulberry fork of the Elk River.

This removal was the first step outward and upward of Davy Crockett, later one of the world's famous figures—Davy Crockett, the soldier, the bear hunter, the legislator, the Congressman; a man who never denied his lowly birth or his own ignorance, but who never ceased to study and to learn; who scorned any political creed which did not tally with his own ideas of honor and truthfulness and who finally, far away from the State which bore him, met his death like a man and a gallant gentleman in that fight which made the Alamo of old San Antonio one of the earth's sacred shrines of heroism.—Youth's Companion.

Americans Use Best English.

At a meeting of the recently formed English Association for the purpose of maintaining the correct use of English and promoting its due recognition as an essential element in national education, Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," said that the development of English speaking in America, through both the low grade and the high grade schools, was rendering the rank and file of the American people more accurate readers, more accurate writers, and, he would have added, if President Roosevelt had not darkened counsel lately, more accurate spellers of the English language than the rank and file of our own people.—London Daily Mail.

Cedar Wood For Sleepers.

Extensive experiments have been made on American and Canadian railways with cedar wood sleepers. The Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada was the first to use cedar for this purpose to any considerable extent, and this system alone has now some 400 miles of permanent way laid on cedar sleepers. The result is said to be very satisfactory. The wood is practically imperishable, and requires very little treatment. It is, however, brittle, and derailments have shown curious results in the way of broken sleepers. The greater proportion of the new sleepers in use on the Grand Trunk system were obtained from forests within the Dominion.

ANCHOR ICE



A Substance That Seems to Defy a Natural Law.

Inasmuch as ice is lighter than water, it naturally rises to the surface of any lake or pond on which it forms. So rarely is it seen anywhere else that there is a general belief that ice always forms on the surface. There seems to be good evidence, however, that there are exceptions to this rule, as to many others. Witnesses too reputable to be doubted have testified to the fact that occasionally nature's law is openly defied, and that ice does form at the bottom of a stream. When the phenomenon is observed at all, it is usually, if not invariably, associated with running water. Very often, when large masses of it have formed, the buoyancy of the material (famously known as "anchor ice") will lift from the bed of a river the rocks or other objects on which it has accumulated.

An ancient edition of "The Encyclopedia Britannica" (1810) contained a positive statement that ice forms at the top, the bottom and in the middle of the water at times. A much more modern authority, Professor H. T. Barnes, of McGill University, Montreal, declares that he has repeatedly observed anchor ice in Canada, where the severe climate seems to be particularly favorable to its development. He says that, while "anchor ice" is the American name, the substance itself has been seen in many of the countries of Europe. As long ago as 1788 fishermen along the Elbe River were bothered by the occasional hoisting of their lobster pots from the river bottom, the pots being coated with ice. So, too, the stones to which their signal buoys were attached became displaced by the same agency. From Scotland, England and France comes indisputable testimony of a similar character.

According to Professor Barnes, who discusses the subject in the latest issue of "The United States Weather Review," two kinds of ice besides surface ice are found in Canada where the current is swift. He thus incidentally suggests a reason why, when the temperature is below the freezing point, the ice forms elsewhere than on the surface. The motion of the water prevents the formation of ice at the top. Professor Barnes says that one variety of ice—called by French Canadians "frazil"—is made up of spongy spikes, and is found floating in the middle of the water. Sometimes the quantity is so great that it will clog water wheels. Anchor ice forms on the river beds, he says, and has been known to reach a thickness of five to six feet!

It has never been observed in Canada to form under a layer of surface ice, because usually such ice is covered by an opaque layer of snow, which acts as an effective check to the radiation of heat from the bottom of a river, which appears to be the real cause of its formation. Professor Barnes has measured the temperature of the water in winter both under the surface ice in the St. Lawrence River, opposite Montreal, and in the open water of the Lachine Rapids, when ice was forming rapidly.

Sensational Reporting.

In various quarters there is an awakening to the great harm that is done by local reporters of sensational newspapers, who give such journals what they want—that is, color up and distort beyond recognition happenings of their vicinage. Here is a very real evil. It is present in Springfield and other places of Western Massachusetts, just as it is all over the country. Yellow journalism in this respect is as false to real life as the old dime novel used to be, and an even more demoralizing factor. People complain of this kind of misrepresentation and continue to put up with it because the remedy is hard to find. The marketable value of alleged "news" is found by the penny-a-liners to depend upon its yellowness. People who read this kind of stuff from their own locality know that it is necessary to place a large discount upon it, but when reading of happenings in other sections they are too much disposed to accept the "stories" at face value. Every honest journalist of standing is familiar with this evil, and has long deplored the increasing measure of it.—Springfield Republican.

A Tale of British Adulteration.

Edward Connor, writing for the Practical Confectioner and Baker of London, states that among colorings used in candy manufacture in Great Britain reds are the most popular, yellows are second in favor, and browns, blues and greens of lesser esteem. He states that in France the reds allowed by law for this purpose are cochineal, madder and Brazil wood: of yellows, tumeric, saffron, French berries, Persian berries and saffron. Mr. Connor states that a considerable proportion of the white candies are decorated with sulphate of lime, flour, terra alba, plaster of Paris and ethereal salts. Prussic acid, contained in the essence of bitter almonds, is also said to be largely in use. The fact that a leading trade journal of the Empire gives room to the article in question is warrant for the supposition that it holds some truth. Possibly there is a field for reform across the water.

It was found that the water in this condition becomes slightly undercooled to the order of a few thousandths of a degree, and that the ice which is formed is in a very adhesive state. On the cessation of cold weather the temperature of the water rises slightly above the freezing point and the ice gradually melts. Anchor ice rises from the bottom in mild weather, and also in extreme cold weather under the influence of a bright sun, which has the power to melt it off from the rocks to which it is attached.

The formation of ice has been shown to be accompanied by a small temperature depression in the water, but even in the most severe weather the undercooling is less than a hundredth of a degree centigrade. This fact is already made use of in water powers, where a little steam heat, applied around the wheel gates or directly in the wheel cases of the turbines, warms the surface of the metal sufficiently to prevent the adhesion of the frazil ice crystals. Electric heating is also being applied with some success, and it is safe to say that before long no bad effects from the presence of ice in the water need be feared.

The conditions under which anchor ice forms appear to be about as follows: The bed of the stream has become chilled to the freezing point, and the clearness of the water above favors a still further loss of heat, or, in other words, increased radiation. Since the fluid in contact with the river bottom moves more slowly than it does at the top, a better chance is afforded for the formation of ice there, and so severe is the cold that freezing is unavoidable. Anchor ice, says Professor Barnes, rarely grows under a layer of surface ice unless this is clear. It forms on dark rocks more readily than on light ones, which is in accord with what we know in regard to the more copious radiation of heat from dark surfaces. Anchor ice rarely forms under a cloudy sky, either by day or night, no matter how severe the weather, but it forms very rapidly under a clear sky at night. Anchor ice is readily melted off under a bright sun. It seems highly probable then that radiation of heat supplies the necessary cooling to the bottom of a river to form the first layers of ice, after which the growth or building up of the ice is aided by the entangling and freezing of frazil crystals always present in the water. This applies, of course, only to water flowing too swiftly for surface ice to form.

The depth of formation of anchor ice appears to be from forty to forty-five feet in the fresh waters of the Canadian rivers. Along the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed to form as deep as seventy feet in the clearer salt water. The temperature of the water on the bottom need not be exactly at the freezing point for anchor ice to form, the cooling of the bottom by radiation being sufficient to bring it to the freezing point, notwithstanding the slow conduction of heat from the earth.

The Study of the Waters.

It has been said that "water is by far the most extensive and valuable mineral resource of any country." Engineers as well as geologists are now greatly interested in the threatened stoppage of the hydrographic work of the Geological Survey through failure of appropriation by Congress. The appropriation for this purpose has already been seriously cut down. During 1905 about 800 steam-gaging stations were in operation, the object being to determine all the conditions that affect the flow of rivers and small streams. In addition to this, extensive studies of underground water have been conducted, revealing facts previously entirely unknown, and of the highest value and interest. The sources and causes of water pollution, leading to disease, have always been widely investigated. The necessity of the continuance of this work, without interruption, is urged by those who are in a position to appreciate its importance. The world is more and more putting its daily life and activity upon a scientific basis, and it is felt that the United States Congress should never lose sight of this fact.

Desert Fruit.

In no part of the world do figs attain greater perfection of size and flavor than at the oasis of Palm Springs in the Colorado Desert of Southern California. They ripen earlier than elsewhere, and the hundreds of boxes of this fruit sent out annually by whites and Indians are eagerly sought at fancy prices.

Persian and Egyptian dates are grown here, where the climate is almost a duplicate of that in their natural habitat. Oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, grapes, melons, vegetables and profusions of beautiful flowers grow luxuriantly. A graceful desert willow circles velvet meadows where scores of cattle browse.—Travel Magazine.

And Exclusive Models.

"Wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris?" "Helen of Troy, no doubt!"—Boston Transcript.

PEOPLE AT THE GAME.

Men Who Cringe or Yell or Swear, as the Case May Be.

"Some people suffer horribly at football games, yet you cannot keep them away. One of my classmates," writes Jesse Lynch Williams, in "Outing," "could never endure the dreadfully glorious opening moment. He always turned his face away, and then kept beseeching the rest of us in a low mean to tell him what was going on, which we never did."

"I know another man who always goes alone and will not allow anyone he knows to sit near him if he can help it. He wears a cap and sweater and pays no attention to anything but football, yelling with delight when a thing pleases him and swearing quietly to himself when there seems need of it."

"Once upon a time he was the best football player of his department in the whole country, but that was so many years ago that they no longer call upon his services as a coach, so he sits in the grand stand and has a lonely debauch of football emotion."

"Most of us, however, need some one to talk to, some one to say the inane, obvious things to, such as 'Ha! Third down!' when every one knows it, and 'Going to kick!' when fifty or sixty thousand other eyes can see the punter drop back for that purpose."

"Most especially do we need some one to pound on the back when things go our way, some one to exchange looks with when they go the other way. There is one man in our class, supposed by some to be without emotion, who is really dangerous at football games, he strikes out so hard and wildly."

"There is another man not in our class, who goes to every game, and though we always hope to avoid him, he turns up in our proximity with a regularity which makes us nudge each other and say, 'Of course.'"

"He is of the noisy breed, stirs up dissensions, gives the umpire advice before it is requested and lets it be known to every one within four rows just how much he bet on the game and with whom, while we look the other way and pretend that he has merely assumed our college colors for the occasion. There is one advantage of being near him, however; he never hesitates to bellow 'Down in front!' to men, women or children."

Racial Elements in Wisconsin.

I am speaking of Wisconsin, because it happens to be the State where I have pursued my ethnological studies, and because it epitomizes the central West. No other Western State has such a diversity of racial elements. Illinois alone, with its queer colony of Portuguese Protestants at Jacksonville, has an element which Wisconsin has not. None but Wisconsin has Bulgarians and Flemings. It has an Indian population of over 8000. It is the greatest Welsh, Cornish, Norwegian and German State. It has Icelanders with Minnesotans, Bohemians with Iowans, and French, Poles and Hollanders with Michiganders. The oldest and only purely Hungarian colony in America is on its soil, and the largest colony of Swiss. It has a native white element as old as the Knickerbockers, and even French-descended families who go back 150 years on Wisconsin soil.—From Warden Allan Curtis' "The Light Fantastic," in the Central West," in the Century.

Leprosy and Fish.

There is in England a surgeon named Jonathan Hutchinson who believes that leprosy is largely due to a fish diet. He has written no end of newspaper and magazine articles to advocate his theories, and every time he visits any country where a few cases of that disease exist he fancies that he finds fresh evidence of the correctness of his theories. Few or no reputable physicians agree with him, but their skepticism does not discourage him. He has now broken out again, this time with a book. In its brief review of the work "The New York Medical Record" remarks that the volume "contains a mass of most interesting material, carefully and systematically collated, and pleads the cause most eloquently, though unconvincingly. It is a curious instance of a man sticking to a theory against reason and against facts."

How Grand Canon Was Made.

The popular idea that earthquakes and volcanic explosions played a part in forming the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, says Prof. A. R. Crook, is without foundation. It was cut out entirely by the water of the river, and the most effective tool employed was the quartz sand brought down from the sources of the river in the mountains. This sand is harder than any of the constituents of the rock strata in which the canon has been carved. Hurled by the swift water against the sides and bed of the stream, it cuts the rock as easily as a file cuts soft iron.

Russia's Vast Forests.

Very nearly four-tenths of the surface of Russia in Europe is covered with woods and forests, according to the Rebut Economique Internationale. In fact, the Russian forests are so great in extent that they almost equal the entire united area of western Europe, including Austria-Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, France and Spain. Among European countries, next to Russia, Austria-Hungary is the richest in forests.

A hide from a horse yields about twenty pounds of leather, while that from a cow gives thirty-five pounds.

"RULES AND LESSONS."

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but for years
The spirit's duty. True, but hark ye, and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give him thy first thought then, so shalt thou keep
His company all day, and in him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisper amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leaf, but hath his merry-hymn; each breeze
And oak doth know I am. Canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies; go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

—Henry Vaughan.

Crockett's Wooing.

DAVY WAS AFRAID OF THE GIRL, NOT OF THE BEAR.

"We're lost, boys, sure as shoot-in!" said Davy Crockett to his dogs. "If we'd only stuck to the open trail and not followed off after that bear we'd have been home by now. What will my good Quaker, Master Kennedy, do when he sees me? Send me packing, perhaps. And all because I ran away to a shooting match and then got lost like a fool on my way home."

All at once both dogs gave tongue savagely, the hair on their backs rising with anger.

"What's this? What's this, boys?" cried Davy eagerly. He bent down, his eyes shining as he saw deeply printed in the soft earth the deep footmark of a bear, the greatest of all the game animals in that region.

"A bear," cried Davy, "and fresh! Why, boys, what do you mean by leaving a fresh trail?"

The ardor of the young hunter gave courage to the two hounds, which for the moment had hesitated to pursue so large a beast. They gave tongue now musically and presently disappeared in the dense thicket of cane and briars. Davy plunged on after as best he might, and was not far behind when he heard the hoarse roaring challenge of the two dogs.

"Rayed up!" he gasped, running on now as swiftly as his long legs would carry him. "They've stopped him at last."

He did his best to get near enough for a shot, but he had at the moment only a glimpse of a big black body moving through the cane, the dogs snapping at its flanks and heels. Davy was too good a hunter to risk a chance shot, and so he pushed on. Suddenly, as he hurried on through the thicket, there came directly in front the scream of a woman's voice. At this sound the bear turned and came back toward him.

Seeing the young hunter, the great creature, now in confusion, concluded it would be safest to take to a tree. It did so, climbing the great trunk with a swiftness incredible for an animal of its bulk, all the while whining and protesting, half in anger and half in uneasiness. The dogs jumped up at the foot of the tree, baying loudly, but the bear looked down in safety from his perch on a great limb.

"Oh, you're safe enough now!" cried Davy, exultantly. "He could have easily shot the animal but was too tired and out of breath to hasten matters. Moreover, he was curious to discover whose voice it was that had turned back the bear. 'Hello! hello, there!' he cried. 'Who are you? Come this way? It's safe here.'"

As he called he edged over toward the sound of the voice, but still kept his eye on the bear even when he heard footsteps breaking through the cane. There paused at sight of him a young girl, hardly more than seventeen years old. She looked at him half in fear, half in relief. "The blood flew to Davy's face."

"I didn't know, ma'am—miss, I mean," he stammered; and then, with eagerness, "but there's your bear. There he is, treed, all right."

The girl, pale from fright, half smiled, as she now approached. "Are you afraid?" she said.

"Yes, I reckon I'm scared a good deal."

"Why, he can't hurt you now; he's up a tree."

"He? Oh, that?" said Davy, with a jerk of his thumb. "I didn't mean the bear. I'm scared of you. What are you doing here in the woods all alone? Are you lost?"

"No," she replied. "I reckon you're lost yourself, or you'd know it's only a couple of miles to our house. I'm after the cows."

"Well," said Davy, dropping the stock of his long rifle to the ground, "I've got no cows, but here's a fine bear that belongs to me. If you need any bear meat you can have it. Just watch."

As he spoke, he raised the long brown barrel of the rifle slowly to the level of his eye, the bear meanwhile being busily engaged looking down at the dogs, as it half stood and half lolled in the fork of the great oak tree.

There came the sharp, keen report of the rifle, and the great black animal slowly sank down to the limb of which it stood, then clinging with its arms to the limb, swung half out and under, gripped with its remaining force to preserve itself. Suddenly, its muscles relaxing, it came down more than fifty feet, turning over in midair, and striking the earth with a great crash. At once the dogs were upon the dead body, growling and biting furiously at their fallen foe.

"Gracious me!" said the mountain girl, now fairly free from her fright. "That was a good shot."

"Humph!" grunted Davy. "I reckon if I can hit a half-dollar at forty yards I ought to hit a thing as big as a log house up in a tree."

"Now I'll go home," said the girl. "You won't till I go along," said Davy, growing bolder. "I'm lost."

"Where do you live?"
"I work at old man Kennedy's, the Quaker."

Davy removed the bear's hide, rolled it up and swung it across his shoulders.
"Are you a married man?" said the girl, gazing at him frankly.

"Why?"
"Well, now, you know, I can't be walking through the woods with a married man. What's your name?"
"Crockett, Davy Crockett. My dad lives over toward the Abingdon road. We're not rich, but we eat three meals a day, and no man needs more. I found my dad owed Quaker Kennedy \$60. I've been working out that note for dad."

"But you didn't tell me whether you're a married man or not."
"Married? How could I get married while my dad's in debt?"
"Well, I'm glad of that." The girl gave a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I don't know."
"If I'm not married it's not my fault. A man ought to be honest. There came a schoolmarm down at the Quaker's. I loved to marry that girl sure. She told me she was engaged to her cousin. When I heard that it was worse than war, pestilence or famine to me, but I couldn't help myself."

"My, that was pretty bad!" said the girl, laughing.

"Well, that's not all," continued Davy eagerly. "I know another family full of mighty pretty little girls. Right soon I found another one that I loved as much as I had the Quaker girl. She loved she'd marry me quick as I got out of debt. We had the day all set. It was on a Thursday and it wasn't long ago either. Well, on a Saturday, just before I was to be married, I got so wolfish for another shooting match that I stole away just as I did to-day, and I never did come back for two days. When I did my girl's sister told me that another fellow had got out a license and that my girl was going to marry him instead of me! Now if you ask me if I'm a married man or not I reckon I must say I'm not, but it certainly isn't my fault."

The girl's face clouded with sympathy, and her eyes grew soft as she turned toward the tall young man.

"Why, that was an awful thing for a girl to do," said she, with indignation. "That wasn't right. I'm sorry for you."

"It made me sick," said Davy. "Still, I got over it. Tell me, what's your name?"

"Polly. Polly Findley."

"Polly Findley," said Davy. "You must be the same family that the Dutch widow over near the Quaker's has been telling me about so long. She and her daughter told me that they'd introduce me to a little Irish girl who'd make me plumb forget these other two. I won't lie to you, but I will say that half of what they told me is true, and maybe the other half will be some day. I'll tell you right now that you're a heap handsomer than either of those others. And I like mighty well the way you act about bear."

"Well, we're on the right trail home now," said Polly. "I'll take you there."

"Home," said Davy Crockett, as if half talking to himself. "Home—that's a mighty fine word! I've got no home. My dad hasn't been just as good always as he ought to have been, and he drunk up what his children ought to have had for schoolin'. Why, I never have been to school but three or four months! I can hardly write my name. Yet here I am, just longin' for a home. I want to get out of debt. Why, you know, I'd give my rifle here if the old Quaker would take it and call the note square. I want to go to school and I want to have a home."

"Miss Polly," and he turned toward her suddenly, "you don't know me yet. This sort of life won't do for me. Davy Crockett's not going to be satisfied to hoe corn all his life, or just to go huntin' and never have a bigger ambition than that. I'd like to be a soldier, but there's no war that I can get into just yet. Some day I'm going into the Legislature, and after that I'm going to Congress."

Miss Polly laughed at him merrily. "My," said she, "you've got a mighty good opinion of yourself, haven't you?"

Two months later, Davy Crockett, still clad in moccasins and buckskin, stood before the father of Polly Findley.

"Mr. Findley," he was saying, "I've got a motto that I'm going to follow all my life. Once I knew a fellow who thought the house was on fire. He took a runnin' jump out of the window, and landed on a stump and broke his leg. He ought to have looked. So I says to myself, 'Look before you leap!' Now I'm willin' to jump into most any kind of trouble or difficulty, but I'm going to look ahead first. I've looked

ahead about this girl Polly, and about you all, and I'm not scared about where I'm going to land. Maybe I've made my mistakes, Mr. Findley, but I'm going to marry Polly, and I've just come to tell you all about it."

Mr. Findley looked at the tall and earnest young man and presently gave a chuckle.

"Davy," said he, "I haven't a thing against you. You're straight as a string, don't conceal a thing. You're the best shot in this neck of woods, and you're not scared. I notice at a house-raisin' you always carry your end of a log, and you don't shirk. If any fellow is good enough for my Polly, I reckon you are, but you're got to see her mother first." The two looked at each other with a certain uneasiness.

"I'd rather face the biggest bear in the hills," said Davy, "but I reckon I'll go ahead."

So, presently, indeed, he found Polly's mother, and approached her with equal directness.

"Ma'am," said he, "I just 'lowed I'd tell you I'm going to marry Polly next Thursday, if some other fellow doesn't get her before then."

There long remained memory in all that countryside of the tongue-lashing which voluble Mrs. Findley gave this presumptuous suitor. She pointed out to him that he was too young to marry, that he had no family, no property, no prospects. Yet through it all Davy made the same straightforward and manly answer.

"What you say is true, ma'am," said he. "I've got no knife or fork or plate to put in my cabin. I've got not even a rifle, for I threw in my rifle to finish paying off that note of my dad's to old man Kennedy. I'll be married in my moccasins feet, and when Polly takes me that's all she does take. But she can spin, and when I need a shirt she can make it. I'll get a rifle somehow. Polly says she'll teach me how to read and write better than I do. I tell you, ma'am, you can't stop me and Polly. You can't stop us gettin' on. I am sure I'm right, and now I'm goin' ahead!"

And so, indeed, Davy Crockett did go ahead. Polly's mother for a time remained unappeased, but the young suitor told Polly that on the following Thursday he would bring a horse for her and that she must then be ready to leave. The young mountain girl was as plucky as her wooer and agreed to this.

To the last hour Mrs. Findley remained "hostile," as Davy expressed it, but relented at last, as she saw her daughter about to leave her. Then she called the young people into the house, told Davy to send for the person, and so the wedding went on merrily at Polly's home.

And Polly's mother from that time on was kind. It was she who gave the young couple two cows and calves to add to their scanty stock on the small farm which Davy rented near by. Good Quaker Kennedy likewise came to their assistance and gave Davy an order on the country store for \$15 worth of goods. "This fixed us up pretty grand," said Davy.

Such was the start in life of Davy Crockett: He got his schooling in great part from the kindly tuition of the mountain girl who in this abrupt fashion became his wife. She was his faithful companion when, a few years later, they took their two little sons and all their household goods and, packing everything on two young horses, started across the mountains to Lincoln County, where Davy took up land of his own at the head of the Mulberry fork of the Elk River.

This removal was the first step outward and upward of Davy Crockett, later one of the world's famous figures—Davy Crockett, the soldier, the bear hunter, the legislator, the Congressman; a man who never denied his lowly birth or his own ignorance, but who never ceased to study and to learn; who scorned any political creed which did not tally with his own ideas of honor and truthfulness, and who finally, far away from the State which bore him, met his death like a man and a gallant gentleman in that fight which made the Alamo of old San Antonio one of the earth's sacred shrines of heroism.—Youth's Companion.

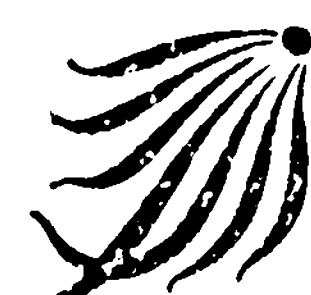
Americans Use Best English.

At a meeting of the recently formed English Association for the purpose of maintaining the correct use of English and promoting its due recognition as an essential element in national education, Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," said that the development of English speaking in America, through both the low grade and the high grade schools, was rendering the rank and file of the American people more accurate readers, more accurate writers, and, he would have added, if President Roosevelt had not darkened counsel lately, more accurate spellers of the English language than the rank and file of our own people.—London Daily Mail.

Cedar Wood For Sleepers.

Extensive experiments have been made on American and Canadian railways with cedar wood sleepers. The Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada was the first to use cedar for this purpose to any considerable extent, and this system alone has now some 400 miles of permanent way laid on cedar sleepers. The result is said to be very satisfactory. The wood is practically imperishable, and requires very little treatment. It is, however, brittle, and derailments have shown curious results in the way of broken sleepers. The greater proportion of the new sleepers in use on the Grand Trunk system were obtained from forests within the Dominion.

ANCHOR ICE



A Substance That Seems to Defy a Natural Law.

Inasmuch as ice is lighter than water, it naturally rises to the surface of any lake or pond on which it forms. So rarely is it seen anywhere else that there is a general belief that ice always forms on the surface. There seems to be good evidence, however, that there are exceptions to this rule, as to many others. Witnesses too reputable to be doubted have testified to the fact that occasionally nature's law is openly defied, and that ice does form at the bottom of a stream. When the phenomenon is observed at all, it is usually, if not invariably, associated with running water. Very often, when large masses of it have formed, the buoyancy of the material (famously known as "anchor ice") will lift from the bed of a river the rocks or other objects on which it has accumulated.

An ancient edition of "The Encyclopedia Britannica" (1810) contained a positive statement that ice forms at the top, the bottom and in the middle of the water at times. A much more modern authority, Professor H. T. Barnes, of McGill University, Montreal, declares that he has repeatedly observed anchor ice in Canada, where the severe climate seems to be particularly favorable to its development. He says that, while "anchor ice" is the American name, the substance itself has been seen in many of the countries of Europe. As long ago as 1788 fishermen along the Elbe River were bothered by the occasional hoisting of their lobster pots from the river bottom, the pots being coated with ice. So, too, the stones to which their signal buoys were attached became displaced by the same agency. From Scotland, England and France comes indisputable testimony of a similar character.

According to Professor Barnes, who discusses the subject in the latest issue of "The United States Weather Review," two kinds of ice besides surface ice are found in Canada where the current is swift. He thus incidentally suggests a reason why, when the temperature is below the freezing point, the ice forms elsewhere than on the surface. The motion of the water prevents the formation of ice at the top. Professor Barnes says that one variety of ice—called by French Canadians "frazil"—is made up of spongy spikes, and is found floating in the middle of the water. Sometimes the quantity is so great that it will clog water wheels. Anchor ice forms on the river beds, he says, and has been known to reach a thickness of five to six feet!

It has never been observed in Canada to form under a layer of surface ice, because usually such ice is covered by an opaque layer of snow, which acts as an effective check to the radiation of heat from the bottom of a river, which appears to be the real cause of its formation. Professor Barnes has measured the temperature of the water in winter both under the surface ice in the St. Lawrence River, opposite Montreal, and in the open water of the Lachine Rapids, where ice was forming rapidly.

Sensational Reporting.

In various quarters there is an awakening to the great harm that is done by local reporters of sensational newspapers, who give such journals what they want—that is, color up and distort beyond recognition happenings of their vicinage. Here is a very real evil. It is present in Springfield and other places of Western Massachusetts, just as it is all over the country. Yellow journalism in this respect is as false to real life as the old dime novel used to be, and an even more demoralizing factor. People complain of this kind of misrepresentation and continue to put up with it because the remedy is hard to find. The marketable value of alleged "news" is found by the penny-a-liners to depend upon its yellowness. People who read this kind of stuff from their own locality know that it is necessary to place a large discount upon it, but when reading of happenings in other sections they are too much disposed to accept the "stories" at face value. Every honest journalist of standing is familiar with this evil, and has long deplored the increasing measure of it.—Springfield Republican.

A Tale of British Adulteration.

Edward Connor, writing for the Practical Confectioner and Baker of London, states that among colorings used in candy manufacture in Great Britain reds are the most popular, yellows are second in favor, and browns, blues and greens of lesser esteem. He states that in France the reds allowed by law for this purpose are cochineal, madder and Brazil wood; of yellows, tumeric, fustic, French berries, Persian berries and saffron. Mr. Connor states that a considerable proportion of the white candies are doctored with sulphate of lime, flour, terra alba, plaster of Paris and etherial salts. Prussic acid, contained in the essence of bitter almonds, is also said to be largely in use. The fact that a leading trade journal of the Empire gives room to the article in question is warrant for the supposition that it holds some truth. Possibly there is a field for reform across the water.

idly. It was found that the water in this condition becomes slightly undercooled to the order of a few thousandths of a degree, and that the ice which is formed is in a very adhesive state. On the cessation of cold weather the temperature of the water rises slightly above the freezing point and the ice gradually melts. Anchor ice rises from the bottom in mild weather, and also in extreme cold weather under the influence of a bright sun, which has the power to melt it off from the rocks to which it is attached.

The formation of ice has been shown to be accompanied by a small temperature depression in the water, but even in the most severe weather the undercooling is less than a hundredth of a degree centigrade. This fact is already made use of in water powers, where a little steam heat, applied around the wheel gates or directly in the wheel cases of the turbines, warms the surface of the metal sufficiently to prevent the adhesion of the frazil ice crystals. Electric heating is also being applied with some success, and it is safe to say that before long no bad effects from the presence of ice in the water need be feared.

The conditions under which anchor ice forms appear to be about as follows: The bed of the stream has become chilled to the freezing point, and the clearness of the water above favors a still further loss of heat, or, in other words, increased radiation. Since the fluid in contact with the river bottom moves more slowly than it does at the top, a better chance is afforded for the formation of ice there, and so severe is the cold that freezing is unavoidable. Anchor ice, says Professor Barnes, rarely grows under a layer of surface ice unless this is clear. It forms on dark rocks more readily than on light ones, which is in accord with what we know in regard to the more copious radiation of heat from dark surfaces. Anchor ice rarely forms under a cloudy sky, either by day or night, no matter how severe the weather, but it forms very rapidly under a clear sky at night. Anchor ice is readily melted off under a bright sun. It seems highly probable then that radiation of heat supplies the necessary cooling to the bottom of a river to form the first layers of ice, after which the growth or building up of the ice is aided by the entangling and freezing of frazil crystals always present in the water. This applies, of course, only to water flowing too swiftly for surface ice to form.

The depth of formation of anchor ice appears to be from forty to forty-five feet in the fresh waters of the Canadian rivers. Along the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed to form as deep as seventy feet in the clearer salt water. The temperature of the water on the bottom need not be exactly at the freezing point for anchor ice to form, the cooling of the bottom by radiation being sufficient to bring it to the freezing point, notwithstanding the slow conduction of heat from the earth.

The Study of the Waters.

It has been said that "water is by far the most extensive and valuable mineral resource of any country." Engineers as well as geologists are now greatly interested in the threatened stoppage of the hydrographic work of the Geological Survey through failure of appropriation by Congress. The appropriation for this purpose has already been seriously cut down. During 1905 about 800 steam-gaging stations were in operation, the object being to determine all the conditions that affect the flow of rivers and small streams. In addition to this, extensive studies of underground water have been conducted, revealing facts previously entirely unknown, and of the highest value and interest. The sources and causes of water pollution, leading to disease, have always been widely investigated. The necessity of the continuance of this work, without interruption, is urged by those who are in a position to appreciate its importance. The world is more and more putting its daily life and activity upon a scientific basis, and it is felt that the United States Congress should never lose sight of this fact.

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"Wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris?"
"Helen of Troy, no doubt."—Boston Transcript.

PEOPLE AT THE GAME.

Men Who Cringe or Yell or Swear, as the Case May Be.

"Some people suffer horribly at football games, yet you cannot keep them away. One of my classmates," writes Jesse Lynch Williams, in *Outing*, "could never endure the dreadfully glorious opening moment. He always turned his face away, and then kept beseeching the rest of us in a low moan to tell him what was going on, which we never did."

"I know another man who always goes alone and will not allow anyone he knows to sit near him if he can help it. He wears a cap and sweater and pays no attention to anything but football, yelling with delight when a thing pleases him and swearing quietly to himself when there seems need of it."

"Once upon a time he was the best football player of his department in the whole country, but that was so many years ago that they no longer call upon his services as a coach, so he sits in the grand stand and has a lonely debauch of football emotion."

"Most of us, however, need some one to talk to, some one to say the sane, obvious things to, such as 'Ha! Third down!' when every one knows it, and 'Going to kick!' when fifty or sixty thousand other eyes can see the punter drop back for that purpose."

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"He is of the noisy breed, stirs up dissensions, gives the umpire advice before it is requested and lets it be known to every one within four rows just how much he bet on the game and with whom, while we look the other way and pretend that he has merely assumed our college colors for the occasion. There is one advantage of being near him, however; he never hesitates to bellow 'Down in front!' to men, women or children."

Racial Elements in Wisconsin.

I am speaking of Wisconsin, because it happens to be the State where I have pursued my ethnological studies, and because it epitomizes the central West. No other Western State has such a diversity of racial elements. Illinois alone, with its queer colony of Portuguese Protestants at Jacksonville, has an element which Wisconsin has not. None but Wisconsin has Bulgarians and Flemings. It has an Indian population of over 8000. It is the greatest Welsh, Cornish, Norwegian and German State. It has Icelanders with Minnesota, Bohemians with Iowa, and French, Finns and Hollanders with Michigan. The oldest and only purely Hungarian colony in America is on its soil, and the largest colony of Swiss. It has a native white element as old as the Knickerbockers, and even French-descended families who go back 150 years on Wisconsin soil.—From Warden Allan Curtis' "The Light Fantastic," in the *Central West*, in the Century.

Leprosy and Fish.

There is in England a surgeon named Jonathan Hutchinson who believes that leprosy is largely due to a fish diet. He has written no end of newspaper and magazine articles to advocate his theories, and every time he visits any country where a few cases of that disease exist he fancies that he finds fresh evidence of the correctness of his theories. Few or no reputable physicians agree with him, but their skepticism does not discourage him. He has now broken out again, this time with a book. In its brief review of the work "The New York Medical Record" remarks that the volume "contains a mass of most interesting material, carefully and systematically collated, and pleads the cause most eloquently, though unconvincingly. It is a curious instance of a man sticking to a theory against reason and against facts."

How Grand Canon Was Made.

The popular idea that earthquakes and volcanic explosions played a part in forming the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, says Prof. A. R. Crook, is without foundation. It was cut out entirely by the water of the river, and the most effective tool employed was the quartz sand brought down from the sources of the river in the mountains. This sand is harder than any of the constituents of the rock strata in which the canon has been carved. Hurlled by the swift water against the sides and bed of the stream, it cuts the rock as easily as a file cuts soft iron.

Russia's Vast Forests.

Very nearly four-tenths of the surface of Russia in Europe is covered with woods and forests, according to the Reue Economique Internationale. In fact, the Russian forests are so great in extent that they almost equal the entire united area of western Europe, including Austria-Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, France and Spain. Among European countries, next to Russia, Austria-Hungary is the richest in forests.

A hide from a horse yields about twenty pounds of leather, while that from a cow gives thirty-five pounds.

"RULES AND LESSONS."

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but for a
The spirit's duty, true hearts spread, and leave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thought then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisper amongst them. There's not a spring
Of life, but hath his morning; and, hush
And onk doth know I Am. Canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies; go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

—Henry Vaughan.

Crockett's Wooing.

DAVY WAS AFRAID OF THE GIRL, NOT OF THE BEAR.

"We're lost, boys, sure as shoot-
in!" said Davy Crockett to his dogs.
"If we'd only stuck to the open trail
and not followed off after that bear
we'd have been home by now. What
will my good Quaker, Master Ken-
nedy, do when he sees me? Send
me packing, perhaps. And all be-
cause I ran away to a shooting match
and then got lost like a fool on my
way home."

All at once both dogs gave tongue
savagely, the hair on their backs ris-
ing with anger.

"What's this? What's this, boys?"
cried Davy eagerly. He bent down,
his eyes shining as he saw deeply
printed in the soft earth the deep
footmark of a bear, the greatest of
all the game animals in that region.

"A bear," cried Davy, "and fresh!
Why, boys, what do you mean by
leaving a fresh trail?"

The ardor of the young hunter
gave courage to the two hounds,
which for the moment had hesitated
to pursue so large a beast. They
gave tongue now musically and pres-
ently disappeared in the dense thick-
et of cane and briars. Davy plunged on
after as best he might, and was not
far behind when he heard the hoarse
roaring challenge of the two dogs.

"Rayed up!" he gasped, running
on now as swiftly as his long legs
would carry him. "They've stopped
him at last."

He did his best to get near enough
for a shot, but he had at the moment
only a glimpse of a big black body
moving through the cane, the dogs
snapping at its flanks and heels.
Davy was too good a hunter to risk
a chance shot, and so he pushed on,
Suddenly, as he hurried on through
the thicket, there came directly in
front the scream of a woman's voice.

At this sound the bear turned and
came back toward him.

Seeing the young hunter, the great
creature, now in confusion, conclud-
ed it would be safest to take to a
tree. It did so, climbing the great
trunk with a swiftness incredible for
an animal of its bulk, all the while
whining and protesting, half in an-
ger and half in uneasiness. The
dogs jumped up at the foot of the
tree, baying loudly, but the bear
looked down in safety from his perch
on a great limb.

"Oh, you're safe enough now!"
cried Davy, exultantly. "He could
have easily shot the animal but was
too tired and out of breath to hasten
matters. Moreover, he was curious
to discover whose voice it was that
had turned back the bear. 'Hello!
hello, there!' he cried. 'Who are
you? Come this way? It's safe
here.'"

As he called he edged over toward
the sound of the voice, but still kept
his eye on the bear even when he
heard footsteps breaking through the
cane. There paused at sight of him
a young girl, hardly more than sev-
enteen years old. She looked at him
half in fear, half in relief. "The blood
flew to Davy's face.

"I didn't know, ma'am—miss, I
mean," he stammered; and then, with
eagerness, "but there's your bear.
There he is, treed, all right."

The girl, pale from fright, half
smiled, as she now approached. "Are
you afraid?" she said.

"Yes, I reckon I'm scared a good
deal."

"Why, he can't hurt you now; he's
up a tree."

"He? Oh, that?" said Davy, with
a jerk of his thumb. "I didn't mean
the bear. I'm scared of you. What
are you doing here in the woods all
alone? Are you lost?"

"No," she replied. "I reckon
you're lost yourself, or you'd know
it's only a couple of miles to our
house. I'm after the cows."

"Well," said Davy, dropping the
stock of his long rifle to the ground,
"I've got no cows, but here's a fine
bear that belongs to me. If you need
any bear meat you can have it. Just
watch."

As he spoke, he raised the long
brown barrel of the rifle slowly to
the level of his eye, the bear mean-
while being busily engaged looking
down at the dogs, as it half stood
and half lolled in the fork of the
great oak tree.

There came the sharp, keen report
of the rifle, and the great black ani-
mal slowly sank down to the limb of
which it stood, then clinging with its
arms to the limb, swung half out and
under, gripped with its remaining
force to preserve itself. Suddenly,
its muscles relaxing, it came down
more than fifty feet, turning over in
midair, and striking the earth with
a great crash. At once the dogs were
upon the dead body, growling and
biting furiously at their fallen foe.

"Gracious me!" said the mountain
girl, now fairly free from her fright.
"That was a good shot."

"Humph!" granted Davy. "I
reckon if I can hit a half-dollar at
forty yards I ought to hit a thing as
big as a log house up in a tree."

"Now I'll go home," said the girl.
"You won't till I go along," said
Davy, growing bolder. "I'm lost."

"Where do you live?"
"I work at old man Kennedy's, the
Quaker."

Davy removed the bear's hide,
rolled it up and swung it across his
shoulders.

"Are you a married man?" said
the girl, gazing at him frankly.

"Why?"
"Well, now, you know, I can't be
walking through the woods with a
married man. What's your name?"

"Crockett, Davy Crockett. My dad
lives over toward the Abingdon road.
We're not rich, but we eat three
meals a day, and no man needs more.
I found my dad owed Quaker Ken-
nedy \$60. I've been working out
that note for dad."

"But you didn't tell me whether
you're a married man or not."

"Married? How could I get mar-
ried while my dad's in debt?"

"Well, I'm glad of that." The girl
gave a sigh of relief.

"Why?"
"Oh, I don't know."

"If I'm not married it's not my
fault. A man ought to be honest.
There came a schoolma'am down at
the Quaker's. I 'lowed to marry
that girl sure. She told me she was
engaged to her cousin. When I
heard that it was worse than war,
pestilence or famine to me, but I
couldn't help myself."

"My, that was pretty bad!" said
the girl, laughing.

"Well, that's not all," continued
Davy eagerly. "I know another fam-
ily full of mighty pretty little girls.
Right soon I found another one that
I loved as much as I had the Quaker
girl. She 'lowed she'd marry me
quick as I got out of debt. We had
the day all set. It was on a Thurs-
day and it wasn't long ago either.
Well, on a Saturday, just before I
was to be married, I got so wolfish
for another shootin' match that I
stole away just as I did to-day, and
I never did come back for two days.
When I did my girl's sister told me
that another fellow had got out a
license and that my girl was goin' to
marry him instead of me! Now if
you ask me if I'm a married man or
not I reckon I must say I'm not, but
it certainly isn't my fault."

The girl's face clouded with sym-
pathy, and her eyes grew soft as she
turned toward the tall young man.

"Why, that was an awful thing for
a girl to do," said she, with indigna-
tion. "That wasn't right. I'm sorry
for you."

"It made me sick," said Davy.
"Still, I got over it. Tell me, what's
your name?"

"Polly. Polly Findley."

"Polly Findley," said Davy. "You
must be the same family that the
Dutch widow over near the Quaker's
has been telling me about so long.
She and her daughter told me that
they'd introduce me to a little Irish
girl who'd make me plumb forget
these other two. I won't lie to you,
but I will say that half of what they
told me is true, and maybe the other
half will be some day. I'll tell you
right now that you're a heap hand-
somer than either of those others.
And I like mighty well the way you
act about bear."

"Well, we're on the right trail
home now," said Polly. "I'll take
you there."

"Home," said Davy Crockett, as if
half talking to himself. "Home—
that's a mighty fine word! I've got
no home. My dad hasn't been just
as good always as he ought to have
been, and he drunk up what his chil-
dren ought to have had for schoolin'.
Why, I never have been to school but
three or four months! I can hardly
write my name. Yet here I am, just
longin' for a home. I want to get
out of debt. Why, you know, I'd
give my rifle here if the old Quaker
would take it and call the note
square. I want to go to school and
I want to have a home."

"Miss Polly," and he turned to-
ward her suddenly, "you don't know
me yet. This sort of life won't do
for me. Davy Crockett's not going
to be satisfied to hoe corn all his life,
or just to go huntin' and never have
a bigger ambition than that. I'd like
to be a soldier, but there's no war
that I can get into just yet. Some
day I'm going into the Legislature,
and after that I'm going to Con-
gress."

Miss Polly laughed at him merrily.
"My," said she, "you've got a mighty
good opinion of yourself, haven't
you?"

Two months later, Davy Crockett,
still clad in moccasins and buckskin,
stood before the father of Polly
Findley.

"Mr. Findley," he was saying,
"I've got a motto that I'm going to
follow all my life. Once I knew a
fellow who thought the house was on
fire. He took a runnin' jump out
of the window, and landed on a
stump and broke his leg. He ought
to have looked. So I says to myself,
'Look before you leap!' Now I'm
willin' to jump into most any kind
of trouble or difficulty, but I'm going
to look ahead first. I've looked

ahead about this girl Polly, and
about you all, and I'm not scared
about where I'm going to land.
Maybe I've made my mistakes, Mr.
Findley, but I'm going to marry
Polly, and I've just come to tell you
all about it."

Mr. Findley looked at the tall and
earnest young man and presently
gave a chuckle.

"Davy," said he, "I haven't a thing
against you. You're straight as a
string, don't conceal a thing. You're
the best shot in this neck of woods,
and you're not scared. I notice at a
house-raisin' you always carry your
end of a log, and you don't shirk. If
any fellow is good enough for my
Polly, I reckon you are, but you're
got to see her mother first." The
two looked at each other with a cer-
tain uneasiness.

"I'd rather face the biggest bear
in the hills," said Davy, "but I reckon
I'll go ahead."

So, presently, indeed, he found
Polly's mother, and approached her
with equal directness.

"Ma'am," said he, "I just 'lowed
I'd tell you I'm going to marry Polly
next Thursday, if some other fellow
doesn't get her before then."

There long remained memory in
all that countryside of the tongue-
lashing which voluble Mrs. Findley
gave this presumptuous suitor. She
pointed out to him that he was too
young to marry, that he had no fam-
ily, no property, no prospects. Yet
through it all Davy made the same
straightforward and manly answer.

"What you say is true, ma'am,"
said he. "I've got no knife or fork or
plate to put in my cabin. I've got
not even a rifle, for I threw in my
rifle to finish paying off that note of
my dad's to old man Kennedy. I'll
be married in my moccasin feet, and
when Polly takes me that's all she
does take. But she can spin, and
when I need a shirt she can make it.
I'll get a rifle somewhere. Polly
says she'll teach me how to read and
write better than I do. I tell you,
ma'am, you can't stop me and Polly.
You can't stop us gettin' on. I am
sure I'm right, and now I'm goin'
ahead!"

And so, indeed, Davy Crockett did
go ahead. Polly's mother for a time
remained unappeased, but the young
suitor told Polly that on the follow-
ing Thursday he would bring a horse
for her and that she must then be
ready to leave. The young mountain
girl was as plucky as her wooer and
agreed to this.

To the last hour Mrs. Findley re-
mained "hostile," as Davy expressed
it, but relented at last, as she saw
her daughter about to leave her.
Then she called the young people into
the house, told Davy to send for the
person, and so the wedding went on
merrily at Polly's home.

And Polly's mother from that time
on was kind. It was she who gave
the young couple two cows and calves
to add to their scanty stock on the
small farm which Davy rented near
by. Good Quaker Kennedy likewise
came to their assistance and gave
Davy an order on the country store
for \$15 worth of goods. "This fixed
us up pretty grand," said Davy.

Such was the start in life of Davy
Crockett. He got his schooling in
great part from the kindly tuition of
the mountain girl who in this abrupt
fashion became his wife. She was
his faithful companion when, a few
years later, they took their two little
sons and all their household goods
and, packing everything on two young
horses, started across the mountains
to Lincoln County, where Davy took
up land of his own at the head of the
Mulberry fork of the Elk River.

This removal was the first step
outward and upward of Davy Crockett,
later one of the world's famous
figures—Davy Crockett, the soldier,
the bear hunter, the legislator, the
Congressman; a man who never de-
nied his lowly birth or his own igno-
rance, but who never ceased to
study and to learn; who scorned any
political creed which did not tally
with his own ideas of honor and
truthfulness, and who finally, far
away from the State which bore him,
met his death like a man and a gal-
lant gentleman in that fight which
made the Alamo of old San Antonio
one of the earth's sacred shrines of
heroism.—Youth's Companion.

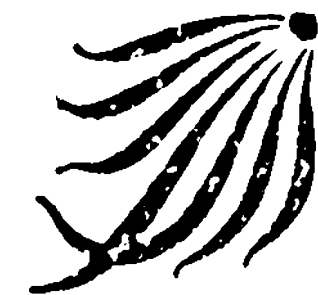
Americans Use Best English.

At a meeting of the recently
formed English Association for the
purpose of maintaining the correct
use of English and promoting its
due recognition as an essential ele-
ment in national education, Mr. Sid-
ney Lee, the editor of the "Dictio-
nary of National Biography," said
that the development of English speak-
ing in America, through both the low
grade and the high grade schools,
was rendering the rank and file of
the American people more accurate
readers, more accurate writers, and,
he would have added, if President
Roosevelt had not darkened counsel
late, more accurate spellers of the
English language than the rank and
file of our own people.—London
Daily Mail.

Cedar Wood For Sleepers.

Extensive experiments have been
made on American and Canadian
railways with cedar wood sleepers.
The Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada
was the first to use cedar for this pur-
pose to any considerable extent, and
this system alone has now some 400
miles of permanent way laid on cedar
sleepers. The result is said to be
very satisfactory. The wood is prac-
tically imperishable, and requires
very little treatment. It is, however,
brittle, and derailments have shown
curious results in the way of broken
sleepers. The greater proportion of
the new sleepers in use on the Grand
Trunk system were obtained from
forests within the Dominion.

ANCHOR ICE



A Substance That Seems
to Defy a Natural Law.

Inasmuch as ice is lighter than
water, it naturally rises to the sur-
face of any lake or pond on which
it forms. So rarely is it seen any-
where else that there is a general
belief that ice always forms on the
surface. There seems to be good
evidence, however, that there are ex-
ceptions to this rule, as to many
others. Witnesses too reputable to
be doubted have testified to the fact
that occasionally nature's law is
openly defied, and that ice does form
at the bottom of a stream. When
the phenomenon is observed at all,
it is usually, if not invariably, asso-
ciated with running water. Very
often, when large masses of it have
formed, the buoyancy of the material
(famously known as "anchor ice")
will lift from the bed of a river the
rocks or other objects on which it has
accumulated.

An ancient edition of "The Ency-
clopaedia Britannica" (1810) con-
tained a positive statement that ice
forms at the top, the bottom and in
the middle of the water at times. A
much more modern authority, Pro-
fessor H. T. Barnes, of McGill Uni-
versity, Montreal, declares that he
has repeatedly observed anchor ice
in Canada, where the severe climate
seems to be particularly favorable to
its development. He says that, while
"anchor ice" is the American name,
the substance itself has been seen in
many of the countries of Europe. As
long ago as 1788 fishermen along the
Elbe River were bothered by the oc-
casional hoisting of their lobster pots
from the river bottom, the pots being
coated with ice. So, too, the stones
to which their signal buoys were at-
tached became displaced by the same
agency. From Scotland, England and
France comes indisputable testimony
of a similar character.

According to Professor Barnes,
who discusses the subject in the
latest issue of "The United States
Weather Review," two kinds of ice
besides surface ice are found in Can-
ada where the current is swift. He
thus incidentally suggests a reason
why, when the temperature is below
the freezing point, the ice forms else-
where than on the surface. The mo-
tion of the water prevents the forma-
tion of ice at the top. Professor
Barnes says that one variety of ice—
called by French Canadians "frazil"—
is made up of spongy spikes, and
is found floating in the middle of the
water. Sometimes the quantity is so
great that it will clog water wheels.
Anchor ice forms on the river beds,
he says, and has been known to reach
a thickness of five to six feet!

It has never been observed in Can-
ada to form under a layer of surface
ice, because usually such ice is cov-
ered by an opaque layer of snow,
which acts as an effective check to
the radiation of heat from the bot-
tom of a river, which appears to be
the real cause of its formation. Pro-
fessor Barnes has measured the tem-
perature of the water in winter both
under the surface ice in the St. Law-
rence River, opposite Montreal, and
in the open water of the Lachine
Rapids, when ice was forming rap-

idly. It was found that the water
in this condition becomes slightly
undercooled to the order of a few
thousandths of a degree, and that the
ice which is formed is in a very ad-
hesive state. On the cessation of cold
weather the temperature of the water
rises slightly above the freezing point
and the ice gradually melts. Anchor
ice rises from the bottom in mild
weather, and also in extreme cold
weather under the influence of a
bright sun, which has the power to
melt it off from the rocks to which
it is attached.

The formation of ice has been
shown to be accompanied by a small
temperature depression in the water,
but even in the most severe weather
the undercooling is less than a hun-
dredth of a degree centigrade. This
fact is already made use of in water
powers, where a little steam heat,
applied around the wheel gates or
directly in the wheel cases of the tur-
bines, warms the surface of the metal
sufficiently to prevent the adhesion
of the frazil ice crystals. Electric
heating is also being applied with
some success, and it is safe to say
that before long no bad effects from
the presence of ice in the water need
be feared.

The conditions under which anchor
ice forms appear to be about as fol-
lows: The bed of the stream has be-
come chilled to the freezing point,
and the clearness of the water above
favors a still further loss of heat, or,
in other words, increased radiation.
Since the fluid in contact with the
river bottom moves more slowly than
it does at the top, a better chance
is afforded for the formation of ice
there, and so severe is the cold that
freezing is unavoidable. Anchor ice,
says Professor Barnes, rarely grows
under a layer of surface ice unless
this is clear. It forms on dark rocks
more readily than on light ones,
which is in accord with what we know
in regard to the more copious radia-
tion of heat from dark surfaces.

Anchor ice rarely forms under a
cloudy sky, either by day or night,
no matter how severe the weather,
but it forms very rapidly under a
clear sky at night. Anchor ice is
readily melted off under a bright sun.
It seems highly probable then that
radiation of heat supplies the neces-
sary cooling to the bottom of a river
to form the first layers of ice, after
which the growth or building up of
the ice is aided by the entangling and
freezing of frazil crystals always
present in the water. This applies,
of course, only to water flowing too
swiftly for surface ice to form.

The depth of formation of anchor
ice appears to be from forty to forty-
five feet in the fresh waters of the
Canadian rivers. Along the coast of
Newfoundland it has been observed
to form as deep as seventy feet in
the clearer salt water. The tempera-
ture of the water on the bottom need
not be exactly at the freezing point
for anchor ice to form, the cooling
of the bottom by radiation being suf-
ficient to bring it to the freezing
point, notwithstanding the slow con-
duction of heat from the earth.

Sensational Reporting.

In various quarters there is an
awakening to the great harm that is
done by local reporters of sensational
newspapers, who give such journals
what they want—that is, color up
and distort beyond recognition hap-
penings of their vicinity. Here is a
very real evil. It is present in Spring-
field and other places of Western
Massachusetts, just as it is all over
the country. Yellow journalism in
this respect is as false to real life as
the old time novel used to be, and
an even more demoralizing factor.
People complain of this kind of mis-
representation and continue to put up
with it because the remedy is hard to
find. The marketable value of al-
leged "news" is found by the penny-
a-liners to depend upon its yellowness.
People who read this kind of stuff
from their own locality know that it
is necessary to place a large discount
upon it, but when reading of happen-
ings in other sections they are too
much disposed to accept the "stories"
at face value. Every honest jour-
nalist of standing is familiar with
this evil, and has long deplored the
increasing measure of it.—Springfield
Republican.

A Tale of British Adulteration.

Edward Connor, writing for the
Practical Confectioner and Baker of
London, states that among colorings
used in candy manufacture in Great
Britain reds are the most popular,
yellows are second in favor, and
browns, blues and greens of lesser
esteem. He states that in France
the reds allowed by law for this pur-
pose are cochineal, madder and
Brazil wood; of yellows, tumeric,
fustic, French berries, Persian ber-
ries and saffron. Mr. Connor states
that a considerable proportion of the
white candies are doctored with sul-
phate of lime, flour, terra alba, plas-
ter of Paris and ethereal salts. Prus-
sic acid, contained in the essence of
bitter almonds, is also said to be
largely in use. The fact that a lead-
ing trade journal of the Empire gives
room to the article in question is
warrant for the supposition that it
holds some truth. Possibly there is
a field for reform across the water.

Desert Fruit.

In no part of the world do figs
attain greater perfection of size and
flavor than at the oasis of Palm
Springs in the Colorado Desert of
Southern California. They ripen
earlier than elsewhere, and the hun-
dreds of boxes of this fruit sent out
annually by whites and Indians are
eagerly sought at fancy prices.

Persian and Egyptian dates are
grown here, where the climate is al-
most a duplicate of that in their na-
tural habitat. Oranges, lemons,
peaches, plums, grapes, melons, veg-
etables and profusions of beautiful
flowers grow luxuriantly. A graceful
desert willow circles velvet meadows
where scores of cattle browse.—Travel
Magazine.

And Exclusive Models.

"Wonder who was the first woman
to get her gowns from Paris?"
"Helen of Troy, no doubt."—Bos-
ton Transcript.

PEOPLE AT THE GAME.

Men Who Cringe or Yell or Swear, as
the Case May Be.

"Some people suffer horribly at
football games, yet you cannot keep
them away. One of my classmates,"
writes Jesse Lynch Williams, in Out-
ing, "could never endure the dread-
fully glorious opening moment. He
always turned his face away, and
then kept beseeching the rest of us
in a low moan to tell him what was
going on, which we never did.

"I know another man who always
goes alone and will not allow anyone
he knows to sit near him if he can
help it. He wears a cap and sweater
and pays no attention to anything
but football, yelling with delight
when a thing pleases him and swear-
ing quietly to himself when there
seems need of it.

"Once upon a time he was the
best football player of his department
in the whole country, but that was so
many years ago that they no longer
call upon his services as a coach, so
he sits in the grand stand and has a
lonely debauch of football emotion.

"Most of us, however, need some
one to talk to, some one to say the
lame, obvious things to, such as 'Ha!
Third down!' when every one knows
it, and 'Going to kick!' when fifty or
sixty thousand other eyes can see the
punter drop back for that purpose.

"Most especially do we need some
one to pound on the back when
things go our way, some one to ex-
change looks with when they go the
other way. There is one man in our
class, supposed by some to be with-
out emotion, who is really dangerous
at football games, he strikes out so
hard and wildly.

"There is another man not in our
class, who goes to every game, and
though we always hope to avoid him,
he turns up in our proximity with a
regularity which makes us nudge
each other and say, 'Of course.'"

"He is of the nifty breed, stirs up
disensions, gives the umpire advice
before it is requested and lets it be
known to every one within four rows
just how much he bet on the game
and with whom, while we look the
other way and pretend that he has
merely assumed our college colors
for the occasion. There is one ad-
vantage of being near him, however;
he never hesitates to bellow 'Down
in front!' to men, women or chil-
dren."

Racial Elements in Wisconsin.

I am speaking of Wisconsin, be-
cause it happens to be the State
where I have pursued my ethnologi-
cal studies, and because it epitomizes
the central West. No other Western
State has such a diversity of racial
elements. Illinois alone, with its
queer colony of Portuguese Protest-
ants at Jacksonville, has an element
which Wisconsin has not. None but
Wisconsin has Bulgarians and Flem-
ings. It has an Indian population of
over 8000. It is the greatest Welsh,
Cornish, Norwegian and German
State. It has Icelanders with Minne-
sota, Bohemians with Iowa, and
French, Fins and Hollanders with
Michigan. The oldest and only pure-
ly Hungarian colony in America is on
its soil, and the largest colony of
Swiss. It has a native white element
as old as the Knickerbockers, and
even French-descended families who
go back 150 years on Wisconsin soil.
—From Warden Allan Curtis' "The
Light Fantastic," in the Central
West," in the Century.

Leprosy and Fish.

There is in England a surgeon
named Jonathan Hutchinson who
believes that leprosy is largely due
to a fish diet. He has written no end
of newspaper and magazine articles
to advocate his theories, and every
time he visits any country where a
few cases of that disease exist he
fancies that he finds fresh evidence
of the correctness of his theories.
Few or no reputable physicians agree
with him, but their skepticism does
not discourage him. He has now
broken out again, this time with a
book. In its brief review of the
work "The New York Medical Rec-
ord" remarks that the volume "con-
tains a mass of most interesting ma-
terial, carefully and systematically
collected, and pleads the cause most
eloquently, though unconvincingly.
It is a curious instance of a man
sticking to a theory against reason
and against facts."

How Grand Canon Was Made.

The popular idea that earthquakes
and volcanic explosions played a part
in forming the Grand Canon of the
Colorado River, says Prof. A. R.
Crook, is without foundation. It
was cut out entirely by the water of
the river, and the most effective tool
employed was the quartz sand
brought down from the sources of
the river in the mountains. This
sand is harder than any of the con-
stituents of the rock strata in which
the canon has been carved. Hurling
by the swift water against the sides
and bed of the stream, it cuts the
rock as easily as a file cuts soft iron.

Russia's Vast Forests.

Very nearly four-tenths of the sur-
face of Russia in Europe is covered
with woods and forests, according to
the Reue Economique Internation-
ale. In fact, the Russian forests are
so great in extent that they almost
equal the entire united area of West-
ern Europe, including Austria-Hun-
gary, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium,
Italy, France and Spain. Among Eu-
ropean countries, next to Russia,
Austria-Hungary is the richest in
forests.

**A Hide from a horse yields about
twenty pounds of leather, while that
from a cow gives thirty-five pounds.**

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—special reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOE PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

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Yours very truly,
3-28-4t SAM. G. MARTIN.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetables.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also sold by
HAIR VIGOR,
ACUTE CURE,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

List of Jurors.

List of Grand Jurors.
LIST of Grand Jurors drawn March 14, 1907, for Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg, in and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of April, A. D., 1907.
Albert, Hiram M., Kent, Huntingdon twp.
Arentz, Frank, farmer, Mountjoy.
Frock, John D., drayman, Conewago twp.
Hofe, Abram, farmer, Mountpleasant twp.
Koenigle, Peter, farmer, Conewago twp.
Hamilton, John B., engineer, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Haldeman, James, farmer, Butler twp.
Kelly, Joseph E., " " Cumberland twp.
Kline, Daniel, " " Union twp.
Klunk, Lewis L., " " Conewago twp.
Lapham Claude, barber, East Berlin bor.
Lauver, William H., shoemaker, Bigtville bor.
Leister, James W., farmer, Cumberland twp.
Miller, Amos, " " Mountjoy twp.
Mumper, Levi, photographer, Gettysburg, 1st w.
Parr, Maurice, cigarmaker, Mountpleasant twp.
Rupp, Reuben, motorman, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Staub, John L., bartender, New Oxford bor.
Sheets, Jeremiah, laborer, York Springs bor.
Sionaker, Geo. G., " " Gettysburg, 3rd w.
Tipton, Zephaniah, " " Butler township.
Weitz, H. Albert, shoemaker, New Oxford bor.
Wentz, David C., farmer, Mountpleasant twp.
Weaver, Geo. J., gent, Gettysburg bor., 2d w.

List of Petit Jurors.
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Aumon, Edward, laborer, Littlestown bor.
Bollinger, John C., farmer, Union twp.
Black, Irvin B., farmer, Mountjoy twp.
Bream, Adam R., farmer, Huntingdon twp.
Blocher, Chas. L., coachmaker, Littlestown bor.
Brough, E. Edward, farmer, Littlestown bor.
Borger, E. P., farmer, Littlestown twp.
Basehoar, Daniel D., merchant, Littlestown bor.
Baker, Frank, laborer, Littlestown twp.
Buttner, John E., limeburner, Berwick twp.
Cashman, Harry S., horsedealer, Bendersville bor.
Caldwell Robert, waterman, Gettysburg, 3d w.
Diller, Isaac, farmer, New Oxford bor.
Dennis, S. B., " " Tyrone twp.
Foult, Levi, " " Mountpleasant twp.
Fare, H. L., tinner, Bendersville bor.
Gardner, Theodore C., farmer, Huntingdon twp.
Garlich, J. W., undertaker, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Henry, Wm. N., carpenter, Cumberland twp.
Heagy, C. Edward, farmer, Cumberland twp.
Haverstock, Gilbert, blacksmith, Reading twp.
Harsh, J. T., innkeeper, New Oxford bor.
Irwin, Charles G., farmer, Highland twp.
King, K. David, farmer, Germany twp.
Keagy, A. G., farmer, Conewago twp.
Lauver, Cornelius E., farmer, Huntingdon twp.
Muselman, Aaron, gent, Fairfield bor.
Pottorff, Ernest N., mason, Strasban twp.
Rhodes, I. Lewis, miller, Freedom twp.
Riddensner, H. C., farmer, Franklin twp.
Ruff, Charles H., clerk, Gettysburg bor., 1st w.
Sanders, Robert F., blacksmith, Hamiltonban twp.
Sanders, W. A., farmer, Cumberland twp.
Small, J. V., farmer, Conewago township.
Sneeringer, W. A., farmer, Germany twp.
Watson, W. Frank, teacher, Hamiltonban twp.
Walter, Conrad B., farmer, Franklin twp.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

NOTICE!

3 1-2 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Time Money.

THE HANOVER SAVING FUND SOCIETY, of Hanover, Pa., hereby gives notice that on Saturday, January 19, 1907, and each Saturday thereafter, and at our Banking House will remain open for business between the hours of 9 A. M. and 8 P. M. "My," said a consideration of the prevailing high rates of interest throughout the world, and believing that we pay for all money deposited on Saturday, and after January 19, 1907, and until we have received the interest for 12 months, and 3 per cent. for 6 months.

PAUL WINEBRENNER, Treasurer.

G. W. Weaver & Son;

THE LEADERS,

GETTYSBURG, PA.,

Jackets. :: Skirts. :: Waists ..

The variety of styles is such that all tastes can be suited here.

IN JACKETS

Cloths are Black Kersey, Fancy Checks and Stripes; Coverts and Herring Bone Kersey. Style Cuts are Short Tight Fitting, Tight Fitting back Semi-fitting front, Loose Box Boats, Long Marchioness and Pony.

SKIRTS

too are in great variety of cloths and styles—both in fancy and plain colored cloths.

WAISTS

Silk, Net and Lingerie—greatest variety imaginable, in styles.

We advise early inspection for the double reason that—all these goods are not only

No trouble to fit you—we have looked out for the hard-to-fits and extra sizes.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

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Annual Statement

OF OXFORD TOWNSHIP ROAD SUPERVISORS.
E. L. ECKERT, TREASURER, FOR YEAR
ENDING MARCH 4, 1907.

RECEIPTS.
Total amount of duplicate.....\$1 505 97
Balance on hand from last year.....750 72
Hotel license.....120 00
Automobile fines.....10 00
\$1 796 79

EXPENDITURES.
Road repairs.....\$ 801 50
Abatement on taxes.....31 11
Treasurer's supplies.....12 00
Work tax.....224 99
Outstanding tax.....71 47
Settling off expenses.....20 55
Treasurer's fees.....25 30
Rebate on 4 inch reads.....9 31
Oaths on rebate.....6 25
Balance in hands of treasurer.....\$1 385 83
\$1 796 79

The above account has been duly audited by the auditors of Oxford township and certified by them to be correct.

LAURENCE, CRAS, F. STOUGH, } Auditors
GEO. H. LAWRENCE, }
ATTEST:—F. X. GROFF, Secretary.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Poso, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by Ed. T. AUKER.

FARMERS

Look to your stock and keep them in condition by using Shuckman's Horse and Cattle Powders, 2 lbs. for 25c. We also handle the well-known

Lees Stock Conditioners,

recognized among stock dealers as one of the best powders on the market. 25c and 50c packs.

LEES EGG MAKER,

25c, 50c and \$2.00 a pack, best in the world for all poultry. FOR DISEASES OF POULTRY, we guarantee our Chicken Cholera Remedy.

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Ayer's

List of Jurors.

List of Grand Jurors.

LIST of Grand Jurors drawn March 14, 1907, for Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg, in and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of April, A. D. 1907: Albert, Hiram M., gent, Huntingdon twp. Arent, Frank, farmer, Mountjoy. Brock, John D., drayman, Conewago twp. Hofs, Abram, farmer, Mountpleasant twp. Hoffnagle, Peter, farmer, Conewago. Hamilton, John B., engineer, Gettysburg, 2d w. Haldeman, James, farmer, Butler twp. Kelly, Joseph K., " Cumberland twp. Kline, Daniel, " Union twp. Kunk, Lewis L., " Conewago twp. Lapham Claude, barber, East Berlin bor. Lauver, William H., shoemaker, Biglerville bor. Lester, James W., farmer, Mountpleasant twp. Miller, Amos, " Mountjoy twp. Mumper, Levi, photographer, Gettysburg, 1st w. Parr, Maurice, cigarmaker, Mountpleasant twp. Rupp, Keaton, motorman, Gettysburg, 2d w. Shanks, John L., bartender, New Oxford bor. Sheets, Jeremiah, laborer, York Springs bor. Sionaker, Geo. G., " Gettysburg, 3rd w. Tinton, Zephaniah, " Butler township. Weikert, H. Albert, shoemaker, New Oxford bor. Wentz, David G., farmer, Mountpleasant twp. Weaver, Geo. J., gent, Gettysburg bor., 3d w.

List of Petit Jurors.

LIST of Petit Jurors drawn March 14th, 1907, for Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg, in and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of April, A. D. 1907, and also to serve as Jurors in Court of Common Pleas to be held on said fourth Monday of April, 1907, and to serve for two weeks if necessary: Aumen, Edward, laborer, Littlestown bor. Bollinger, John C., farmer, Union twp. Black, Irvin B., farmer, Mountjoy twp. Bream, Adam R., farmer, Huntingdon twp. Bioehner, Chas. L., coachmaker, Littlestown bor. Bunker, John, farmer, Gettysburg twp. Bunker, E. P., farmer, Littlestown twp. Basehoar, Daniel D., merchant, Littlestown bor. Baker, Frank, laborer, Franklin twp. Bunker, John R., himeburner, Berwick twp. Cashman, Harry S., horsedealer, Bendersville bor. Caldwell, Robert, waterman, Gettysburg, 3d w. Diller, Jacob, farmer, New Oxford bor. Dennis, S. B., " Tyrone twp. Fouk, Levi, " Mountpleasant twp. Fure, H. L., tinner, Bendersville bor. Gardner, Theodore C., farmer, Huntingdon twp. Garlach, J. W., undertaker, Gettysburg, 2d w. Henry, Wm. N., carpenter, Cumberland twp. Hoagy, C. Edward, farmer, Cumberland twp. Haverstock, Gilbert, blacksmith, Reading twp. Hersh, T. T., innkeeper, New Oxford bor. Irvin, Charles G., farmer, Highland twp. King, K. David, farmer, Gettysburg twp. Keady, A. G., farmer, Conewago twp. Lauver, Cornelius E., farmer, Huntingdon twp. Musselman, Aaron, rent, Fairfield bor. Puttort, Ernest N., mason, Straban twp. Rhodes, I. Lewis, miller, Freedom twp. Riddlemoezer, H. C., farmer, Franklin twp. Ruff, Charles H., clerk, Gettysburg bor, 1st w. Sanders, Robert E., blacksmith, Hamiltonban twp. Saunders, W. A., farmer, Cumberland twp. Small, I. V., farmer, Conewago township. Sweeney, W. H., farmer, Gettysburg twp. Watson, W. Frank, teacher, Hamiltonban twp. Walter, Conrad B., farmer, Franklin twp.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS,

GETTYSBURG, PA.,

High-Style
Suits For
Spring.

If you care to number yourself among the "well-dressed women" you mustn't miss seeing our new Spring Suits. They are the most advanced types of tailor-art. Their variety is truly wonderful, but all share the sure distinction possessed by all

Wooltex
Styles

We show them in all the latest tints and patterns in pure wool, acid-tested fabrics. Their cut is accurate and the fit is guaranteed.

Jackets. :: Skirts. . . Waists . .

The variety of styles is such that all tastes can be suited here.

IN JACKETS

Cloths are Black Kersey, Fancy Checks and Stripes; Coverts and Herring Bone Kersey. Style Cuts are Short Tight Fitting, Tight Fitting back Semi-fitting front, Loose Box Boats, Long Marchioness and Pony.

SKIRTS

too are in great variety of cloths and styles--both in fancy and plain colored cloths.

WAISTS

Silk, Net and Lingerie---greatest variety imaginable, in styles.

We advise early inspection for the double reason that--all these goods are not only advancing in price, but will be scarce everywhere.

No trouble to fit you---we have looked out for the hard-to-fits and extra sizes.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

Annual Statement

OF OXFORD TOWNSHIP ROAD SUPERVISORS, E. L. ECKERT, TREASURER, FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 4, 1907.

RECEIPTS.
Total amount of duplicate.....\$1 05 07
Balance on hand from last year.....1 50 72
Hotel license.....120 00
Automobile fines.....10 00
\$1 71 79

EXPENDITURES.
Road repairs.....\$ 80 50
Abatement on taxes.....31 11
Treasurer's supplies.....12 00
Work tax.....\$24 90
Outstanding tax.....71 47
Settling off expenses.....25 50
Interest on loan.....20 55
Rebate on 4 inch trade.....\$9 31
Outs on rebate.....6 25
Balance in hands of treasurer.....\$1 885 83
\$1 701 79

The above account has been duly audited by the auditors of Oxford township and certified by them to be correct.
LAWIS E. LAWRENCE, } Auditors.
CHAS. F. STOUGH,
Geo. H. LAWRENCE,
ATTYNEY—F. X. GHOFF, Secretary.

WHOOPING COUGH.—I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Poso, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by Ed. T. AUKER.

FARMERS

Look to your stock and keep them in condition by using Shuckman's Horse and Cattle Powders, 2 lbs. for 25c. We also handle the well-known

Lees Stock Conditioners,

recognized among stock dealers as one of the best powders on the market. 25c and 50c packs.

LEES EGG MAKER.

25c, 50c and \$2.00 a pack, best in the world for all poultry. FOR DISEASES OF POULTRY, we guarantee our Chicken Cholera Remedy.

ED. T. AUKER,

Your Druggist,

ON THE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

NOTICE!

3 1-2 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Time Money.

THE HANOVER SAVING FUND SOCIETY, of Hanover, Pa., hereby gives notice that on Saturday, January 19, 1907, and each Saturday thereafter, their Banking House will remain open for business, Miss Polk between the hours of 9 A. M. and 8 P. M. "My," said a good opinion of the prevailing high rates of money throughout the world, and believing that two months' patrons, who make our prosperity possible, should share with us in profits, the Board of Directors, what we pay for all money deposited on and after January 19, 1907, and ordered, INTEREST AT THE RATE OF FELLO who thought the per annum for 12 months, and 3 per cent. for 6 months. PAUL WINEBRENNER, Treasurer.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

Here and There.

Andrew Lippy, of Hampstead, Md., committed suicide Wednesday by hanging himself from a rafter in the livery stable of T. W. Murray. He leaves a widow and two children. He was 40 years old.

Charles Donnelly, aged 70 years and mentally unsound, committed suicide by hanging in the attic of his home in Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland county, Friday evening. He had been ill for some months.

While on his way to see his sweetheart, Horace Wilson, a school teacher of Nordmont, fell from a high trestle on the Williamsport and North Branch R. R. and was found dead in the deep ravine.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Walk, of Washington Borough, suffered a bereavement Thursday in the death of their 7-months-old son. The boy was the eighteenth child born to the couple and the death is the first break in a long chain.

Terribly crushed by a fall of 100 feet and believed to be dead, John Brady was carried to an undertaking establishment at Monessen, to be prepared for burial. On the cooling board where he had been placed, however, life returned to him. He was taken to the hospital and will recover.

Rendered despondent through illness, John H. Reese, a prominent hotel man of Lancaster, went to his home Friday night and committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas. Some years ago his brother committed suicide by falling on a sword. Beside the corpse of the dead man was found his dog, a companion of years, cold in death.

GENTLE AND EFFECTIVE.—A well-known Manitoba editor writes: "As an inside worker I find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invaluable for the touches of biliousness natural to sedentary life, their action being gentle and effective, clearing the digestive tract and the head." Price 25 cents. Samples free. Ed. T. AUKER.

David E. Frey, aged 52 years, one of the best known business men in York, and head of the firm of Frey & Son, dealers in hides, committed suicide at his farm on the Chanceford turnpike, about 14 miles south of York City, last Tuesday, by taking a quantity of carbolic acid. His body was found by his son in the barn. Ill health is believed to have led him to commit the rash act.

At Shermansville, near Meadville, during an electric storm Thursday forenoon, lightning struck a party of four on the front porch of the house of Joseph Chosis, instantly killing his mother, stunning his daughter and affecting the others. In the same neighborhood Charles Sherman's barn was struck and burned and a number of horses cremated.

After living happily together for 63 years the remains of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Chapin, of New Columbia, near Bloomsburg, were buried in one grave Mrs. Chapin, who was 82 years old died on Saturday. When the undertaker arrived at the house he was informed that the husband had died suddenly from heart failure and grief over the death of his wife. He was aged 80 years.

BITTEN BY A SPIDER.—Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington of Bosqueville, Tex., would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores. Had he not been persuaded to try Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores." Healed every sore. 25c, at Ed. T. AUKER druggist.

While walking toward his country home in the suburbs of Greenwood, Thursday night, George Given, manager of the Altoona M'fg Co., was assaulted by two thugs in the darkness a few minutes after stepping from the street car, knocked down and robbed of about \$1,500 which he was carrying from that office to his home. Given was beaten into insensibility and is under a physician's care. The thugs made good their escape.

the level of his eye, two while he while being busily engaged down at the dogs, as it half stood and half lolled in the fork of the great oak tree.

There came the sharp, keen report of the rifle, and the great black animal slowly sank down to the limb of which it stood, then clinging with its arms to the limb, swung half out and under, gripped with its remaining force to preserve itself. Suddenly, its muscles relaxing, it came down more than fifty feet, turning over in midair, and striking the earth with a great crash. At once the dogs were upon the dead body, growling and biting furiously at their fallen foe.

"Gracious me!" said the mountain girl, now fairly free from her fright. "That was a good shot."

"Humph!" grunted Davy. "I reckon if I can hit a half-dollar at forty yards I ought to hit a thing as big as a log house up in a tree."

"Now I'll go home," said the girl. "You won't till I go along," said Davy, growing bolder. "I'm lost."



Eagle Hotel, Center Square, C. T. Hersh, Proprietor.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. George Osborne and son, of Philadelphia, arrived here last week to spend some time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Schnell, Hanover street.

Mrs. A. J. Snively and daughter, of Hanover, spent several days at the home of Dr. J. L. Sheetz, Center Square.

Messrs. Harry Flesham, Austin Wildasin and Val Van Deran, of Chambersburg, spent several days at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Flesham, at Hotel Oxford.

Drs. Bender Z. Cashman and John W. Sheetz, of Hopkins University, Baltimore, spent the Easter Vacation at their respective homes in this place.

Mr. John Diehl, civil engineer, in the employ of the P. R. R. Co. at Lewistown, and sister, Miss Sarah Diehl, at tending school at Carlisle, spent a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Diehl, Pitt street.

Miss Emma Swamley of Harrisburg, and Mr. John Swamley of Gettysburg, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Swamley, West High street.

Mr. F. L. Weaver of the Weaver M'fg Co., left Tuesday on a ten days business trip through Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Mrs. J. W. Stock is very seriously ill at her home on Pitt street.

Mr. Harry Hoffnagle, who removed to Sunbury last Spring from near Brush Run, returned with his family this week and will occupy the home of John Keagy in Mountpleasant township.

Fire of incendiary origin at an early hour Sunday morning destroyed the large bank barn on the farm of George Bortner, near Glenville, York county. Besides the barn a large wagon shed and a number of other buildings were completely destroyed, together with their contents, including one horse, three cows, four hogs, a large number of chickens and ducks, valuable farming implements, large quantity of grain, etc. John Swartz, a former well known character of the same vicinity, who has been living at Cornwall, for some time, had returned the day before, and he was run down during the progress of the fire and lodged in the York jail. Swartz is 40 years old and has a wife and eight children at Cornwall.

THE PRICE OF HEALTH.—"The price of health in a malarious district is just 25 cents; the cost of a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Ella Slayton, of Noland, Ark. New Life Pills cleanse gently and impart new life and vigor to the system. 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed at Ed. T. AUKER's druggist. 50c.

To My Friends and Patrons. On account of not being able to find a suitable room for my business, I have concluded to remove from New Oxford by May 1st, and as I have a full line of Watches and Jewelry I will sell everything at a discount of 25 per cent., which means more goods for less money, same goods for less money. Bring me your old Gold and Silver Scrap, I will allow you full market value in exchange. No repairing received after April 20. Respectfully soliciting your patronage, I remain,

Yours very truly,

SAM. G. MARTIN.

3-28-4t

NOTICE!

3 1-2 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Time Money.

THE HANOVER SAVING FUND SOCIETY, of Hanover, Pa., hereby gives notice that on Saturday, January 19, 1907, and each Saturday thereafter, and at our Banking House will remain open for business.

Miss Polk, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 8 P. M. "My," said in consideration of the prevailing high rates of money throughout the world, and believing

Two months' patrons, who make our prosperity possible, should share with us in profits, the Board of Directors, that we pay for all money deposited on

"Mr. Findley," and after January 19, 1907, and under the name of INTEREST AT THE RATE OF

Ordered, INTEREST AT THE RATE OF 3 per cent. per annum for 12 months, and 3 per cent. per annum for 6 months.

PAUL WINEBRENNER, Treasurer.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills. Liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, ANGE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

List of Jurors.

List of Grand Jurors.

LIST of Grand Jurors drawn March 14, 1907, for Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg, Pa. and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of April, A. D., 1907.

Albert, Hiram M., gent. Huntingtown twp.
Arentz, Frank, farmer, Mountjoy.
Frock, John D., drayman, Conewago twp.
Hofe, Abram, farmer, Mountpleasant twp.
Hofmacker, Peter, farmer, Conewago twp.
Hamilton, John B., engineer, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Haldeman, James, farmer, Butler twp.
Kelly, Joseph K., " " Cumberland twp.
Kline, Daniel, " " Union twp.
Kunk, Lewis L., " " Conewago twp.
Lanham Claude, barber, East Berlin twp.
Lauver, William H., shoemaker, Biglerville bor.
Leister, James W., farmer, Cumberland twp.
Miller, Amos, " " Mountjoy twp.
Mumford, Levi, photographer, Gettysburg, 1st w.
Parr, Maurice, cigarmaker, Mountpleasant twp.
Rupp, Reuben, motorman, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Schaub, John L., bartender, New Oxford twp.
Sheetz, Jeremiah, laborer, York Springs bor.
Sionaker, Geo. G., " " Gettysburg, 3rd w.
Tipton, Zephaniah, " " Butler township.
Weikert, H. Albert, shoemaker, New Oxford twp.
Wentz, David C., farmer, Mountpleasant twp.
Weaver, Geo. J., gent. Gettysburg bor., 3d w.

List of Petit Jurors.

LIST of Petit Jurors drawn March 14th, 1907, for Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg, Pa. and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of April, A. D., 1907, and also to serve as jurors in a Court of Common Pleas to be held on said fourth Monday of April, 1907, and to serve for two weeks if necessary.

Aumen, Edward, laborer, Littlestown bor.
Bollinger, John C., farmer, Union twp.
Black, Irvin B., farmer, Mountjoy twp.
Bream, Adam R., farmer, Huntingtown twp.
Biocher, Chas. L., coachmaker, Littlestown twp.
Brough, P. Edward, farmer, Littlestown twp.
Borah, E. P., farmer, Littlestown twp.
Baschard, Daniel D., merchant, Littlestown twp.
Baker, Frank, laborer, Franklin twp.
Butlinger, John R., limeburner, Berwick twp.
Cashman, Harry S., horsedealer, Bendersville twp.
Caldwell, Robert, waterman, Gettysburg, 3d w.
Diller, Isiah, farmer, New Oxford twp.
Dennis, S. B., " " Tyrone twp.
Fouk, Levi, " " Mountpleasant twp.
Fure, H. L., tinner, Bendersville bor.
Gardner, Theodore C., farmer, Huntingtown twp.
Garlich, J. W., undertaker, Gettysburg, 2d w.
Henry, Wm. N., carpenter, Cumberland twp.
Heagy, C. Edward, farmer, Cumberland twp.
Haverstock, Gilbert, blacksmith, Reading twp.
Hersh, C. P., inkkeeper, New Oxford twp.
Irwin, Charles G., farmer, Highland twp.
Kink, K. David, farmer, Germany twp.
Keady, A. G., farmer, Conewago twp.
Lauver, Cornelius E., farmer, Huntingtown twp.
Musselman, Aaron, gent. Fairfield bor.
Pottorf, Ernest N., mason, Straban twp.
Rivides, I. Lewis, miller, Freedom twp.
Riddlemoser, H. C., farmer, Franklin twp.
Ruff, Charles H., clerk, Gettysburg bor., 1st w.
Sanders, Robert F., blacksmith, Hamilton twp.
Sanders, W. A., farmer, Cumberland twp.
Small, I. V., farmer, Conewago township.
Sneeringer, W. A., farmer, Germany twp.
Watson, W. Frank, teacher, Hamilton twp.
Walter, Conrad B., farmer, Franklin twp.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

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GETTYSBURG, PA.,

High-Style
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Jackets. :: Skirts. . . Waists . .

The variety of styles is such that all tastes can be suited here.

IN JACKETS

Cloths are Black Kersey, Fancy Checks and Stripes; Coverts and Herring Bone Kersey. Style Cuts are Short Tight Fitting, Tight Fitting back Semi-fitting front, Loose Box Boats, Long Marchioness and Pony.

SKIRTS

too are in great variety of cloths and styles--both in fancy and plain colored cloths.

WAISTS

Silk, Net and Lingerie---greatest variety imaginable, in styles.

We advise early inspection for the double reason that--all these goods are not only

advancing in price, but will be scarce everywhere.

Annual Statement

OF OXFORD TOWNSHIP ROAD SUPERVISORS, E. L. ECKERT, TREASURER, FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 4, 1907.

RECEIPTS.
Total amount of duplicate.....\$1,505 07
Balance on hand from last year.....350 72
Hotel license.....120 00
Automobile fees.....10 00

EXPENDITURES.
Road repairs.....801 50
Abatement on taxes.....81 11
Treasurer's supplies.....12 00
Wages tax.....822 40
Outstanding tax.....71 47
Settling off expenses.....20 55
Treasurer's fees.....25 50
Rebate on 4 inch trade.....43 31
On the on road.....6 25

Balance in hands of treasurer.....\$1,885 83
108 90
\$1,794 79

The above account has been duly audited by the auditors of Oxford township and certified by them to be correct.

ATTEST:—F. X. GHOY, Secretary.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Poso, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by Ed. T. AUKER.

FARMERS

Look to your stock and keep them in condition by using Shuckman's Horse and Cattle Powders, 2 lbs. for 25c. We also handle the well-known

Lees Stock Conditioners,

recognized among stock dealers as one of the best powders on the market. 25c and 50c packs.

LEES EGG MAKER,

25c, 50c and \$2.00 a pack, best in the world for all poultry. FOR DISEASES OF POULTRY, we guarantee our Chicken Cholera Remedy.

ED. T. AUKER,

Your Druggist,

ON THE SQUARE,

NEW OXFORD.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ed. T. Anker the druggist on the Square has a new ad. in this issue. Look it up.

Dr. W. J. Gardner, dentist, of York Springs, expects to leave about May 1 for Seattle, Wash., where he will open an office.

Charles Haugh of White Hall, whilst attending a sale one day last week, had one of his arms broken by the kick of a horse.

Ira Masemore of Latimore township, had one of the bones of his right hand broken one day recently by being kicked by a horse.

Mr. Wilnot Bosserman, who recently removed to the farm of Mr. H. G. Wehler at the edge of town, lost a good fresh cow by death last week.

On Easter the members of the Jr. C. E. Society of the Lutheran church of this place remembered the sick and shut-ins with baskets of fruit and flowers.

Mr. Chas. Spangler, who clerks in C. M. Spahr's store at East Berlin, had the misfortune of falling down the store cellar steps and bruising himself considerably.

As Mr. Jacob Allard of East Berlin, was chopping wood last week his axe caught in a hedge fence behind him and in glancing off cut an ugly gash in the back of his neck.

Mr. Ralph Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Miller of East High street held 1224 tickets and was awarded the gold watch given away by Ed. T. Anker, the druggist on Monday.

Charles Kohler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Kohler, formerly of near this place, who has been absent from home for the past four years, is visiting his parents at their home in Hanover.

Always keep a bottle of J. W. HARP-ER whiskey in sight. Good to look at and good to taste; and what's more a benefit to your health. Sold by C. T. HENSH.

The Easter communion service in The First Lutheran church of this place was largely attended. The accessions to membership numbered 26. The offering for benevolence was very liberal.

Dr. A. C. Rice, of McSherrystown, took Mrs. Joseph Sheely, of Centennial, to Harrisburg Friday, where she will take treatment at Dr. Shope's Sanitarium. Mrs. Sheely is afflicted with rheumatism.

W. O. Kohler of Hanover, formerly of this place, who went to the Union Protestant Infirmary, Baltimore, five weeks ago for treatment for necrosis of the bone of the right knee, returned Friday, much improved.

The annual Easter service will be rendered by the Sunday school of the First Lutheran church of this place Sunday evening, April 7 at 7 o'clock. A special program of songs and recitations is in preparation.

Dr. Dixon and O'Neal, of Gettysburg, and Drs. N. C. Trout performed an operation on Dr. Glenn of Fairfield, last Wednesday, taking out a large quantity of corruption. He stood the operation well but is very weak at this time.

Samuel Bear, of the Pigeon Hills who works in the Boyer ore banks, last week was caught by a shaft and had two long cuts and a split bone inflicted to his head. Dr. Miller of Abbottstown, dressed the wounds, requiring 14 stitches.

Whilst Mr. Curtis E. Diehl, huckster, of Pitt street, was out on his route last week, he entered the yard at the home of one of his customers, when the watch dog of the premises sprang upon him biting him severely several times in his legs.

Wm. Trimmer of East Berlin, who was the victim of a shooting affair at St. Louis about 15 months ago, met with a painful accident one day last week. He was assisting a man to deborn cattle and in some manner his thumb got into the deborning machine and in an instant was amputated.

WANTED—Married couple, young or middle aged, without children, man to do outside work and woman to do housework. Board and lodging furnished. For particulars call on or address: Residence of Dr. J. L. SAEZETZ, New Oxford, Pa.

In another column will be found a full account of the terrible tragedy that has befallen Mr. Charles Francis Deal, of Blacksburg, S. C. Mr. Deal was united in marriage last October to Miss Mande C. Cashman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman of Hanover street, this place.

Reed Barnitz, a ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, while skating on Roller skates on the streets near his home on Monday, fell under a passing wagon, one of the wheels going over the lad's body, painfully though not seriously injuring him.

We have added a large line of up-to-date furniture to our already large stock, within the past few weeks, and cordially invite all in need of anything in our line to call and inspect our goods. We meet all competition, and guarantee satisfaction at all times. R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford.

The quarantine was lifted from Dill Broom the Bendersville smallpox patient on Saturday, March 30, and the nurse who has been there for 5 weeks and received \$150 for services left for Philadelphia.

Charles M. Wolf, eldest son of Gilbert Wolf and wife, of York Springs, has been appointed a regular clerk in the registry department of the Norfolk, (Va.) postoffice. He has been serving as a substitute clerk for the past year and on the first of March received his regular appointment.

A friend at our elbow suggests the best way to head off the mail order houses is for the local merchant to advertise liberally and get the trade themselves. It does look reasonable. All the successful mail order houses are heavy advertisers and if they can make it pay why not the local merchant?

The actions of the small boys on the pavement in front of the postoffice while the mail is being changed during evenings is very annoying and some action should be taken by the authorities to have the nuisance abated. Playing ball on the streets is a violation of the ordinance. Why is it tolerated?

The "Willing Workers" of the Immaculate Conception parish will hold a Progressive Euchre in Miller's Hall, Friday evening, April 5, to which the public is cordially invited; refreshments of all kinds will be served. On Saturday evening the members of the same parish will give a grand supper for the small sum of 25 cents—less than you can prepare a supper for at home.

On last Tuesday Charles Reed of Fairfield was hauling for Dr. W. G. Dubs, at his fitting. In going up a lane which was cut up very much Mr. Reed was sitting on a barrel, driving his 2-horse team, and while trying to get a better seat the front wheel went into a chuck, throwing him out on his head. The front wheel passed over his head cutting a gash that required 13 stitches to close.

Roy, aged 7 years, son of Hiram C. Lady of Arendtsville, had the forefinger on his right hand caught in a hay lifting pulley nearly two years ago. It was badly crushed and bruised but after it was dressed it healed up and gave him no more trouble until two weeks ago it got sore and very painful. Then the physician examined it he found the bones decayed and it had to be amputated.

After reading the list of appointments Tuesday evening, Bishop McDowell adjourned the Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in session at Tyrone. Next year's session will be held in York in March. Among the appointments are the following in the Harrisburg district: Presiding Elder, Emory M. Stevens, Carlisle. Districts, Dillsburg and Wellsville—John B. Mann. Gettysburg and New Oxford—William W. Hartman. Hanover—Norman Smith. Littlestown—John W. Long. York Springs—William E. Rath.

While working at the Gettysburg brick plant Thursday Oren Riggs had a narrow escape from being crushed to death. He was feeding the pan on which the shale is crushed when the bar with which he was working suddenly struck him on the head rendering him unconscious and causing him to fall on the revolving pan which was rapidly moving towards the enormous crushers. Mr. Heagy who was working above saw the fall and jumped to the rescue of Riggs, pulling him out just in time to prevent his being mashed to a pulp. Riggs later recovered consciousness.

Had Money Hid in Shoe.

John Reineman, of Littlestown, has been placed in the Adams County jail, charged with the theft of about \$87 from Gervis McSherry, of the same place. Reineman had the money concealed in his shoes when he was arrested by constable T. O. Gouker. Both the men were together at a Littlestown hotel last Friday and were drinking. McSherry left Reineman and went to the barn, where he fell asleep. Reineman soon followed, it is said, and took the money from the other man while he slept. Constable Gouker arrested Reineman after he had boarded a train for Harrisburg, and in searching him found the money as McSherry claimed it had been stolen.

\$10,000 Fire in Gettysburg.

Gettysburg, April 2.—The large clothing store of J. Harry Stine, in this place, was completely gutted by fire about 1 o'clock last night. A \$10,000 stock of men's suits and furnishings were ruined by fire and water. The store is located in the building of Martin Winter, on Chambersburg street, in the business portion of the town, and the flames were only confined to that building by heroic efforts on the part of the local fire department, who were caused no little inconvenience by the cold. The store was completely equipped with an excellent line of cases, tables, etc., all of which were practically ruined, large panes of glass broken to pieces covering the floor, and the woodwork being scorched so that repairs will be impossible.

The amount of damage cannot at this time be stated. The fire started in the rear cellar and the origin of same is not known. Col. J. P. Nicholson, Martin Winter and his sister, Miss Mary, who were asleep in the building, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by the dense smoke.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mollie, wife of Mr. E. E. Ditenhafer, died at her home on Berlin Avenue, at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, aged 46 years 7 months and 9 days. Shortly before Christmas Mrs. Ditenhafer, whilst in the act of placing some object in a high cupboard in her home, accidentally fell from a chair upon which she was standing, and falling to the floor the back of her head struck a window sill with great force, injuring the spinal cord, and later produced paralysis. The effect of the injury however did not fully develop until some days later and she was obliged to take her bed on Christmas day and to which she was confined until relieved by the hand of death. Mrs. Ditenhafer being a devout christian lady, bore her long suffering with the greatest Christian fortitude, never heard to murmur a word of complaint. Deceased was a faithful, kind and loving wife and mother, but will not only be sadly missed in her home, but by the community in which she lived as well. She was a most charitable lady, ever ready to do anything in her power for a neighbor at any and all times where her assistance was needed. Always of a kind and jovial disposition she will be missed by all who knew her. She was a daughter of the late John G. and Anna C. Schriver and was united in marriage to Mr. Ditenhafer about 21 years ago, who survives her together with three daughters—Misses Fannie, Vertie and Mary, and one son—Master George, all at home. She is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Frederick Schriver of Shreve, Ohio; Mrs. Harriett Hawkins and Jacob Schriver of Berwick township; John Schriver of Glen Rock; Earnest Schriver of Sparrow's Point, Md., and Miss Amanda Schriver of this place. The funeral was held from her late home at 10 o'clock Monday morning, interment being made in the New Oxford cemetery after which services were held in the First Lutheran church, Rev. G. N. Lauffer officiating. The floral tributes were numerous and of handsome designs. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Catharine Kaiser, widow of Conrad Kaiser, died at her home in Bonnevillie on last Thursday morning from neuralgia of the heart, aged about 83 years. Mrs. Kaiser lived alone and on Wednesday afternoon, not feeling well started for the home of her son who resides close by. She was noticed by several persons as not being in her usual spirits and she informed them of feeling ill. The aged lady was assisted back to her home and a physician summoned and everything possible was done for her but only temporary relief was given and she died at an early hour next morning. She is survived by three sons—Peter Kaiser of Bonnevillie, and Edward and Sylvester Kaiser of near the same place, and one daughter—Mrs. Peter Berger. The funeral was held Saturday morning, interment being made at the Chapel in Buchanan Valley.

Harry Eltz died at the home of his mother Mrs. Sarah C. Eltz, along the East Berlin road, Hamilton township, at 8:15 o'clock Friday evening from melancholia, aged 30 years, 5 months and 17 days. This is the third death in this family within a bout one year's time. The first was that of Mr. Joseph Eltz, the husband and father, not long after a married daughter, Mrs. Samuel Sipe, followed her father and now the only son. The health of the son has been failing for some time back and for some weeks has been confined to his bed. He is survived by his mother and two sisters. The funeral took place Tuesday morning interment being made in the Catholic cemetery after a Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. J. A. Mahoney officiating.

Miss Maria McCreary died at the home of Miss Mary Forney, in Hanover, at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, aged 78 years, from a complication of diseases, March 26. Deceased, who is survived by several cousins, was reared in Conewago township, and lived as a domestic with Miss Mary Forney for a period of 37 years. For the past year Miss McCreary, who has been in feeble health, made her home with her cousin, Miss Jane Small, of Edgegrove. Two weeks ago she went to Hanover on a visit to Miss Forney, at whose home she died Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Elizabeth Keagy, wife of Mr. Abram G. Keagy, died at her home, in Littlestown last Thursday night at 11 o'clock, after an illness of four months, from spinal chord paralysis, aged 60 years, 3 months and 12 days. The deceased was a daughter of Samuel and Lydia Rebert, and was united in marriage to Mr. Keagy, in 1866. Deceased is survived by her husband, three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Keagy was a sister of Mr. Jonas Rebert, corner of Pitt and Water streets, this place.

George Heiner, the oldest citizen in Jackson township, living near Pleasant Hill meeting house, York county, died at the home of his son-in-law, Samuel Bair, on Sunday night shortly after 12 o'clock, from old age and general weakness, superinduced by pneumonia, of which he was afflicted about a month ago. He was aged 90 years, 6 months and 5 days. Only one daughter, Mrs. Samuel Bair, with whom he resided, survives. Deceased many years ago resided in this county and was well known throughout this section.

Mrs. Jane Catharine Goodyear Sprinkle

widow of the late Reuben R. Sprinkle, died at 9:30 a. m. Saturday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. D. Little, Hanover, after a lingering illness from a complication of diseases, aged 60 years, 6 months and 24 days.

Roy Allen Huff, son of David Huff, died Friday morning, aged 10 months, at his home in Highland township.

William H. Swartzbaugh died at his home in Hanover at 1:30 a. m. Saturday of consumption, aged 20 years.

Wm Henry Rhine died at 8:30 Wednesday evening at his home in Gettysburg, aged 39 years, 11 months and 3 days. Mr. Rhine had been a sufferer for some time from consumption.

Elizabeth Cobean, aged 90 years, died at the home of Charles Cobean in Gettysburg, at 3 o'clock Saturday morning.

Sabina Reck died at the home of S. D. Reck, in Gettysburg at 11:30 o'clock Friday night aged 79 years.

John Schlosser died at his home in Butler township on last Saturday from heart failure, aged 76 years, 7 months and 25 days. He was a soldier of the Civil War. He leaves a widow, one daughter and three sons.

Hymenial.

Mr. Charles G. Miller of Harrisburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller of East High street, this place, and Miss Bertha Wolf, formerly of near East Berlin, were united in marriage at Harrisburg last week and started housekeeping in that city on Monday, April 1. "Jesse" and his fair bride have the best wishes of their many friends in this place and vicinity. The bride formerly resided with the family of Dr. J. J. Snyder, on Carlisle street.

Mr. J. Guy Wolf, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolf, and Miss Nora M. Baugher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Baugher, all of near Pine Run school house, Hamilton township, were united in marriage at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Geo. Lauffer, West High street, on last Thursday, March 28. Both bride and groom have been teaching in the public schools of the county for several terms.

Miss Myrtle M. Stock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stock, of Mountpleasant township, and Ryland Etwell Kester of Millville, Columbia county, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Harry W. Hart, Hanover, on Saturday, March 30, at 9:30 p. m., by Rev. Harvey Hoover, of Selin's Grove, a brother-in-law of the bride. The newly wedded couple will go to housekeeping at once in a newly-furnished home on Elm Avenue, West End, Hanover. The groom, who is assistant superintendent at the Hanover Furniture Co. is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kester, of Millville.

The wedding of Mr. John A. Poist, of McSherrystown, and Miss Catharine E. O'Farrell, of Baltimore, formerly of Hanover, was solemnized Monday in St. Ann Catholic Church, Baltimore, by Rev. Thomas E. Leons, rector of the church officiating. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Poist will reside at McSherrystown.

The Rev. Cleveland Cooper, for many years a battlefield guide at Gettysburg, who was licensed to preach recently by the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church, was married Wednesday evening, to Miss Daisy Weaver, of Gettysburg. The Rev. J. H. Brillhart, of York, performed the ceremony. After a wedding tour they will reside in Unityville, Lycoming county, where Mr. Cooper has a pastoral charge.

Jesse C. Menges, son of Wm. Menges, of near McSherrystown, and Miss Alice Esaley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Esaley, of Hanover, were married Thursday evening, March 28, at 9 o'clock, at the Reformed parsonage, Hanover, by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

Samuel Brook Stoner, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Stoner, of near Sell's Station, and Miss Ida Belle Rebert, of near Littlestown, were married at York, on Thursday, March 28, by Rev. J. J. Stauffer.

On March 30 at the Mt. Joy parsonage by Rev. W. G. Minnick, Frank M. Paterson and Miss Carrie E. Haugh, both of Gettysburg.

The enterprising firm of G. W. Weaver & Son, The Leaders of Gettysburg, have a new advertisement in this issue. If you cannot visit this great store send for samples when in need of anything in their line and you will receive the same fair and square treatment as if you were to personally visit the establishment.

A town groceryman happened around when a farmer was unloading several boxes filled with groceries which he had ordered from the Chicago department stores. The groceryman asked the farmer the price of the articles purchased and then told him that he could sell them just as cheap. The farmer then said: "Is that so? I take the home paper, but you seldom or never advertise, and as I'm no mind reader I don't know."

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Terrible Tragedy at Blacksburg.

From Blacksburg, (S. C.) Chronicle. Last Monday morning about 9 o'clock, the Whittaker mill at Blacksburg was the scene of a most unfortunate tragedy, a tragedy which resulted in the death of Mr. C. Frank Deal, one of the most popular young men of Blacksburg, and the incarceration of Mr. Wm. H. Mills, charged with the killing. At the time of the killing there were many conflicting reports about it.

Immediately after the shooting Mills ran, pursued by many of the operatives and went to the home of Mr. A. W. Whisonant in Blacksburg, where he was arrested by Chief Duncan and lodged in the guard house. He was taken to Gaffney on the mid day train and lodged in jail.

Feeling ran high in Blacksburg on Monday, and if Mills had been kept in the town till night a lynching might have been hard to prevent.

THE INQUEST. The inquest over the body of C. Frank Deal was held Monday afternoon by Coroner Vinesett and a jury composed of T. L. Doster, Roland Black, R. G. Kiser, Willis Dover, W. P. Rippey, J. F. Moore, C. Rippey, J. R. Smith, T. R. Penninger, J. M. Pollock, M. Williams, T. H. Hughes, M. H. Morrow. The following was the testimony as brought out at inquest: Dr. J. M. Caldwell testified to holding the postmortem and described the wound and gave as his opinion that Deal came to his death from the wounds. He also testified to attending Deal before his death, with him from a half hour to three quarters before he died. He testified to finding in Deal's pocket a knife closed. The knife in his pants pocket under his overalls. He said that when he first got to Deal he asked him the cause of the trouble. He answered: "It was all a mistake." He then asked him what the mistake was about and Deal said, "He wanted me to give him a bribe." He then asked what the bribe was for, and Deal said, "He accused me of being too intimate with his wife and it is all a mistake." Deal said that he was going to die and wanted the doctor to give him something to kill him. Dr. Caldwell told him that he had but a few minutes to live and Deal then gave him some messages for his wife and mother and repeated again what he had said. Deal said that the man had followed him out of the mill.

Junius Parrott, editor of The Blacksburg Chronicle testified that the man in jail told him that his name was Wm. H. Mills and that he said that he shot Deal.

Henry Jacumien, an eye witness to the shooting testified to working in the mill with Deal, that Deal worked at the cards and had been out about fifteen minutes and his work was getting tied up; that he went to the door to call Deal. Just as he got to the door he saw Deal getting up off the ground and saw Mills draw back his arm as if he had knocked Deal down. As Deal was getting up saw Mills pull his pistol out of his pocket and begin shooting at Deal. Deal started towards Mills as if to take the pistol from him then I told him not to shoot Frank, but he did not notice me. Witnesses looked around to see if he could get anything to part them with, heard one shot when he was behind the door getting a piece of piping. As he came back out of the mill Deal's antagonist was backing up the hill while Deal was reaching for the gun. Before witness reached them it seemed that Mills fell and Deal fell on top of him with his hands on the ground, while Mills had Deal around the neck, "I told Mills to loose Frank or I would hit him. At first Mills paid no attention to me. When I told him a second time and drew back to hit him he said he would turn him loose, but that Frank had ruined his wife and family." He then got up and Frank turned over. Mills then left and witness took care of Deal. Witness did not see any weapon in Deal's hand. After the doctor arrived witness found pistol behind where Deal had been lying, where Mills had been during the scuffle. He knew that Deal and Mills were out there, for he had seen them talking.

The jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts brought out.

THE FUNERAL. The funeral of Mr. Frank Deal was held on Tuesday afternoon from Blacksburg Presbyterian church. The funeral services were conducted in the church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McMurry, and was conducted at the grave by Rev. S. B. Harper, chaplain of Limestone Lodge No. 74, Knights of Pythias with the beautiful and impressive Pythian service. Mr. Deal was buried with Pythian honors, Limestone lodge of Gaffney with Whittaker lodge of Blacksburg. The members of Limestone lodge arrived at Blacksburg on Monday and went immediately to Castle Hall of Whittaker lodge and formed a line and marched to the home of the deceased and accompanied

his remains to the church and then to his last resting place.

The pall bearers were members of the several secret orders of which Mr. Deal was a member. They were J. E. Jeffries, Red Men; E. G. Ross, Odd Fellows; J. Holt, Jr. O. U. A. M.; L. T. Ligon and Allie Osborne, Whittaker Lodge K. of P.; W. A. Turner, Limestone Lodge K. of P.

The floral tributes were most beautiful and showed the high esteem in which Mr. Deal was held. The design sent by the young men of Gaston Shoals was especially beautiful and was highly appreciated by the young man's family. All the secret orders of which he was a member sent beautiful floral tributes.

During the funeral all the business houses of Blacksburg were closed out of respect to the dead and his family, and many from Gaffney attended the funeral. The church was crowded beyond its capacity. The funeral was one of the saddest ever held in Blacksburg. The circumstances of his death, the bride wife and widowed mother left to mourn his death, and his being cut off just at the beginning of what gave promise of a useful manhood, all contributed to make it sad. The family have the sympathy of all in their sore bereavement.

Mr. Deal was one of the most highly respected and best thought of young men in Blacksburg. He was married last October to Miss Maud Cashman, of New Oxford, Pa. Besides his wife, he leaves a mother, two brothers and one sister. His brothers are Dr. S. M. Deal and A. Deal, Esq., both of Columbia, and his sister is Mrs. Catherine Scott, of Atlanta. He was 27 years of age and was a son of the late J. A. Deal.

Former East Berlin Man Inherits Fortune.

Benjamin Malone, formerly of East Berlin now a barber in York has fallen heir to a fortune ranging from \$30,000 to \$65,000. By the death of his parents he received about \$10,000, as did also his sister. After the death of his parents in East Berlin he went to York to live. His sister went west soon after, and his brother followed her. Benjamin, however remained in York, where he took up barbing to earn a livelihood, after having spent one fortune. Every now and then he heard from his sister, who had married a Frenchman. When gold was discovered in the Klondike she with her husband journeyed there where they amassed a large fortune. Later she decided to bring her husband east, but only got as far as Seattle, where she took ill and died.

A copy of her will was sent to Mr. Malone, who has placed it in the hands of Mayor J. St. Clair McCall, his attorney. His sister wills much valuable mining property to her husband, and about \$65,000 to her two brothers. In case one being dead, the entire sum goes to the other. As Mr. Malone has not heard from his brother for twenty years, he thinks him dead, but will make efforts to find him. He has given up his position and is arranging for a trip to Seattle.

Malone's sister, it is said, was the second woman to enter the Klondike after the gold craze started.

A WOMAN TELLS HOW TO RELIEVE RHEUMATIC PAINS—I have been a very great sufferer from the dreadful disease, rheumatism, for a number of years. I have tried many medicines but never got much relief from any of them until two years ago, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I found relief before I had used all of one bottle, but kept on applying it and soon felt like a different woman. Through my advice many of my friends have tried it and can tell you how wonderfully it has worked. Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, 130 S. New Street, Dover, Del. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes rest and sleep possible. For sale by Ed. T. AUKER.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 71
No. 2 ".....66
Raked ".....50
Rye.....40 @ 45
Corn.....40 @ 45
Oats.....25 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 13
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....10 00 @ 14 00

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE. Judge W. B. SIMMONS of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color well for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.

The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint like iron for 10 to 15 years.

Actual cost of L. & M. about \$120 gallon.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches.

Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, Pa.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
Take **Scott's Emulsion**.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ed. T. Auker the druggist on the Square has a new ad. in this issue. Look it up.

Dr. W. J. Gardner, dentist, of York Springs, expects to leave about May 1 for Seattle, Wash., where he will open an office.

Charles Haugh of White Hall, whilst attending a sale one day last week, had one of his arms broken by the kick of a horse.

Ira Masmore of Latimore township, had one of the bones of his right hand broken one day recently by being kicked by a horse.

Mr. Willmot Bosserman, who recently removed to the farm of Mr. H. G. Wehler at the edge of town, lost a good fresh cow by death last week.

On Easter the members of the Jr. C. E. Society of the Lutheran church of this place remembered the sick and shut-ins with baskets of fruit and flowers.

Mr. Chas. Spangler, who clerks in C. M. Spahr's store at East Berlin, had the misfortune of falling down the store cellar steps and bruising himself considerably.

As Mr. Jacob Altland of East Berlin, was chopping wood last week his axe caught in a hedge fence behind him and in glancing off cut an ugly gash in the back of his neck.

Mr. Ralph Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Miller of East High street held 1224 tickets and was awarded the gold watch given away by Ed. T. Auker, the druggist on Monday.

Charles Kohler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Kohler, formerly of near this place, who has been absent from home for the past four years, is visiting his parents at their home in Hanover.

Always keep a bottle of I. W. HARP-ER whiskey in sight. Good to look at and good to taste; and what's more a benefit to your health. Sold by C. T. HERSH.

The Easter communion service in the First Lutheran church of this place was largely attended. The accessions to membership numbered 26. The offering for benevolence was very liberal.

Dr. A. C. Rice, of McSherrystown, took Mrs. Joseph Sheely, of Centennial, to Harrisburg Friday, where she will take treatment at Dr. Shope's Sanitarium. Mrs. Sheely is afflicted with rheumatism.

W. O. Kohler of Hanover, formerly of this place, who went to the Union Protestant Infirmary, Baltimore, five weeks ago for treatment for necrosis of the bone of the right knee, returned Friday, much improved.

The annual Easter service will be rendered by the Sunday school of the First Lutheran church of this place Sunday evening, April 7 at 7 o'clock. A special program of songs and recitations is in preparation.

Drs. Dixon and O'Neal, of Gettysburg, and Dr. N. C. Trout performed an operation on Dr. Glenn of Fairfield, last Wednesday, taking out a large quantity of corruption. He stood the operation well but is very weak at this time.

Samuel Bear, of the Pigeon Hills who works in the Boyer ore banks, last week was caught by a shaft and had two long cuts and a split bone inflicted to his head. Dr. Miller of Abbotstown, dressed the wounds, requiring 14 stitches.

Whilst Mr. Curtis E. Diehl, huckster, of Pitt street, was out on his route last week, he entered the yard at the home of one of his customers, when the watch dog of the premises sprang upon him biting him severely several times in his legs.

Wm. Trimmer of East Berlin, who was the victim of a shooting affair at St. Louis about 15 months ago, met with a painful accident one day last week. He was assisting a man to dehorn cattle and in some manner his thumb got into the dehorning machine and in an instant was amputated.

WANTED—Married couple, young or middle aged, without children, man to do outside work and woman to do housework. Board and lodging furnished. For particulars call on or address: Residence of Dr. J. L. SHEETS, New Oxford, Pa.

In another column will be found a full account of the terrible tragedy that has befallen Mr. Charles Francis Deal, of Blacksburg, S. C. Mr. Deal was united in marriage last October to Miss Maud C. Cashman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman of Hanover street, this place.

Reed Barnitz, a ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, while skating on roller skates on the streets near his home on Monday, fell under a passing wagon, one of the wheels going over the lad's body, painfully though not seriously injuring him.

We have added a large line of up-to-date furniture to our already large stock, within the past few weeks, and cordially invite all in need of anything in our line to call and inspect our goods. We meet all competition, and guarantee satisfaction at all times. R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Keagy, wife of Mr. Abram G. Keagy, died at her home, in Littlestown last Thursday night at 11 o'clock, after an illness of four months, from spinal chord paralysis, aged 60 years, 3 months and 12 days. The deceased was a daughter of Samuel and Lydia Rebert, and was united in marriage to Mr. Keagy in 1866. Deceased is survived by her husband, three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Keagy was a sister of Mr. Jonas Rebert, corner of Pitt and Water streets, this place.

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Mrs. Jane Catharine Goodyear Sprengle,

widow of the late Renben R. Sprengle, died at 9:30 a. m. Saturday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. D. Little, Hanover, after a lingering illness from a complication of diseases, aged 69 years, 8 months and 24 days.

Roy Allen Huff, son of David Huff, died Friday morning aged 10 months, at his home in Highland township.

William H. Swartzbaugh died at his home in Hanover at 1:30 a. m. Saturday of consumption, aged 20 years.

Wm Henry Rhine died at 8:30 Wednesday evening at his home in Gettysburg aged 39 years, 11 months and 3 days. Mr. Rhine had been a sufferer for some time from consumption.

Elizabeth Cobean, aged 90 years, died at the home of Charles Cobean in Gettysburg, at 3 o'clock Saturday morning.

Sabina Reck died at the home of S. D. Reck, in Gettysburg at 11:30 o'clock Friday night aged 79 years.

John Schlosser died at his home in Butler township on last Saturday from heart failure, aged 76 years, 7 months and 25 days. He was a soldier of the Civil War. He leaves a widow, one daughter and three sons.

Hymenial.

Mr. Charles G. Miller of Harrisburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller of East High street, this place, and Miss Bertha Wolf, formerly of near East Berlin, were united in marriage at Harrisburg last week and started housekeeping in that city on Monday, April 1. "Jesse" and his fair bride have the best wishes of their many friends in this place and vicinity. The bride formerly resided with the family of Dr. J. J. Snyder, on Carlisle street.

Mr. J. Guy Wolf, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolf, and Miss Nora M. Baugher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Baugher, all of near Pine Run school house, Hamilton township, were united in marriage at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Geo. Lauffer, West High street, on last Thursday, March 28. Both bride and groom have been teaching in the public schools of the county for several terms.

Miss Myrtle M. Stock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stock, of Mountpleasant township, and Ryland Etwell Keeter of Millville, Columbia county, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Harry W. Hart, Hanover, on Saturday, March 30, at 9:30 p. m., by Rev. Harvey Hoover, of Selin's Grove, a brother-in-law of the bride. The newly wedded couple will go to housekeeping at once in a newly-furnished home on Elm Avenue, West End, Hanover. The groom, who is assistant superintendent at the Hanover Furniture Co. is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keeter, of Millville.

The wedding of Mr. John A. Poist, of McSherrystown, and Miss Catharine E. O'Farrell, of Baltimore, formerly of Hanover, was solemnized Monday in St. Ann Catholic Church, Baltimore, by Rev. Thomas K. Leions, rector of the church officiating. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Poist will reside at McSherrystown.

The Rev. Cleveland Cooper, for many years a battlefield guide at Gettysburg, who was licensed to preach recently by the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church, was married Wednesday evening, to Miss Daisy Weaver, of Gettysburg. The Rev. J. H. Brillhart, of York, performed the ceremony. After a wedding tour they will reside in Unityville, Lycoming county, where Mr. Cooper has a pastoral charge.

Jesse C. Menges, son of Wm. Menges, of near McSherrystown, and Miss Alice Easley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Easley, of Hanover, were married Thursday evening, March 28, at 9 o'clock, at the Reformed parsonage, Hanover, by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

Samuel Brook Stoner, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Stoner, of near Salt's Station, and Miss Ida Belle Rebert, of near Littlestown, were married at York, on Thursday, March 28, by Rev. J. J. Stauffer.

On March 30 at the Mt. Joy parsonage by Rev. W. G. Minnick, Frank M. Paterson and Miss Carrie R. Haugh, both of Gettysburg.

The enterprising firm of G. W. Weaver & Son, The Leaders of Gettysburg, have a new advertisement in this issue. If you cannot visit this great store send for samples when in need of anything in their line and you will receive the same fair and square treatment as if you were to personally visit the establishment.

A town groceryman happened around when a farmer was unloading several boxes filled with groceries which he had ordered from the Chicago department stores. The groceryman asked the farmer the price of the articles purchased and then told him that he could sell them just as cheap. The farmer then said: "Is that so? I take the home paper, but you seldom or never advertise, and as I'm no mind reader I did not know."

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Terrible Tragedy at Blacksburg.

From Blacksburg. (S. O.) Chronicle. Last Monday morning about 9 o'clock, the Whitaker mill at Blacksburg was the scene of a most unfortunate tragedy, a tragedy which resulted in the death of Mr. C. Frank Deal, one of the most popular young men of Blacksburg, and the incarceration of Mr. Wm. H. Mills, charged with the killing. At the time of the killing there were many conflicting reports about it.

Immediately after the shooting Mills ran, pursued by many of the operatives and went to the home of Mr. A. W. Whisonant in Blacksburg, where he was arrested by Chief Duncan and lodged in the guard house. He was taken to Gaffney on the mid day train and lodged in jail.

Feeling run high in Blacksburg on Monday, and if Mills had been kept in the town till night a lynching might have been hard to prevent.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest over the body of C. Frank Deal was held Monday afternoon by Coroner Vincsett and a jury composed of T. L. Doster, Roland Black, R. G. Kiser, Willis Dwyer, W. P. Rippey, J. F. Moore, C. Rippey, J. R. Smith, T. R. Penninger, J. M. Pollock, M. Williams, T. H. Hughes, M. H. Morrow. The following was the testimony as brought out at inquest: Dr. J. M. Caldwell testified to holding the postmortem and described the wound and gave as his opinion that Deal came to his death from the wounds. He also testified to attending deceased before his death, was with him from a half hour to three quarters before he died. He testified to finding in Deal's pocket a knife closed. The knife in his pants pocket under his overalls. He said that when he first got to Deal he asked him the cause of the trouble. He answered: "It was all a mistake." He then asked him what the mistake was about and Deal said, "He wanted me to give him a bribe." He then asked what the bribe was for, and Deal said, "He accused me of being too intimate with his wife and it is all a mistake." Deal said that he was going to die and wanted the doctor to give him something to kill him. Dr. Caldwell told him that he had but a few minutes to live and Deal then gave him some messages for his wife and mother and repeated again what he had said. Deal said that the man had followed him out of the mill.

Junius Parrott, editor of The Blacksburg Chronicle testified that the man in jail told him that his name was Wm. H. Mills and that he said that he shot Deal.

Henry Jacumia, an eye witness to the shooting testified to working in the mill with Deal, that Deal worked at the cards and had been out about fifteen minutes and his work was getting tied up; that he went to the door to call Deal. Just as he got to the door he saw Deal getting up off the ground and saw Mills draw back his arm as if he had knocked Deal down. As Deal was getting up saw Mills pull his pistol out of his pocket and begin shooting Deal. Deal started towards Mills as if to take the pistol from him then I told him not to shoot Frank, but he did not notice me. Witness looked around to see if he could get anything to part them with, heard one shot when he was behind the door getting a piece of piping. As he came back out of the mill Deal's antagonist was backing up the hill while Deal was reaching for the gun. Before witness reached them it seemed that Mills fell and Deal fell on top of him with his hands around the neck, "I told Mills to loose Frank or I would hit him. At first Mills paid no attention to me. When I told him a second time and drew back to hit him he said he would turn him loose, but that Frank had ruined his wife and family." He then got up and Frank turned over. Mills then left and witness took care of Deal. Witness did not see any weapon in Deal's hand. After the doctor arrived witness found pistol behind where Deal had been lying, where Mills had been during the scuffle. He knew that Deal and Mills were out there, for he had seen them talking.

The jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts brought out.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Mr. Frank Deal was held on Tuesday afternoon from Blacksburg Presbyterian church. The funeral services were conducted in the church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McMurry, and was conducted at the grave by Rev. S. B. Harper, chaplain of Limestone Lodge No. 74, Knights of Pythias with the beautiful and impressive Pythian service. Mr. Deal was buried with Pythian honors, Limestone lodge of Gaffney with Whitaker lodge of Blacksburg. The members of Limestone lodge arrived Blacksburg on No 12 and went immediately to Castle Hall of Whitaker lodge and formed a line and marched to the home of the deceased and accompa-

nied his remains to the church and then to his last resting place.

The pall bears were members of the several secret orders of which Mr. Deal was a member. They were J. E. Jeffries, Red Men; E. G. Ross, Odd Fellows; D. J. Holt, Jr. O. U. A. M.; L. T. Ligon and Allie Osborne, Whitaker Lodge K. of P.; W. A. Turner, Limestone Lodge K. of P.

The floral tributes were most beautiful and showed the high esteem in which Mr. Deal was held. The design sent by the young men of Gaston Shoals was especially beautiful and was highly appreciated by the young man's family. All the secret orders of which he was a member sent beautiful floral tributes.

During the funeral all the business houses of Blacksburg were closed out of respect to the dead and his family, and many from Gaffney attended the funeral. The church was crowded beyond its capacity. The funeral was one of the saddest ever held in Blacksburg. The circumstances of his death, the bride wife and widowed mother left to mourn his death, and his being cut off just at the beginning of what gave promise of a useful manhood, all contributed to make it sad. The family have the sympathy of all in their sore bereavement.

Mr. Deal was one of the most highly respected and best thought of young men in Blacksburg. He was married last October to Miss Maud Cashman, of New Oxford, Pa. Besides his wife, he leaves a mother, two brothers and one sister. His brothers are Dr. S. M. Deal and A. Deal, Esq., both of Columbia, and his sister is Mrs. Catherine Scott, of Atlanta. He was 27 years of age and was a son of the late J. A. Deal.

Former East Berlin Man Inherits Fortune.

Benjamin Malone, formerly of East Berlin now a barber in York has fallen heir to a fortune ranging from \$30,000 to \$65,000. By the death of his parents he received about \$10,000, as did also his sister. After the death of his parents in East Berlin he went to York to live. His sister went west soon after, and his brother followed her. Benjamin, however remained in York, where he took up barbering to earn a livelihood, after having spent one fortune. Every now and then he heard from his sister, who had married a Frenchman. When gold was discovered in the Klondike she with her husband journeyed there where they amassed a large fortune. Later she decided to bring her husband east, but only got as far as Seattle, where she took ill and died.

A copy of her will was sent to Mr. Malone, who has placed it in the hands of Mayor J. St. Clair McCall, his attorney. His sister wills much valuable mining property to her husband, and about \$65,000 to her two brothers. In case one being dead, the entire sum goes to the other. As Mr. Malone has not heard from his brother for twenty years, he thinks him dead, but will make efforts to find him. He has given up his position and is arranging for a trip to Seattle.

Malone's sister, it is said, was the second woman to enter the Klondike after the gold craze started.

A WOMAN TELLS HOW TO RELIEVE RHEUMATIC PAINS—I have been a very great sufferer from the dreadful disease, rheumatism, for a number of years. I have tried many a medicine but never got much relief from any of them until two years ago, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I found relief before I had used all of one bottle, but kept on applying it and soon felt like a different woman. Through my advice many of my friends have tried it and can tell you how wonderfully it has worked. —Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, 140 S. New St., Dover, Del. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes rest and sleep possible. For sale by ED. T. AUKER.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 71
No. 2 ".....66
Raked ".....50
Rye.....40 @ 46
Corn.....40 @ 46
Oats.....25 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 13
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 58
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....10 00 @ 14 00

THE JUDGE USES FOULMOUTH LANGUAGE. Judge W. B. Simmons of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1893, and held its color well for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing. The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years. Actual cost of L. & M. about \$120 gallon. Donations of L. & M. made to churches. Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, Pa.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take Scott's Emulsion.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ed. T. Auker the druggist on the Square has a new ad. in this issue. Look it up.

Dr. W. J. Gardner, dentist, of York Springs, expects to leave about May 1 for Seattle, Wash., where he will open an office.

Charles Haugh of White Hall, whilst attending a sale one day last week, had one of his arms broken by the kick of a horse.

Ira Masemore of Latimore township, had one of the bones of his right hand broken one day recently by being kicked by a horse.

Mr. Wilmut Boeserman, who recently removed to the farm of Mr. H. G. Wehler at the edge of town, lost a good fresh cow by death last week.

On Easter the members of the Jr. C. E. Society of the Lutheran church of this place remembered the sick and shut-ins with baskets of fruit and flowers.

Mr. Chas. Spangler, who clerks in C. M. Spahr's store at East Berlin, had the misfortune of falling down the store cellar steps and bruising himself considerably.

As Mr. Jacob Altland of East Berlin, was chopping wood last week his axe caught in a hedge fence behind him and in glancing off cut an ugly gash in the back of his neck.

Mr. Ralph Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Miller of East High street held 1224 tickets and was awarded the gold watch given away by Ed. T. Auker, the druggist on Monday.

Charles Kohler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Kohler, formerly of near this place, who has been absent from home for the past four years, is visiting his parents at their home in Hanover.

Always keep a bottle of I. W. HARP-ER whiskey in sight. Good to look at and good to taste; and what's more a benefit to your health. Sold by

C. T. HERSH.

The Easter communion service in The First Lutheran church of this place was largely attended. The accessions to membership numbered 28. The offering for benevolence was very liberal.

Dr. A. C. Rice, of McSherrytown, took Mrs. Joseph Sheely, of Centennial, to Harrisburg Friday, where she will take treatment at Dr. Shope's Sanitarium. Mrs. Sheely is afflicted with rheumatism.

W. O. Kohler of Hanover, formerly of this place, who went to the Union Protestant Infirmary, Baltimore, five weeks ago for treatment for necrosis of the bone of the right knee, returned Friday, much improved.

The annual Easter service will be rendered by the Sunday school of the First Lutheran church of this place Sunday evening, April 7 at 7 o'clock. A special program of songs and recitations is in preparation.

Drs. Dixon and O'Neal, of Gettysburg, and Dr. N. C. Trout performed an operation on Dr. Glenn of Fairfield, last Wednesday, taking out a large quantity of corruption. He stood the operation well but is very weak at this time.

Samuel Bear, of the Pigeon Hills who works in the Boyer ore banks, last week was caught by a shaft and had two long cuts and a split bone inflicted to his head. Dr. Miller of Abbottstown, dressed the wounds, requiring 14 stitches.

Whilst Mr. Curtis E. Diehl, huckster, of Pitt street, was out on his route last week, he entered the yard at the home of one of his customers, when the watch dog of the premises sprang upon him biting him severely several times in his legs.

Wm. Trimmer of East Berlin, who was the victim of a shooting affair at St. Louis about 15 months ago, met with a painful accident one day last week. He was assisting a man to dehorn cattle and in some manner his thumb got into the dehorning machine and in an instant was amputated.

WANTED—Married couple, young or middle aged, without children, man to do outside work and woman to do housework. Board and lodging furnished. For particulars call on or address: Residence of Dr. J. L. SHEETZ, New Oxford, Pa.

In another column will be found a full account of the terrible tragedy that has befallen Mr. Charles Francis Deal, of Blacksburg, S. C. Mr. Deal was united in marriage last October to Miss Maudie C. Cashman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Cashman of Hanover street, this place.

Reed Barnitz, a ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barnitz, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, while skating on Roller skates on the streets near his home on Monday, fell under a passing wagon, one of the wheels going over the lad's body, painfully though not seriously injuring him.

We have added a large line of up-to-date furniture to our already large stock, within the past few weeks, and cordially invite all in need of anything in our line to call and inspect our goods. We meet all competition, and guarantee satisfaction at all times. R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford.

The quarantine was lifted from Bill Bream the Bendersville smallpox patient on Saturday, March 30, and the nurse who has been there for 5 weeks and received \$150 for services left for Philadelphia.

Charles M. Wolf, eldest son of Gilbert Wolf and wife, of York Springs, has been appointed a regular clerk in the registry department of the Norfolk, (Va.) postoffice. He has been serving as a substitute clerk for the past year and on the first of March received his regular appointment.

A friend at our elbow suggests the best way to head off the mail order houses is for the local merchant to advertise liberally and get the trade themselves. It does look reasonable. All the successful mail order houses are heavy advertisers and if they can make it pay why not the local merchant?

The actions of the small boys on the pavement in front of the postoffice while the mail is being changed during evenings is very annoying and some action should be taken by the authorities to have the nuisance abated. Playing ball on the streets is a violation of the ordinance. Why is it tolerated?

The "Willing Workers" of the Immaculate Conception parish will hold a Progressive Euchre in Miller's Hall, Friday evening, April 5, to which the public is cordially invited; refreshments of all kinds will be served. On Saturday evening the members of the same parish will give a grand supper for the small sum of 25 cents—less than you can prepare a supper for at home.

On last Tuesday Charles Reed of Fairfield was hauling for Dr. W. G. Dubs, at his fitting. In going up a lane which was cut up very much Mr. Reed was sitting on a barrel, driving his 2-horse team, and while trying to get a better seat the front wheel went into a chuck, throwing him out on his head. The front wheel passed over his head cutting a gash that required 13 stitches to close.

Roy, aged 7 years, son of Hiram C. Lady of Arendtsville, had the forefinger on his right hand caught in a hay lifting pulley nearly two years ago. It was badly crushed and bruised but after it was dressed it healed up and gave him no more trouble until two weeks ago it got sore and very painful. Then the physician examined it he found the bones decayed and it had to be amputated.

After reading the list of appointments Tuesday evening, Bishop McDowell adjourned the Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in session at Tyrone. Next year's session will be held in York in March. Among the appointments are the following in the Harrisburg district: Presiding Elder, Emory M. Stevens, Carlisle. Dillsburg and Wellsville—John B. Mann. Gettysburg and New Oxford—William W. Hartman. Hanover—Norman Smith. Littlestown—John W. Long. York Springs—William E. Ruth.

While working at the Gettysburg brick plant Thursday Oren Riggs had a narrow escape from being crushed to death. He was feeding the pan on which the shale is crushed when the bar with which he was working suddenly struck him on the head rendering him unconscious and causing him to fall on the revolving pan which was rapidly moving towards the enormous crushers. Mr. Heagy who was working above saw the fall and jumped to the rescue of Riggs, pulling him out just in time to prevent his being mashed to a pulp. Riggs later recovered consciousness.

Had Money Hid in Shoe.

John Reineman, of Littlestown, has been placed in the Adams County jail, charged with the theft of about \$87 from Gervis McSherry, of the same place. Reineman had the money concealed in his shoes when he was arrested by constable T. O. Gouker. Both the men were together at a Littlestown hotel last Friday and were drinking. McSherry left Reineman and went to the barn, where he fell asleep. Reineman soon followed, it is said, and took the money from the other man while he slept. Constable Gouker arrested Reineman after he had boarded a train for Harrisburg, and in searching him found the money as McSherry claimed it had been stolen.

\$10,000 Fire in Gettysburg.

Gettysburg, April 2.—The large clothing store of J. Harry Stine, in this place, was completely gutted by fire about 1 o'clock last night. A \$10,000 stock of men's suits and furnishings were ruined by fire and water. The store is located in the building of Martin Winter, on Chambersburg street, in the business portion of the town, and the flames were only confined to that building by heroic efforts on the part of the local fire department, who were caused no little inconvenience by the cold. The store was completely equipped with an excellent line of cases, tables, etc., all of which were practically ruined, large panes of glass broken to pieces covering the floor, and the woodwork being scorched so that repairs will be impossible.

The amount of damage cannot at this time be stated. The fire started in the rear cellar and the origin of same is not known. Col. J. P. Nicholson, Martin Winter and his sister, Miss Mary, who were asleep in the building, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by the dense smoke.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mollie, wife of Mr. E. E. Ditenhafer, died at her home on Berlin Ave., at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, aged 46 years 7 months and 9 days. Shortly before Christmas Mrs. Ditenhafer, whilst in the act of placing some object in a high cupboard in her home, accidentally fell from a chair upon which she was standing, and falling to the floor the back of her head struck a window sill with great force, injuring the spinal cord, and later produced paralysis. The effect of the injury however did not fully develop until some days later and she was obliged to take her bed on Christmas day and to which she was confined until relieved by the hand of death. Mrs. Ditenhafer being a devout Christian lady, bore her long suffering with the greatest Christian fortitude, never heard to murmur a word of complaint. Deceased was a faithful, kind and loving wife and mother, but will not only be sadly missed in her home, but by the community in which she lived as well. She was a most charitable lady, ever ready to do anything in her power for a neighbor at any and all times where her assistance was needed. Always of a kind and jovial disposition she will be missed by all who knew her. She was a daughter of the late John G. and Anna C. Schriver and was united in marriage to Mr. Ditenhafer about 21 years ago, who survives her together with three daughters—Misses Fannie, Vertie and Mary, and one son—Master George, all at home. She is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Frederick Schriver of Shreve, Ohio; Mrs. Harriett Hawkins and Jacob Schriver of Berwick township; John Schriver of Glen Rock; Earnest Schriver of Sparrow's Point, Md., and Miss Amanda Schriver of this place. The funeral was held from her late home at 10 o'clock Monday morning, interment being made in the New Oxford cemetery after which services were held in the First Lutheran church, Rev. G. N. Lauffer officiating. The floral tributes were numerous and of handsome designs. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Catharine Kaiser, widow of Conrad Kaiser, died at her home in Bonnevill on last Thursday morning from neuralgia of the heart, aged about 83 years. Mrs. Kaiser lived alone and on Wednesday afternoon, not feeling well started for the home of her son who resides close by. She was noticed by several persons as not being in her usual spirits and she informed them of feeling ill. The aged lady was assisted back to her home and a physician summoned and everything possible was done for her but only temporary relief was given and she died at an early hour next morning. She is survived by three sons—Peter Kaiser of Bonnevill, and Edward and Sylvester Kaiser of near the same place, and one daughter—Mrs. Peter Berger. The funeral was held Saturday morning, interment being made at the Chapel in Buchanan Valley.

Harry Eltz died at the home of his mother Mrs. Sarah C. Eltz, along the East Berlin road, Hamilton township, at 8:15 o'clock Friday evening from melancholia, aged 30 years, 5 months and 17 days. This is the third death in this family within a bout one year's time. The first was that of Mr. Joseph Eltz, the husband and father, not long afterward a married daughter, Mrs. Samuel Sipe, followed her father and now the only son. The health of the son has been failing for some time back and for some weeks has been confined to his bed. He is survived by his mother and two sisters. The funeral took place Tuesday morning interment being made in the Catholic cemetery after a Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. J. A. Mahaney officiating.

Miss Maria McCreary died at the home of Miss Mary Forney, in Hanover, at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, March 26, from a complication of diseases, aged 78 years. Deceased, who is survived by several cousins, was reared in Conewago township, and lived as a domestic with Miss Mary Forney for a period of 37 years. For the past year Miss McCreary, who has been in feeble health, made her home with her cousin, Miss Jane Small, of Edgegrove. Two weeks ago she went to Hanover on a visit to Miss Forney, at whose home she died Tuesday evening.

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Mr. J. Guy Wolf, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolf, and Miss Nora M. Baugher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Baugher, all of near Pine Run school house, Hamilton township, were united in marriage at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Geo. Lauffer, West High street, on last Thursday, March 28. Both bride and groom have been teaching in the public schools of the county for several terms.

Miss Myrtle M. Stock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stock, of Mountpleasant township, and Ryland Etwell Keeter of Millville, Columbia county, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Harry W. Hart, Hanover, on Saturday, March 30, at 9:30 p. m., by Rev. Harvey Hoover, of Selin's Grove, a brother-in-law of the bride. The newly wedded couple will go to housekeeping at once in a newly-furnished home on Elm Avenue, West End, Hanover. The groom, who is assistant superintendent at the Hanover Furniture Co. is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keeter, of Millville.

The wedding of Mr. John A. Poist, of McSherrytown, and Miss Catharine E. O'Farrell, of Baltimore, formerly of Hanover, was solemnized Monday in St. Ann Catholic Church, Baltimore, by Rev. Thomas E. Leons, rector of the church officiating. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Poist will reside at McSherrytown.

The Rev. Cleveland Cooper, for many years a battlefield guide at Gettysburg, who was licensed to preach recently by the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church, was married Wednesday evening, to Miss Daisy Weaver, of Gettysburg. The Rev. J. H. Brillhart, of York, performed the ceremony. After a wedding tour they will reside in Unityville, Lycoming county, where Mr. Cooper has a pastoral charge.

Jesse C. Menges, son of Wm. Menges, of near McSherrytown, and Miss Alice Esaley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Esaley, of Hanover, were married Thursday evening, March 28, at 9 o'clock, at the Reformed parsonage, Hanover, by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

Samuel Brook Stoner, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Stoner, of near Sall's Station, and Miss Ida Belle Rebert, of near Littlestown, were married at York, on Thursday, March 28, by Rev. J. J. Stauffer.

On March 30 at the Mt. Joy parsonage by Rev. W. G. Minnick, Frank M. Patterson and Miss Carrie R. Haugh, both of Gettysburg.

The enterprising firm of G. W. Weaver & Son, The Leaders of Gettysburg, have a new advertisement in this issue. If you cannot visit this great store send for samples when in need of anything in their line and you will receive the same fair and square treatment as if you were to personally visit the establishment.

A town groceryman happened around when a farmer was unloading several boxes filled with groceries which he had ordered from the Chicago department stores. The groceryman asked the farmer the price of the articles purchased and then told him that he could sell them just as cheap. The farmer then said: "Is that so? I take the home paper, but you seldom or never advertise, and as I'm no mind reader I did not know."

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Terrible Tragedy at Blacksburg.

From Blacksburg, (S. C.) Chronicle. Last Monday morning about 9 o'clock, the Wittaker mill at Blacksburg was the scene of a most unfortunate tragedy, a tragedy which resulted in the death of Mr. C. Frank Deal, one of the most popular young men of Blacksburg, and the incarceration of Mr. Wm. H. Mills, charged with the killing. At the time of the killing there were many conflicting reports about it.

Immediately after the shooting Mills ran, pursued by many of the operatives and went to the home of Mr. A. W. Whisonant in Blacksburg, where he was arrested by Chief Duncan and lodged in the guard house. He was taken to Gaffney on the mid day train and lodged in jail.

Feeling ran high in Blacksburg on Monday, and if Mills had been kept in the town till night a lynching might have been hard to prevent.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest over the body of C. Frank Deal was held Monday afternoon by Coroner Vinesett and a jury composed of T. L. Doster, Roland Black, R. G. Kiser, Willis Dover, W. P. Rippey, J. F. Moore, C. Rippey, J. R. Smith, T. R. Penninger, J. M. Pollock, M. Williams, T. H. Hughes, M. H. Morrow. The following was the testimony as brought out at inquest: Dr. J. M. Caldwell testified to holding the postmortem and described the wound and gave as his opinion that Deal came to his death from the wounds. He also testified to attending deceased before his death, with him from a half hour to three quarters before he died. He testified to finding in Deal's pocket a knife closed. The knife in his pants pocket under his overalls. He said that when he first got to Deal he asked him the cause of the trouble. He answered: "It was all a mistake." He then asked him what the mistake was about and Deal said, "He wanted me to give him a bribe." He then asked what the bribe was for, and Deal said, "He accused me of being too intimate with his wife and it is all a mistake." Deal said that he was going to die and wanted the doctor to give him something to kill him. Dr. Caldwell told him that he had but a few minutes to live and Deal then gave him some messages for his wife and mother and repeated again what he had said. Deal said that the man had followed him out of the mill.

Junius Parrott, editor of The Blacksburg Chronicle testified that the man in jail told him that his name was Wm. H. Mills and that he said that he shot Deal.

Henry Jacumin, an eye witness to the shooting testified to working in the mill with Deal, that Deal worked at the cards and had been out about fifteen minutes and his work was getting tired up; that he went to the door to call Deal. Just as he got to the door he saw Deal getting up off the ground and saw Mills draw back his arm as if he had knocked Deal down. As Deal was getting up saw Mills pull his pistol out of his pocket and begin shooting Deal. Deal started towards Mills as if to take the pistol from him then I told him not to shoot Frank, but he did not notice me. Witness looked around to see if he could get anything to part them with, heard one shot when he was behind the door getting a piece of piping. As he came back out of the mill Deal's antagonist was backing up the hill while Deal was reaching for the gun. Before witness reached them it seemed that Mills fell and Deal fell on top of him with his hands on the ground, while Mills had Deal around the neck, "I told Mills to loose Frank or I would hit him. At first Mills paid no attention to me. When I told him a second time and drew back to hit him he said he would turn him loose, but that Frank had ruined his wife and family." He then got up and Frank turned over. Mills then left and witness took care of Deal. Witness did not see any weapon in Deal's hand. After the doctor arrived witness found pistol behind where Deal had been lying, where Mills had been during the scuffle. He knew that Deal and Mills were out there, for he had seen them talking.

The jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts brought out.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Mr. Frank Deal was held on Tuesday afternoon from Blacksburg Presbyterian church. The funeral services were conducted in the church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McMurtry, and was conducted at the grave by Rev. S. B. Harper, chaplain of Limestone Lodge No. 74, Knights of Pythias with the beautiful and impressive Pythian service. Mr. Deal was buried with Pythian honors, Limestone lodge of Gaffney with Whittaker lodge of Blacksburg. The members of Limestone lodge arrived at Blacksburg on No 12 and went immediately to Castle Hall of Whittaker lodge and formed a line and marched to the home of the deceased and accompa-

nied his remains to the church and then to his last resting place.

The pall bears were members of the several secret orders of which Mr. Deal was a member. They were J. E. Jeffries, Red Men; E. G. Moss, Odd Fellows; D. J. Holt, Jr. O. U. A. M.; L. T. Ligon and Albie Osborne, Whittaker Lodge K. of P.; W. A. Turner, Limestone Lodge K. of P.

The floral tributes were most beautiful and showed the high esteem in which Mr. Deal was held. The design sent by the young men of Gaston Shoals was especially beautiful and was highly appreciated by the young man's family. All the secret orders of which he was a member sent beautiful floral tributes.

During the funeral all the business houses of Blacksburg were closed out of respect to the dead and his family, and many from Gaffney attended the funeral. The church was crowded beyond its capacity. The funeral was one of the saddest ever held in Blacksburg. The circumstances of his death, the bride wife and widowed mother left to mourn his death, and his being cut off just at the beginning of what gave promise of a useful manhood, all contributed to make it sad. The family have the sympathy of all in their sore bereavement.

Mr. Deal was one of the most highly respected and best thought of young men in Blacksburg. He was married last October to Miss Maud Cashman, of New Oxford, Pa. Besides his wife, he leaves a mother, two brothers and one sister. His brothers are Dr. S. M. Deal and A. Deal, Esq., both of Columbia, and his sister is Mrs. Catherine Scott, of Atlanta. He was 27 years of age and was a son of the late J. A. Deal.

Former East Berlin Man Inherits Fortune.

Benjamin Malone, formerly of East Berlin now a barber in York has fallen heir to a fortune ranging from \$30,000 to \$65,000. By the death of his parents he received about \$10,000, as did also his sister. After the death of his parents in East Berlin he went to York to live. His sister went west soon after, and his brother followed her. Benjamin, however remained in York, where he took up barbering to earn a livelihood, after having spent one fortune. Every now and then he heard from his sister, who had married a Frenchman. When gold was discovered in the Klondike she with her husband journeyed there where they amassed a large fortune. Later she decided to bring her husband east, but only got as far as Seattle, where she took ill and died.

A copy of her will was sent to Mr. Malone, who has placed it in the hands of Mayor J. St. Clair McCall, his attorney. His sister wills much valuable mining property to her husband, and about \$65,000 to her two brothers. In case one being dead, the entire sum goes to the other. As Mr. Malone has not heard from his brother for twenty years, he thinks him dead, but will make efforts to find him. He has given up his position and is arranging for a trip to Seattle.

Malone's sister, it is said, was the second woman to enter the Klondike after the gold craze started.

A WOMAN TELLS HOW TO RELIEVE RHEUMATISM PAINS—I have been a very great sufferer from the dreadful disease, rheumatism, for a number of years. I have tried many medicines but never got much relief from any of them until two years ago, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I found relief before I had used all of one bottle, but kept on applying it and soon felt like a different woman. Through my advice many of my friends have tried it and can tell you how wonderfully it has worked. —Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, 140 S. New St., Dover, Del. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes rest and sleep possible. For sale by Ed. T. Auker.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 71
No. 2.....66
Raked.....50
Rye.....40 @ 45
Corn.....40 @ 45
Oats.....25 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 12
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 00
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....10 00 @ 14 00

THE JUDGE USES FORKFUL LANGUAGE. Judge W. B. Simmons of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1892, and held its color well for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.

The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years.

Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1 20 gallon.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches.

Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, Pa.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
Take **Scott's Emulsion**.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

POVERTY.

Amid the tinsel of a glittering life,
Around the splendor of the god of gold,
There lies the shadow of a world of strife—
Of crowded rooms, of hunger and of cold.

When all is light, and quietly is queen,
And bright the eyes of jolly and de-
light.

If chance lifts up the veil, beneath is seen
The black sides of the pit, the quench-
less fire.

Have I the right my happiness to show,
To let my laughter echo through the
night?

When many pass me by who cannot know
The worth of beauty, meaning of de-
light?

Oh! all the pain and sorrow of the poor
I feel within my heart—O God, that I
Could knock upon the little attic door
And tell the children that they need not
cry!

—Fall Mall Gazette.



The old lady drew her chair a little closer to the old man.

"I sent for you to come over, Brother Ned," she said, in carefully modulated tones, "to have a little family consultation. I want to talk to you about Cynthia."

"Oh, Cynthia. What about Cynthia? Ain't she comin' down with anything, is she?"

"No, no. She's got two beaux."

"Well, ain't that enough?"

"Wait, Ned. Both of 'em are in dead earnest. And what I'm scared about is that she may marry one of 'em."

The old man's face suddenly wrinkled.

"Well, that's all the law allows, ain't it?" he chuckled.

"Come, Ned, we've got to look at this matter in a serious light. It's our duty to do the best we can for Cynthia. We promised Brother James we would. If there's danger of Cynthia making a poor choice it's our duty to try to set her right."

"Then you don't think much of these two fellers?"

"One of 'em I don't. The other is Cy Hobson."

"Yes. He's a sewing machine agent. Doing real well, too."

"He comes of good money-making stock."

"That's right. And he ain't going to peddle sewing machines forever. He's promised a chance to be agent of the company over at Braceville."

"Who's the other feller?"

"He's a choofer. He drives an automobile."

"You mean a chuffer. Well, what about him?"

"I don't know. He's just a young fellow that's runnin' some rich man's auto and he happened to see Cynthia outside one day, when he broke down, and he asked her if he couldn't have some water, and he's broke down right in front of the house three times since. And every time he's wanted somethin'."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"And Cynthia is always round in time for the accidents, is she?"

"She has been, so far."

"And you don't think a chuffer is good enough for Cynthia, eh?"

"No, I don't. But I've known Cy Hobson since he was a boy, and I don't think Cynthia could do better."

"And what does Cynthia think?"

"She'd be all right if this choofer hadn't come around."

The sound of a mellow horn came from the highway.

"It's that choofer," said the old lady. "There, he's stoppin'. Broke down again, I s'pose. And there's Cynthia comin' down the driveway. See him laughin'. I tell you this ain't a goin' to do, Ned. That girl's got to finish her churning. Well, well, look at that! He's backing that machine up the driveway."

"That's a fine car," said the old man.

"See there; Cynthia's bringing him a rope. He's fastenin' it to the machine. There, he's gone back with the other end of it. Now, they're both out of sight."

"Don't get excited, Jane."

"Well, I don't like these mysterious doings. There they are. I declare if Cynthia isn't getting into the seat!"

"Hark!" cried the old man.

They could hear the soft rumble of the engine, and then, mingled with it, came a steady splash, splash, inese splash.

The old man suddenly chuckled.

"Well, if that ain't blamed clever," he cried. "The boy has harnessed the dog treadmill to the automobile, and he's makin' it do the churning."

"What do you think of that?"

"The old lady sniffed.

"I don't think much of it, and I of these the man that owns the auto, which ain't goin' to think much of it, either."

She suddenly turned on the ardent man.

"See here, Brother Ned, under've got to assert yourself. If Cynthia's a going to marry Cy Hobson this its their thing's got to stop—and I as promised Cy he could have mifer."

The old man suddenly frowned.

"Tell you what I'll do, Jane. I'll invite Cynthia to come over to our house and stay a week or ten days. That'll keep her out of the way."

Then he added, "I want you to leave all this to me, Jane."

The next morning Cynthia departed for her Uncle Ned's comfortable farmhouse a dozen miles away. Scarcely an hour after Cynthia's departure, the mellow horn was heard in the highway. But there was no

Cynthia to answer the summons.

A few hours later there was another caller, a young man with a self-assured air, a light-blue necktie and a broad-rimmed, gray hat.

"Howdy, Aunt Jane," he cried, as he opened the door. "Where's Cynthia?"

"She's gone to Uncle Ned's to spend a few days."

The young man's face clouded a little. "That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to ask her to go to the spellin' bee at Henry Thompson's next Friday night."

"That is too bad," said Aunt Jane. "Can't you drive over and ask her?"

"Nope," the young man replied as he backed across the porch. "Too busy. Sold three machines last week. Got one in my wagon now that I'm deliverin' to Aunt Truly Grimston. Tell Cynthia I was sorry I couldn't see her. Good-by."

Four days later Aunt Jane was surprised to receive another call from Cy Hobson.

"Cynthia ain't home yet, Cy," she called.

"I didn't s'pose she was," he answered.

There was a moment's silence.

"Business pretty good, Cy?"

"I can't complain."

"It takes a good head to tend to your business, Cy. Been over to see Cynthia yet?"

"No, I hain't." He paused and slowly shook his head. "I saw her, though."

"Saw Cynthia? Where?"

"Bout three miles t'other side of the village, in an automobile."

Aunt Jane drew a quick breath.

"I wonder what Brother Ned will say to that," she cried.

"Well, he seemed to be taking it pretty coolly, on the back seat of the car behind Cynthia. They were all laughing when I passed by. Guess they didn't see me."

Aunt Jane nodded with slow dignity. "I can't understand about Ned's behavior. Why, he seemed to favor you right along. Well, I'm going to drive over to my brother's this very afternoon, and I'll bring Cynthia back with me."

Early that afternoon an erect old lady driving a stout horse attached to a phaeton was halted at a turn in the road by a big touring car. The horse arose on his hind legs, but before he could leap, the driver of the car jumped down, caught the scared brute and quieted him. The old lady sat bolt upright during the performance. Now she spoke.

"I've come to bring you home, Cynthia," she said.

The girl in the car waved her hand. "I'm on my way, aunty."

Aunt Jane noted that there were three persons in the car. One was her niece, one her brother, the third was a handsomely gowned and cloaked lady.

"If you will kindly turn my horse around, sir," she said to the young man, "I will be obliged to you."

"Certainly," he answered. "But I think it will be safer for you to alight. He seems strongly disposed to bolt."

With great dignity Aunt Jane stepped into the roadway, while the young man turned the horse about.

"And now," he gently suggested, "I think it would be well for me to drive your horse back to the house. He still seems inclined to make trouble. I'm familiar with horses. And I want you to take a seat in the car. My sister here has something to say to you. Mrs. Gardner Burt, Miss Radford. Miss Cynthia, will you kindly assist your aunt?"

And before she knew it Aunt Jane was bundled into the big car. As she took her seat, Cynthia ran forward and stepped into the phaeton, and an instant later the young man and she drove ahead. Aunt Jane had no time to protest.

Then the lady moved a lever and the car started at a discreet pace.

"How do you do, Jane?" a voice from the rear seat inquired.

"I'm quite well, Edward," she replied with freezing dignity.

Then the lady spoke.

"Miss Radford," she said, "I call this a fortunate meeting. We were on our way to your home. Miss Radford, as my brother's only immediate relative, and as the head of the family, I ask the hand of your niece for him. You will find George an exemplary young man, I am sure. His prospects are excellent. He is the owner of several inventions, and is a partner in an automobile factory that promises to do an unusually good business. He met your niece while she was at school in the city and brought her to see me. I think her a sweet and lovable girl, and we will feel much honored by the alliance."

She paused and glanced slightly at Aunt Jane's stony countenance.

The old lady looked ahead at the distant phaeton. Then she settled herself comfortably in the upholstered seat.

"I don't seem to be anything but a passenger in this affair," she stiffly remarked. Then she suddenly smiled. "But I guess mebbe it's all right."

W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Snowy at St. Petersburg.

If you are not a lover of snow go to Malta, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year.—London Chronicle.

Dreams Come True.

Senator Beveridge says Bryan is a dreamer, and Bryan says he's in the country where the dreams come true. So there's no harm done.

A Physician Answers the Question in the Affirmative.

The use of salt, like that of other condiments, is largely a matter of habit and of individual taste. Behind these influences there may be some instinct of which a person isn't himself conscious. Very likely the needs of one person may be different from those of another, and no universal rule can be applied to all mankind. For the use of salt, however, a pretty good argument can be made from the tonic effect of sea air on invalids and the craving which wild animals (deer in particular) manifest. Why should they go to salt licks if salt is not essential to their well being? And if animals need it, why should man dispense with it altogether?

Dr. I. S. White of Violet Grove, Manitoba, writes to "The Medical Brief" in enthusiastic advocacy of salt. He backs up his case with the following story:

Some time ago I was called to see a patient that had been troubled with herpes for over two and one-half years, and whom four doctors had failed to cure. When I was examining him I said, "You must eat more salt than you are doing." "What," he exclaimed, "Did my wife tell you I did not like salt?" "No," I replied, "your wife did not tell me you did not like salt, but your skin tells me you do not eat salt." "No," said his wife, "I did not tell the doctor that you did not like salt; but now that it has been mentioned I will tell him that you cover your food till it is black with pepper, but never a bit of salt, and I have often told you that you should use a little salt." "Well," I replied, "he must dispense with the pepper and use salt instead, for until there is more salt in his system this disease won't cure." And that man carried that disease about three years that would have been cured in less than three months had he been an eater of salt; or, perhaps, he might never have had the disease, and those four doctors failed to cure the disease simply because they failed to discover the absence of salt in his system.

The Great Trails.

Patriotic women and the school children of the West have taken up the work of preserving and marking the great trails over which the pioneers travelled from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast.

Foremost among these thoroughfares was the great Santa Fe Trail, from the Missouri river to California, over the southern route. Signs of it are still visible to-day here and there in deep-worn runs in pasture-lands; but for most of its length all traces of it have been obliterated by building or cultivation. Disputes have even arisen as to its exact location.

The women of Kansas have determined to search out every foot of the old trail before it is too late to secure the testimony of living witnesses, and to place at every mile a stone post which shall bear the figure of the old canvas-stopped "prairie-schooner." It is hoped that the women or the legislatures of other states will continue the work.

The Oregon Trail, from Indianapolis to The Dalles, is also to be marked. Over this route the settlers of the great Pacific Northwest passed to their new homes.

In the Southwest a plan is on foot to make a state road of the old "Camino Real," over which the Jesuit mission-builders pushed northward and eastward from Mexico to trade with and convert the Indians.

The story of these great trails is an epic. In distances travelled and in the number of travellers they are as important in the history of the world as those now long-forgotten routes in the Old World, over which men of other races migrated, or marched to conquest, or conducted caravans of trade.

Lovers left notes written on the bleached shoulder-blades of buffalo skeletons for those who were following; and fathers and mothers laid their own bones beside the dusty thread of brown. War, love, ambition, suffering, heroism, success are all associated with these mighty thoroughfares; and it is of interest to the whole nation that they be permanently marked.—Youth's Companion.

Wireless Telegraph and Aurora.

The exact nature of the aurora borealis is not known but it is believed to be an atmospheric manifestation, though in some manner due to solar influence. In those years when sun spots are largest and most numerous, auroras are most abundant and brilliant, and they are often accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetism, so that compass needles go into hysterics. For these and other reasons it is natural to regard the "northern lights" as a product of electrical action. This supposition seems to derive partial confirmation from a story told by J. C. Stuart, of Montreal. Just how he had occasion to use a wireless telegraph equipment he does not say, but he declares that several times in the last year his transmitting apparatus, which is ordinarily good only for a distance of 250 miles, would send distinctly between 700 and 1,000 miles. Now, inasmuch as there are other influences which greatly alter the range of wireless telegraphy, it will not do hastily to assume that there really is a connection between Mr. Stuart's success on a few nights and the aurora. Perhaps the coincidence was purely accidental. But the fact which he mentions deserves to go on record. He modestly suggests that other investigators, who have a better equipment than his, take the matter up, and either verify or upset his conclusions.

.. The Can Age ..

By R. C. McElravy.

THE opening chapters of ancient history devote considerable space to the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age, and the Neolithic or New Stone Age. In those days of ignorance and economy pre-historic man fashioned his rude weapons from flints and stones. Later came the Age of Metals, when copper, bronze and iron became of invaluable use. Succeeding periods have taken their names from the forces of nature as they have been applied to progress. Thus more recent times are known as the Steam Age and Electric Age.

Man is of comparatively little account to posterity. He does not linger long enough. But the things he discovered and the implements he used shed their benefits upon posterity as it appears.

When time shall have stripped the vanity and veneer from the present era, it will undoubtedly take place in staid and reliable history as the Can age. History is not apt to be flattering, but it is presumed to be truthful. We are now showing an unprecedented disposition to preserve and concentrate not only the necessities but the luxuries of life as well. If we can just crowd everything we want into a can and walk away with the original package, we are perfectly happy.

Foodstuffs are now classified in condensed form. When we go to the grocery we see nothing in bulk. Everything is canned, from corned beef to cucumbers. Ask for the desired article and it will come to you in a can.

In a similar manner the can has invaded the field of art. If you want to carry home a new song or a lecture or a piece of band music, go buy it on a cylinder and try it on your phonograph. Concentration is one thing, convenience the result. Literature is feeling the influence of this condensation. The three-volume novel may now be purchased in modern bookform, which is little more than a short story with plenty of pictures.

If you wish to make a trip through Yellowstone National Park without paying carfare, go to a moving picture show. If you want to see the latest prize-fight, drop a penny in the nearest slot machine.

The latest is canned spelling, without the can. It is a simplified process of writing down words and ideas without excess labor. A letter is no longer silent; it simply is not there.

These attainments, if attainments they may be called, have met with criticism and opposition of no mean order. But the can has been tied onto the age and it will not come off. The next best thing to do is to sterilize the can.

Canned beef has had its inning and the product has improved. Canned spelling and canned literature will have their inning, and in the end we will no doubt see a survival of the fittest.

John Phillip Sousa is protesting against canned music. Probably as much of his music comes out in canned form as that of any other composer or band leader, and at present it is just as hard to listen to. That is the fault of the can and in due time this may be remedied. There may be a falling off in the number of young lady pianists "across the way" as he predicts, but Mr. Sousa should think of the possibilities of a popular vote as between the young lady and the canned music before denouncing the can. Tennyson said:

"Fill the 'cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn."

That was in the days before canning things became so popular and he undoubtedly had no idea at that time that a bit of Sousa music might some day be included in a morning rouse. Nowadays the cup is sufficient. So much for the cause of temperance.—Puck.

Anent Recent Disclosures

Present Searching of Hearts of Few
Dangers and Many Benefits

By the Editor of the Century.

HE good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort; first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second—and here is his best consolation—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrongdoing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion not long ago one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbrolios; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics, not only in the community, but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagoguery. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.

Vitality of Scarlet Fever

Germes

By Dr. Emma A. Walker.

IN a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of this disease.

This is only one of many instances that could be related, to show how long the infectious agent retains its vitality, and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon as the first patients had recovered.

The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found tresses of hair that had been cut from the heads of children who had died 20 years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were stricken with this dread disease. The ease with which this disease is disseminated is appalling. It has been known to be spread to a neighboring house simply from the airing of bed clothing in a window.

Infected clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a scarlet fever room to a hospital carried the disease.—Good Housekeeping.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchitis, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles, and chronic sore throat, and in acute cases of croup, it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Benning, Me. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

Benevolent Indian.

William P. Letchworth, whose gift of 1,000 acres of Portage Falls, on the Genesee river for a public park has been accepted by the State of New York, is an adopted member of the Seneca tribe of Indians, and bears the tribal name, Hai-wa-te-is-tah, "the man who always does the right thing."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood-purifiers and acts directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Expert Testimony.

The prominent part being played by hired expert witnesses in the Thaw trial prompts the Washington Star to suggest that it is time to abolish the present system of securing this kind of testimony. The expert employed by the prosecution naturally will testify only as the prosecution wants him to, while the expert for the defense, having a fine appreciation of his fee, will confine himself to his own side. It is up to the jury to determine which is the most expert liar or the most truthful, while the real value of either corps of experts is an open question in the public mind. The Star denounces "the whole business" in cases involving human life as "immoral," and suggests that the court itself should secure the expert witnesses, protect them on the stand and see that their findings reach the jury in proper form.

World's Costliest Dress.

It may seem a trifle incongruous that in a land where the masses are at the starvation point all the time, and often on the fatal side of that point, the wearers of the richest raiment should be found, but such seems to be the case. One of the Princesses of the Burmese court, a young woman not yet 20, is said to be the possessor of the costliest dress in the world. It is a court costume and worn only on rare occasions, says Leslie's Weekly. It is studded with jewels reputed to be worth in the aggregate not less than \$1,400,000.

COFFEE THRESHED HER

15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief."

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating my condition. I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me."

"Several years ago, while at a friend's house, I drank a cup of Postum and thought I had never tasted anything more delicious."

"From that time on I used Postum instead of Coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world."

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless."

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in place of "Where's a better."

POVERTY.

Amid the tinsel of our glittering life,
Around the splendor of the god of gold,
There lies the shadow of a world of strife—
Of crowded rooms, of hunger and of cold.

When all is light, and quietly is queen,
And bright the eyes of folly and de-
sire—
If chance lifts up the veil, beneath is seen
The black sides of the pit, the quench-
less fire.

Have I the right my happiness to show,
To let my laughter echo through the night,
When many pass me by who cannot know
The worth of beauty, meaning of de-
light?

Oh! all the pain and sorrow of the poor
I feel within my heart—O God, that I
Could knock upon the little attic door
And tell the children that they need not
cry!

—Pall Mall Gazette.



The old lady drew her chair a little closer to the old man.

"I sent for you to come over, Brother Ned," she said, in carefully modulated tones, "to have a little family consultation. I want to talk to you about Cynthia."

"Oh, Cynthia. What about Cynthia? Ain't comin' down with anything, is she?"

"No, no. She's got two beaux."

"Well, ain't that enough?"

"Wait, Ned. Both of 'em are in dead earnest. And what I'm scared about is that she may marry one of 'em."

The old man's face suddenly wrinkled.

"Well, that's all the law allows, ain't it?" he chuckled.

"Come, Ned, we've got to look at this matter in a serious light. It's our duty to do the best we can for Cynthia. We promised Brother James we would. If there's danger of Cynthia making a poor choice it's our duty to try to set her right."

"Then you don't think much of these two fellows?"

"One of 'em I don't. The other is Cy Hobson."

"Yes. He's a sewing machine agent. Doing real well, too."

"He comes of good money-making stock."

"That's right. And he ain't going to peddle sewing machines forever. He's promised a chance to be agent of the comp'ny over at Bracerville."

"Who's the other fellow?"

"He's a choofer. He drives an automobol."

"You mean a chuffer. Well, what about him?"

"I don't know. He's just a young fellow that's runnin' some rich man's auty and he happened to see Cynthia outside one day, when he broke down, and he asked her if he couldn't have some water, and he's broke down right in front of the house three times since. And every time he's wanted somethin'."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"And Cynthia is always round in time for the accidents, is she?"

"She has been, so far."

"And you don't think a chuffer is good enough for Cynthia, eh?"

"No, I don't. But I've known Cy Hobson since he was a boy, and I don't think Cynthia could do better."

"And what does Cynthia think?"

"She'd be all right if this choofer hadn't come around."

The sound of a mellow horn came from the highway.

"It's that choofer," said the old lady. "There, he's stoppin'. Broke down again, I s'pose. And there's Cynthia comin' down the driveway. See him laughin'. I tell you this ain't a goin' to do, Ned. That girl's got to finish her churnin'. Well, well, look at that! He's backing that machine up the driveway."

"That's a fine car," said the old man.

"See there; Cynthia's bringing him a rope. He's fastenin' it to the machine. There, he's gone back with the other end of it. Now, they're both out of sight."

"Don't get excited, Jane."

"Well, I don't like these mysterious doings. There they are. I declare if Cynthia isn't getting into the seat!"

"Hark!" cried the old man.

They could hear the soft rumble of the engine, and then, mingled with it, came a steady splash, splash, in-se, splash.

The old man suddenly chuckled.

"Well, if that ain't blamed clever," he cried. "The boy has harnessed whelp the dog treadmill to the automobol, and he's makin' it do the churn and 'What do you think of that?'"

The old lady sniffed.

"I don't think much of it, and I of less the man that owns the automobol ain't goin' to think much of it, whicher." She suddenly turned on the arms, man. "See here, Brother Ned, unde've got to assert yourself. If Cynthia's goin' to marry Cy Hobson this mornin' she's got to stop—and I as mornin' as promised Cy he could have m'ner."

The old man suddenly frowned.

"Tell you what I'll do, Jane. I'll invite Cynthia to come over to our house and stay a week or ten days. That'll keep her out o' the way." Then he added, "I want you to leave all this to me, Jane."

The next morning Cynthia departed for her Uncle Ned's comfortable farmhouse a dozen miles away. Scarcely an hour after Cynthia's departure, the mellow horn was heard in the highway. But there was no

Cynthia to answer the summons.

A few hours later there was another caller, a young man with a self-assured air, a light-blue necktie and a broad-rimmed, gray hat.

"Howdy, Aunt Jane," he cried, as he opened the door. "Where's Cynthia?"

"She's gone to Uncle Ned's to spend a few days."

The young man's face clouded a little. "That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to ask her to go to the spellin' bee at Henry Thompson's next Friday night."

"That is too bad," said Aunt Jane. "Can't you drive over and ask her?"

"Nope," the young man replied as he backed across the porch. "Too busy. Sold three machines last week. Got one in my wagon now that I'm deliverin' to Aunt Truly Grimston. Tell Cynthia I was sorry I couldn't see her. Good-by."

Four days later Aunt Jane was surprised to receive another call from Cy Hobson.

"Cynthia ain't home yet, Cy," she called.

"I didn't s'pose she was," he answered.

There was a moment's silence.

"Business pretty good, Cy?"

"I can't complain."

"It takes a good head to tend to your business, Cy. Been over to see Cynthia yet?"

"No, I hain't." He paused and slowly shook his head. "I saw her, though."

"Saw Cynthia? Where?"

"'Bout three miles 'tother side of the village, in an automobile."

Aunt Jane drew a quick breath.

"I wonder what Brother Ned will say to that!" she cried.

"Well, he seemed to be taking it pretty coolly, on the back seat of the car behind Cynthia. They were all laughing when I passed by. Guess they didn't see me."

Aunt Jane nodded with slow dignity. "I can't understand about Ned's behavior. Why, he seemed to favor you right along. Well, I'm going to drive over to my brother's this very afternoon, and I'll bring Cynthia back with me."

Early that afternoon an erect old lady driving a stout horse attached to a phaeton was halted at a turn in the road by a big touring car. The horse arose on his hind legs, but before he could leap, the driver of the car jumped down, caught the scared brute and quieted him. The old lady sat bolt upright during the performance. Now she spoke.

"I've come to bring you home, Cynthia," she said.

The girl in the car waved her hand. "I'm on my way, aunty."

Aunt Jane noted that there were three persons in the car. One was her niece, one her brother, the third was a handsomely gowned and cloaked lady.

"If you will kindly turn my horse around, sir," she said to the young man, "I will be obliged to you."

"Certainly," he answered. "But I think it will be safer for you to alight. He seems strongly disposed to bolt."

With great dignity Aunt Jane stepped into the roadway, while the young man turned the horse about.

"And now," he gently suggested, "I think it would be well for me to drive your horse back to the house. He still seems inclined to make trouble. I'm familiar with horses. And I want you to take a seat in the car. My sister here has something to say to you. Mrs. Gardner Burt, Miss Radford, Miss Cynthia, will you kindly assist your aunt?"

And before she knew it Aunt Jane was bundled into the big car. As she took her seat, Cynthia ran forward and stepped into the phaeton, and an instant later the young man and she drove ahead. Aunt Jane had no time to protest.

Then the lady moved a lever and the car started at a discreet pace.

"How do you do, Jane?" a voice from the rear seat inquired.

"I'm quite well, Edward," she replied with freezing dignity.

Then the lady spoke.

"Miss Radford," she said, "I call this a fortunate meeting. We were on our way to your home. Miss Radford, as my brother's only immediate relative, and as the head of the family, I ask the hand of your niece for him. You will find George an exemplary young man, I am sure. His prospects are excellent. He is the owner of several inventions, and is a partner in an automobile factory that promises to do an unusually good business. He met your niece while she was at school in the city and brought her to see me. I think her a sweet and lovable girl, and we will feel much honored by the alliance."

She paused and glanced slightly at Aunt Jane's stony countenance.

The old lady looked ahead at the distant phaeton. Then she settled herself comfortably in the upholstered seat.

"I don't seem to be anything but a passenger in this affair," she stiffly remarked. Then she suddenly smiled. "But I guess mebbe it's all right."

W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Snowy at St. Petersburg.

If you are not a lover of snow go to Malta, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year.—London Chronicle.

Dreams Come True.

Senator Beveridge says Bryan is a dreamer, and Bryan says he's in the country where the dreams come true. So there's no harm done.

DO WE NEED SALT?

A Physician Answers the Question in the Affirmative.

The use of salt, like that of other condiments, is largely a matter of habit and of individual taste. Behind these influences there may be some instinct of which a person isn't himself conscious. Very likely the needs of one person may be different from those of another, and no universal rule can be applied to all mankind. For the use of salt, however, a pretty good argument can be made from the tonic effect of sea air on invalids and the craving which wild animals (deer in particular) manifest. Why should they go to salt licks if salt is not essential to their well being? And if animals need it, why should man dispense with it altogether?

Dr. I. S. White of Violet Grove, Manitoba, writes to "The Medical Brief" in enthusiastic advocacy of salt. He backs up his case with the following story:

Some time ago I was called to see a patient that had been troubled with herpes for over two and one-half years, and whom four doctors had failed to cure. When I was examining him I said, "You must eat more salt than you are doing." "What!" he exclaimed. "Did my wife tell you I did not like salt?" "No," I replied, "your wife did not tell me you did not like salt, but your skin tells me you do not eat salt." "No," said his wife, "I did not tell the doctor that you did not like salt; but now that it has been mentioned I will tell him that you cover your food till it is black with pepper, but never a bit of salt, and I have often told you that you should use a little salt." "Well," I replied, "he must dispense with the pepper and use salt instead, for until there is more salt in his system this disease won't cure." And that man carried that disease about three years that would have been cured in less than three months had he been an eater of salt; or, perhaps, he might never have had the disease, and those four doctors failed to cure the disease simply because they failed to discover the absence of salt in his system.

The Great Trails.

Patriotic women and the school children of the West have taken up the work of preserving and marking the great trails over which the pioneers travelled from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast.

Foremost among these thoroughfares was the great Santa Fe Trail, from the Missouri river to California, over the southern route. Signs of it are still visible to-day here and there in deep-worn ruts in pasture-lands; but for most of its length all traces of it have been obliterated by building or cultivation. Disputes have even arisen as to its exact location.

The women of Kansas have determined to search out every foot of the old trail before it is too late to secure the testimony of living witnesses, and to place at every mile a stone post which shall bear the figure of the old canvas-stopped "prairie-schooner." It is hoped that the women or the legislatures of other states will continue the work.

The Oregon Trail, from Indianapolis to The Dalles, is also to be marked. Over this route the settlers of the great Pacific Northwest passed to their new homes.

In the Southwest a plan is on foot to make a state road of the old "Camino Real," over which the Jesuit missionaries pushed northward and eastward from Mexico to trade with and convert the Indians.

The story of these great trails is an epic. In distances travelled and in the number of travellers they are as important in the history of the world as those now long-forgotten routes in the Old World, over which men of other races migrated, or marched to conquest, or conducted caravans of trade.

Lovers left notes written on the bleached shoulder-blades of buffalo skeletons for those who were following; and fathers and mothers laid their own bones beside the dusty thread of brown. War, love, ambition, suffering, heroism, success are all associated with these mighty thoroughfares; and it is of interest to the whole nation that they be permanently marked.—Youth's Companion.

Wireless Telegraph and Aurora.

The exact nature of the aurora borealis is not known but it is believed to be an atmospheric manifestation, though in some manner due to solar influence. In those years when sun spots are largest and most numerous, auroras are most abundant and brilliant, and they are often accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetism, so that compass needles go into hysterics. For these and other reasons it is natural to regard the "northern lights" as a product of electrical action. This supposition seems to derive partial confirmation from a story told by J. C. Stuart, of Montreal. Just how he had occasion to use a wireless telegraph equipment he does not say, but he declares that several times in the last year his transmitting apparatus, which is ordinarily good only for a distance of 250 miles, would send distinctly between 700 and 1,000 miles. Now, inasmuch as there are other influences which greatly alter the range of wireless telegraphy, it will not do hastily to assume that there really is a connection between Mr. Stuart's success on a few nights and the aurora. Perhaps the coincidence was purely accidental. But the fact which he mentions deserves to go on record. He modestly suggests that other investigators, who have a better equipment than his, take the matter up, and either verify or upset his conclusions.

The Can Age.

By R. C. McElravy.

THE opening chapters of ancient history devote considerable space to the Paleolithic or Old Stone age, and the Neolithic or New Stone age. In those days of ignorance and economy pre-historic man fashioned his rude weapons from flints and stones. Later came the Age of Metals, when copper, bronze and iron became of invaluable use. Succeeding periods have taken their names from the forces of nature as they have been applied to progress. Thus more recent times are known as the Steam Age and Electric Age.

Man is of comparatively little account to posterity. He does not linger long enough. But the things he discovered and the implements he used shed their benefits upon posterity as it appears.

When time shall have stripped the vanity and veneer from the present era, it will undoubtedly take place in staid and reliable history as the Can Age. History is not apt to be flattering, but it is presumed to be truthful. We are now showing an unprecedented disposition to preserve and concentrate not only the necessities but the luxuries of life as well. If we can just crowd everything we want into a can and walk away with the original package, we are perfectly happy.

Foodstuffs are now classified in condensed form. When we go to the grocery we see nothing in bulk. Everything is canned, from corned beef to cucumbers. Ask for the desired article and it will come to you in a can.

In a similar manner the can has invaded the field of art. If you want to carry home a new song or a lecture or a piece of band music, go buy it on a cylinder and try it on your phonograph. Concentration is one thing, convenience the result. Literature is feeling the influence of this condensation. The three-volume novel may now be purchased in modern bookform, which is little more than a short story with plenty of pictures.

If you wish to make a trip through Yellowstone National Park without paying carfare, go to a moving picture show. If you want to see the latest prize-fight, drop a penny in the nearest slot machine.

The latest is canned spelling, without the can. It is a simplified process of writing down words and ideas without excess labor. A letter is no longer silent; it simply is not there.

These attainments, if attainments they may be called, have met with criticism and opposition of no mean order. But the can has been tied onto the age and it will not come off. The next best thing to do is to sterilize the can.

Canned beef has had its inning and the product has improved. Canned spelling and canned literature will have their inning, and in the end we will no doubt see a survival of the fittest.

John Phillip Sousa is protesting against canned music. Probably as much of his music comes out in canned form as that of any other composer or band leader, and at present it is just as hard to listen to. That is the fault of the can and in due time this may be remedied. There may be a falling off in the number of young lady pianists "across the way" as he predicts, but Mr. Sousa should think of the possibilities of a popular vote as between the young lady and the canned music before denouncing the can. Tennyson said:

"Fill the 'cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn."

That was in the days before canning things became so popular and he undoubtedly had no idea at that time that a bit of Sousa music might some day be included in a morning rouse. Nowadays the cup is sufficient. So much for the cause of temperance.—Puck.

Anent Recent Disclosures

Present Searching of Hearts of Few
Dangers and Many Benefits

By the Editor of the Century.

THE good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort; first, that there was a prodigious amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second—and here is his best consolation—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrongdoing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion not long ago of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbroglis; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics, not only in the community, but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagoguery. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.

Vitality of Scarlet Fever

By Dr. Emma A. Walker.

IN a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of this disease.

This is only one of many instances that could be related, to show how long the infectious agent retains its vitality, and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon as the first patients had recovered.

The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found treasures of hair that had been cut from the heads of children who had died 20 years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were stricken with this dread disease. The ease with which this disease is disseminated is appalling. It has been known to be spread to a neighboring house simply from the airing of bed clothing in a window.

Infected clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a scarlet fever room to a hospital carried the disease.—Good Housekeeping.

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In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry bark in promoting the digestion of food, and in strengthening the system, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will strengthen the system, and has been found to be a most valuable agent in the treatment of chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

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15 Long Years.

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POVERTY.

Amid the tinsel of our glittering life,
Around the splendor of the god of gold,
There lies the shadow of a world of strife—
Of crowded rooms, of hunger and of cold.

When all is light, and gaiety is queen,
And bright the eyes of folly and de-
sire—
If chance lifts up the veil, beneath is seen
The black sides of the pit, the quench-
less fire.

Have I the right my happiness to show,
To let my laughter echo through the
night,
When many pass me by who cannot know
The worth of beauty, meaning of de-
light?

Oh! all the pain and sorrow of the poor
I feel within my heart—O God, that I
Could knock upon the little attic door
And tell the children that they need not
cry!

—Pall Mall Gazette.



The old lady drew her chair a little closer to the old man.

"I sent for you to come over, Brother Ned," she said, in carefully modulated tones, "to have a little family consultation. I want to talk to you about Cynthia."

"Oh, Cynthia. What about Cynthia? Ain't comin' down with anything, is she?"

"No, no. She's got two beaus."

"Well, ain't that enough?"

"Wait, Ned. Both of 'em are in dead earnest. And what I'm scared about is that she may marry one of 'em."

The old man's face suddenly wrinkled.

"Well, that's all the law allows, ain't it?" he chuckled.

"Come, Ned, we've got to look at this matter in a serious light. It's our duty to do the best we can for Cynthia. We promised Brother James we would. If there's danger of Cynthia making a poor choice it's our duty to try to set her right."

"Then you don't think much of these two fellers?"

"One of 'em I don't. The other is Cy Hobson."

"Yes. He's a sewing machine agent. Doing real well, too."

"He comes of good money-making stock."

"That's right. And he ain't going to peddle sewing machines forever. He's promised a chance to be agent of the company over at Braceville."

"Who's the other feller?"

"He's a choofer. He drives an automobile."

"You mean a chuffer. Well, what about him?"

"I don't know. He's just a young fellow that's runnin' some rich man's auto and he happened to see Cynthia outside one day, when he broke down, and he asked her if he couldn't have some water, and he's broke down right in front of the house three times since. And every time he's wanted somethin'."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"And Cynthia is always round in time for the accidents, is she?"

"She has been, so far."

"And you don't think a chuffer is good enough for Cynthia, eh?"

"No, I don't. But I've known Cy Hobson since he was a boy, and I don't think Cynthia could do better."

"And what does Cynthia think?"

"She'd be all right if this choofer hadn't come around."

The sound of a mellow horn came from the highway.

"It's that choofer," said the old lady. "There, he's stoppin'. Broke down again, I s'pose. And there's Cynthia comin' down the driveway. See him laughin'. I tell you this ain't a goin' to do, Ned. That girl's got to finish her churnin'. Well, well, look at that! He's backing that machine up the driveway."

"That's a fine car," said the old man.

"See there; Cynthia's bringing him a rope. He's fastenin' it to the machine. There, he's gone back with the other end of it. Now, they're both out of sight."

"Don't get excited, Jane."

"Well, I don't like these mysterious doings. There they are. I declare if Cynthia isn't getting into the seat!"

"Hark!" cried the old man.

They could hear the soft rumble of the engine, and then, mingled with it, came a steady splash, splash, splash.

The old man suddenly chuckled.

"Well, if that ain't blamed clever," he cried. "The boy has harnessed whelp the dog treadmill to the automobile, and he's makin' it do the churn and what do you think of that?"

The old lady sniffed.

"I don't think much of it, and I of less the man that owns the automobile ain't goin' to think much of it, either."

She suddenly turned on the arms, man. "See here, Brother Ned, under've got to assert yourself. If Cynthia's a going to marry Cy Hobson this is her thing's got to stop—and I as much as promised Cy he could have her."

The old man suddenly frowned.

"Tell you what I'll do, Jane. I'll invite Cynthia to come over to our house and stay a week or ten days. That'll keep her out of the way."

Then he added, "I want you to leave all this to me, Jane."

The next morning Cynthia departed for her Uncle Ned's comfortable farmhouse a dozen miles away. Scarcely an hour after Cynthia's departure, the mellow horn was heard in the highway. But there was no

Cynthia to answer the summons.

A few hours later there was another caller, a young man with a self-assured air, a light-blue necktie and a broad-brimmed, gray hat.

"Howdy, Aunt Jane," he cried, as he opened the door. "Where's Cynthia?"

"She's gone to Uncle Ned's to spend a few days."

The young man's face clouded a little. "That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to ask her to go to the spellin' bee at Henry Thompson's next Friday night."

"That is too bad," said Aunt Jane. "Can't you drive over and ask her?"

"Nope," the young man replied as he backed across the porch. "Too busy. Sold three machines last week. Got one in my wagon now that I'm deliverin' to Aunt Truly Grimsom. Tell Cynthia I was sorry I couldn't see her. Good-by."

Four days later Aunt Jane was surprised to receive another call from Cy Hobson.

"Cynthia ain't home yet, Cy," she called.

"I didn't s'pose she was," he answered.

There was a moment's silence.

"Business pretty good, Cy?"

"I can't complain."

"It takes a good head to tend to your business, Cy. Been over to see Cynthia yet?"

"No, I hain't." He paused and slowly shook his head. "I saw her, though."

"Saw Cynthia? Where?"

"'Bout three miles to'ther side of the village, in an automobile."

Aunt Jane drew a quick breath.

"I wonder what Brother Ned will say to that!" she cried.

"Well, he seemed to be taking it pretty coolly, on the back seat of the car behind Cynthia. They were all laughing when I passed by. Guess they didn't see me."

Aunt Jane nodded with slow dignity. "I can't understand about Ned's behavior. Why, he seemed to favor you right along. Well, I'm going to drive over to my brother's this very afternoon, and I'll bring Cynthia back with me."

Early that afternoon an erect old lady driving a stout horse attached to a phaeton was halted at a turn in the road by a big touring car. The horse arose on his hind legs, but before he could leap, the driver of the car jumped down, caught the scared brute and quieted him. The old lady sat bolt upright during the performance. Now she spoke.

"I've come to bring you home, Cynthia," she said.

The girl in the car waved her hand. "I'm on my way, aunty."

Aunt Jane noted, that there were three persons in the car. One was her niece, one her brother, the third was a handsomely gowned and cloaked lady.

"If you will kindly turn my horse around, sir," she said to the young man, "I will be obliged to you."

"Certainly," he answered. "But I think it will be safer for you to alight. He seems strongly disposed to bolt."

With great dignity Aunt Jane stepped into the roadway, while the young man turned the horse about.

"And now," he gently suggested, "I think it would be well for me to drive your horse back to the house. He still seems inclined to make trouble. I'm familiar with horses. And I want you to take a seat in the car. My sister here has something to say to you. Mrs. Gardner Burt, Miss Radford. Miss Cynthia, will you kindly assist your aunt?"

And before she knew it Aunt Jane was bundled into the big car. As she took her seat, Cynthia ran forward and stepped into the phaeton, and an instant later the young man and she drove ahead. Aunt Jane had no time to protest.

Then the lady moved a lever and the car started at a discreet pace.

"How do you do, Jane?" a voice from the rear seat inquired.

"I'm quite well, Edward," she replied with freezing dignity.

Then the lady spoke.

"Miss Radford," she said, "I call this a fortunate meeting. We were on our way to your home. Miss Radford, as my brother's only immediate relative, and as the head of the family, I ask the hand of your niece for him. You will find George an exemplary young man, I am sure. His prospects are excellent. He is the owner of several inventions, and is a partner in an automobile factory that promises to do an unusually good business. He met your niece while she was at school in the city and brought her to see me. I think her a sweet and lovable girl, and we will feel much honored by the alliance."

She paused and glanced slightly at Aunt Jane's stony countenance.

The old lady looked ahead at the distant phaeton. Then she settled herself comfortably in the upholstered seat.

"I don't seem to be anything but a passenger in this affair," she stiffly remarked. Then she suddenly smiled. "But I guess mebbe it's all right."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DO WE NEED SALT?

A Physician Answers the Question in the Affirmative.

The use of salt, like that of other condiments, is largely a matter of habit and of individual taste. Behind these influences there may be some instinct of which a person isn't himself conscious. Very likely the needs of one person may be different from those of another, and no universal rule can be applied to all mankind. For the use of salt, however, a pretty good argument can be made from the tonic effect of sea air on invalids and the craving which wild animals (deer in particular) manifest. Why should they go to salt licks if salt is not essential to their well being? And if animals need it, why should man dispense with it altogether?

Dr. I. S. White of Violet Grove, Manitoba, writes to "The Medical Brief" in enthusiastic advocacy of salt. He backs up his case with the following story:

Some time ago I was called to see a patient that had been troubled with herpes for over two and one-half years, and whom four doctors had failed to cure. When I was examining him I said, "You must eat more salt than you are doing." "What!" he exclaimed, "Did my wife tell you I did not like salt?" "No," I replied, "your wife did not tell me you did not like salt, but your skin tells me you do not eat salt." "No," said his wife, "I did not tell the doctor that you did not like salt; but now that it has been mentioned I will tell him that you cover your food till it is black with pepper, but never a bit of salt, and I have often told you that you should use a little salt." "Well," I replied, "he must dispense with the pepper and use salt instead, for until there is more salt in his system this disease won't cure." And that man carried that disease about three years that would have been cured in less than three months had he been an eater of salt; or, perhaps, he might never have had the disease, and those four doctors failed to cure the disease simply because they failed to discover the absence of salt in his system.

The Great Trails.

Patriotic women and the school children of the West have taken up the work of preserving and marking the great trails over which the pioneers travelled from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast.

Foremost among these thoroughfares was the great Santa Fe Trail, from the Missouri river to California, over the southern route. Signs of it are still visible to-day here and there in deep-worn ruts in pasture-lands; but for most of its length all traces of it have been obliterated by building or cultivation. Disputes have even arisen as to its exact location.

The women of Kansas have determined to search out every foot of the old trail before it is too late to secure the testimony of living witnesses, and to place at every mile a stone post which shall bear the figure of the old canvas-stopped "prairie-schooner." It is hoped that the women or the legislatures of other states will continue the work.

The Oregon Trail, from Indianapolis to The Dalles, is also to be marked. Over this route the settlers of the great Pacific Northwest passed to their new homes.

In the Southwest a plan is on foot to make a state road of the old "Camino Real," over which the Jesuit mission-builders pushed northward and eastward from Mexico to trade with and convert the Indians.

The story of these great trails is an epic. In distances travelled and in the number of travellers they are as important in the history of the world as those now long-forgotten routes in the Old World, over which men of other races migrated, or marched to conquest, or conducted caravans of trade.

Lovers left notes written on the bleached shoulder-blades of buffalo skeletons for those who were following; and fathers and mothers laid their own bones beside the dusty thread of brown. War, love, ambition, suffering, heroism, success are all associated with these mighty thoroughfares; and it is of interest to the whole nation that they be permanently marked.—Youth's Companion.

Wireless Telegraph and Aurora.

The exact nature of the aurora borealis is not known but it is believed to be an atmospheric manifestation, though in some manner due to solar influence. In those years when sun spots are largest and most numerous, auroras are most abundant and brilliant, and they are often accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetism, so that compass needles go into hysterics. For these and other reasons it is natural to regard the "northern lights" as a product of electrical action. This supposition seems to derive partial confirmation from a story told by J. C. Stuart, of Montreal. Just how he had occasion to use a wireless telegraph equipment he does not say, but he declares that several times in the last year his transmitting apparatus, which is ordinarily good only for a distance of 250 miles, would send distinctly between 700 and 1,000 miles. Now, inasmuch as there are other influences which greatly alter the range of wireless telegraphy, it will not do hastily to assume that there really is a connection between Mr. Stuart's success on a few nights and the aurora. Perhaps the coincidence was purely accidental. But the fact which he mentions "deserves to go on record. He modestly suggests that other investigators, who have a better equipment than his, take the matter up, and either verify or upset his conclusions.

The Can Age.

By R. C. McElravy.

THE opening chapters of ancient history devote considerable space to the Paleolithic or Old Stone age, and the Neolithic or New Stone age. In those days of ignorance and economy pre-historic man fashioned his rude weapons from flints and stones. Later came the Age of Metals, when copper, bronze and iron became of invaluable use. Succeeding periods have taken their names from the forces of nature as they have been applied to progress. Thus more recent times are known as the Steam Age and Electric Age.

Man is of comparatively little account to posterity. He does not linger long enough. But the things he discovered and the implements he used shed their benefits upon posterity as it appears.

When time shall have stripped the vanity and veneer from the present era, it will undoubtedly take place in staid and reliable history as the Can age. History is not apt to be flattering, but it is presumed to be truthful. We are now showing an unprecedented disposition to preserve and concentrate not only the necessities but the luxuries of life as well. If we can just crowd everything we want into a can and walk away with the original package, we are perfectly happy.

Foodstuffs are now classified in condensed form. When we go to the grocery we see nothing in bulk. Everything is canned, from corned beef to cucumbers. Ask for the desired article and it will come to you in a can.

In a similar manner the can has invaded the field of art. If you want to carry home a new song or a lecture or a piece of band music, go buy it on a cylinder and try it on your phonograph. Concentration is one thing, convenience the result. Literature is feeling the influence of this condensation. The three-volume novel may now be purchased in modern bookform, which is little more than a short story with plenty of pictures.

If you wish to make a trip through Yellowstone National Park without paying carfare, go to a moving picture show. If you want to see the latest prize-fight, drop a penny in the nearest slot machine.

The latest is canned spelling, without the can. It is a simplified process of writing down words and ideas without excess labor. A letter is no longer silent; it simply is not there.

These attainments, if attainments they may be called, have met with criticism and opposition of no mean order. But the can has been tied onto the age and it will not come off. The next best thing to do is to sterilize the can.

Canned beef has had its inning and the product has improved. Canned spelling and canned literature will have their inning, and in the end we will no doubt see a survival of the fittest.

John Phillip Sousa is protesting against canned music. Probably as much of his music comes out in canned form as that of any other composer or band leader, and at present it is just as hard to listen to. That is the fault of the can and in due time this may be remedied. There may be a falling off in the number of young lady pianists "across the way" as he predicts, but Mr. Sousa should think of the possibilities of a popular vote as between the young lady and the canned music before denouncing the can. Tennyson said:

"Fill the 'cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn."

That was in the days before canning things became so popular and he undoubtedly had no idea at that time that a bit of Sousa music might some day be included in a morning rouse. Nowadays the cup is sufficient. So much for the cause of temperance.—Puck.

Anent Recent Disclosures

Present Searching of Hearts of Few Dangers and Many Benefits . . .

By the Editor of the Century.

THE good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort; first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second—and here is his best consolation—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrongdoing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion not long ago of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbroglis; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics, not only in the community, but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagoguery. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.

Vitality of Scarlet Fever

Germes

By Dr. Emma A. Walker.

IN a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of this disease.

This is only one of many instances that could be related, to show how long the infectious agent retains its vitality, and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon as the first patients had recovered.

The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found tresses of hair that had been cut from the heads of children who had died 20 years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were stricken with this dread disease. The ease with which this disease is disseminated is appalling. It has been known to be spread to a neighboring house simply from the airing of bed clothing in a window.

Infected clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a scarlet fever room to a hospital carried the disease.—Good Housekeeping.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchitis, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to effect cures in cases of chronic consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hanging, chronic coughs, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hanging coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

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World's Costliest Dress.

It may seem a trifle incongruous that in a land where the masses are at the starvation point all the time, and often on the fatal side of that point, the wearers of the richest raiment should be found, but such seems to be the case. One of the Princesses of the Burmese court, a young woman not yet 20, is said to be the possessor of the costliest dress in the world. It is a court costume and worn only on rare occasions, says Leslie's Weekly. It is studded with jewels reputed to be \$1,400,000.

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"From that time on I used Postum instead of Coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

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SUCCESS.

The word unbreathed, whose temper true
From the heart's fire was sent,
My goal I never reached, where
My spirit's strength was bent.
All I longed and failed to do
Is full accomplishment.

And somewhere in the fields whereon
The ungarnered harvests be,
My sheaves lie ripening in the sun
That warms eternally.
And filled with food myself bathed soon
This famished soul shall be.
—Grace Elery Channing, in Youth's Com-
panion.

A Letter-Writer's Blunder.

By JAMES C. HILLWELL.

"Dolly, dear, there is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you. What shall you do? Of course, I know that you are not presentable; how could you be, while engaged in washing windows? But he seems so anxious to see you, I could not say no. There! I've dropped his card somewhere. Well, no matter. But if you will, Dolly—just step in and speak to him."

Aunt Jane paused to take breath. There was a timid quaver, a half-deprecatory tone in her voice, too, as though she knew that she was asking a great deal, but had still resolved to do her duty courageously.

The room at whose open door she was standing—the best in the old-fashioned farmhouse nestling among the Pontiac Hills—looked at present as though no power could set it straight again. It was so provoking! Her pretty niece, Dolly Thorpe, from the metropolis, had come to spend the summer with Aunt Jane; and hardly was she comfortably settled when a telegram had arrived from Dolly's father requesting Aunt Jane to receive, for a few weeks, a particular friend of his own, who wished to try the effect of the fresh air upon a somewhat delicate constitution.

The telegram had been received the day previous, and, just at that particular juncture, Aunt Jane's one servant had given notice, and taken her departure. There was no help for it. The work must be done somehow, and the best room put in readiness for the expected guest.

Dolly Thorpe was standing upon a stepladder in the cheery apartment known as "the spare room," busily engaged in cleaning the windows. She was a pretty girl, with roguish brown eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. She had been interrupted in her work several times already that morning, and this last summons seemed the one drop too much for her overflowing cup of vexations.

Each demand upon her time and patience Dolly had met and faced bravely, for Aunt Jane was just recovering from a serious illness, and was hardly able to get about the house. To-morrow the new servant would come, and Dolly would be freed from her arduous duties.

In the meantime the expected guest, whose name her father had not taken the trouble to mention, being simply referred to in Mr. Thorpe's telegram as "a friend of mine"—they knew not whether the expected guest was male or female—was liable at any moment to drop in upon them.

All this time Dolly had been standing upon the stepladder, gazing down into Aunt Jane's appealing face, with intense dismay upon her own, and a piece of chamois in her hand. She wore a blue calico gown, tied up above a pair of little feet in not altogether irreproachable slippers; a pink cap surmounted her curly head. Yet she was simply charming, thought Aunt Jane.

"Just step down a minute, dear," pleaded that individual, meekly.

Stiffing an inward groan, Dolly turned round, but catching the skirt of her gown upon the ladder as she did so, she was left for a brief space suspended like Mahomet's coffin. The bucket of soapsuds upon the top of the stepladder grew uneasy, and came down to see what was the matter; and the scene that followed can be better imagined than described.

In the midst of the excitement, while Dolly was struggling with the refractory stepladder, which had suddenly collapsed, converting the bare floor into a miniature lake, in which, to use her own expression, she was "getting along swimmingly," a tall form appeared in the open doorway, a pair of merry gray eyes took in the scene, and a musical voice, struggling hard to stifle a burst of laughter, asked sweetly:

"Can I be of any assistance? Why! in mock astonishment, 'if it isn't Dolly Thorpe!'"

"Jack!" with a shrill little shriek of dismay. "Yes, it is I. How do you like my get-up? Aunt Jane's servant has taken French leave; somebody had to do this."

"Was it really necessary that all this should be done?" asked Jack Bentley, with lurking mischief in his voice.

Dolly flared up in an instant. How dare he laugh at her?

"You know what I mean. Just lift that side of the stepladder, Jack, and be quiet. There! Thanks awfully. I shall get out of it somehow. I feel like the immortal youth who 'stood on the burning deck.' Jack!" suddenly emerging from the general confusion, and holding out two white hands in greeting, her bright eyes shining like stars, "I'm so glad to see you. Did you drop down from the skies? What brought you here?"

"Well, that is good!" suppressing a whistle. "I was so sure you would be glad to see me that I didn't stop to invent any excuse for coming. But I refuse to have anything to say to you until you have made yourself presentable. Go and put on a dry dress!"

"But," she inquired, ruefully, "who is to finish the room? It is a point of honor with me to carry out an undertaking, and then—I've promised Aunt Jane."

"All right. I'll help you. What is to be done next?"

"You don't mean it?"

For Jack was pulling off his coat, and looking quite fierce, as though longing to set to work in real earnest.

"Well," pursued Dolly, "if you really want to—Jack made a wry face—"I will not stand in the way—not for the world. Go to work if you like. No doubt work will do you good, and prove a novel experience. The greater part is done, anyhow. We have only to mop up the floor, lay the rug, put in the furniture, hang the curtains, and—"

"Stay! Enough! enough! And for whom are all these preparations intended, for some one is expected—I feel it in the air."

Dolly laughed.

"Quite a swell, no doubt. You see, we don't really know, but suspect that it is one of the sterner sex. Papa just telegraphed to Aunt Jane to expect a friend of his to-day."

Jack Bentley turned the empty pail upside down, and coolly proceeded to seat himself upon the inverted edge.

"Dolly, how long have you had the pleasure of my acquaintance?" was the apparently irrelevant question.

She laughed gaily.

"Exactly three years and six months," she announced, demurely, "and I must confess I don't know anything good of you." But the tender light in the merry brown eyes belied her saucy words.

Jack continued loftily:

"I pass your insinuations by with the contempt they merit. Rose of the world, did you ever promise to marry me—circumstances permitting—or—did you not?"

She crept a little closer to his side.

"I—I am afraid I did," she said, softly.

"But, oh, Jack! papa would be furious if he knew. He will never consent—because—"

"Because I am as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and he intends that you shall marry Horace Dillingham, the rich merchant."

"Jack!"

"It is true, dear—quite true. Now, listen to my tale of woe. I am here—here to stay! I am your Aunt Jane's expected guest. Are you willing, sweetheart?"

"Will you? Oh, Jack!"

Not another word; but somehow he seemed quite content.

"Please explain," she ventured, timidly, after a pause of golden silence.

Jack drew from his pocket an open letter, addressed to himself, and placed it in Dolly's hand.

It began "My Dear Friend," and ended "Yours as ever" ("Quite tender," Jack declared, in parenthesis), "RUFUS THORPE."

In this letter Mr. Thorpe, Dolly's father, proceeded to advise his "dear friend" to make a trip at once to Millside, in the Pontiac Hills, to his sister-in-law's house—Miss Jane Dean—slyly insinuating that his daughter, Miss Dolly, would warmly welcome him there.

Dolly's face assumed a look of bewilderment as she read her father's letter. What did it all mean?

"Why, Jack, what has changed papa so? He used to be so violently opposed to you, you know, I cannot understand it at all!"

"I can," Jack answered, grimly. "He wrote this letter to Dillingham, and one to me at the same time. Only mine was of an entirely different nature. I imagine. In his haste he made a common mistake; he inclosed my letter in the envelope addressed to Dillingham, and vice versa. The invitation to Mr. Dillingham, in which no name was mentioned, was received by me. What could I do but accept?"

"What, indeed?" laughed Dolly. "And now that you are here, we will just have a splendid time."

Taken into their confidence, Aunt Jane could not find it in her heart to object, for Jack was in every way unobjectionable, save that he was not wealthy. Yet he held a good position in a prosperous firm, and his advancement was only a question of time, after all.

Mr. Rufus Thorpe was overwhelmed with consternation one day, while sitting in his office, by the apparition of the two young culprits, with the astounding announcement that they had been quietly married that morning.

"I won her under false pretenses; but she's mine, all the same," the young rascal unblushingly added.

But when Mr. Thorpe had learned that a distant relative of Jack Bentley's had just shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving him sole heir to a neat little fortune, he thought better of the marriage, and in time expressed unqualified approval.—New York Weekly.

The Austrian Lloyd line established the first week in January a fast fortnightly steamship service between Trieste and Brindisi, on the Mediterranean, and Karachi and Bombay, India, with a maximum voyage of fifteen days.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII of France in 1445. In England the first standing army was organized in 1628.



LOST IN AFRICAN BUSH.

Among difficulties of travel we found that our boys had not the slightest idea of distance either in miles or hours. At times it was extremely irritating, but there was no help for it. A native can only calculate by the sun. He will point to the sky and say: "When the sun is there we shall get to water." And if one is traveling continuously he is generally right. But an outspan at once upsets the calculation. How often did we ask "Metsiekae?" (Where is the water?) and receive the invariable answer: "Not so very far," or "Very far," the only two modes of expressing distance known to him.

In this way we journeyed on slowly through the sultry and dusty country spending the mornings and evenings shooting in the bush. It was a land of few attractions, and yet in the cool light of the morning, or when its barren brownness was hidden by the warm glow of the setting sun, it was almost beautiful. Bird life was plentiful and we always enjoyed the luxury of fresh pheasant and partridge—a luxury to which Johannesburg, under the tyranny of cold storage, is a stranger. Partridges, namaguas and shrimpies (a little partridge—a great delicacy), redbreasted pheasants, korhaan, guinea fowls, were to be found everywhere, and sometimes we saw a parau Steinbuck and duiker (phuduhudu in Bechnana) were plentiful, too, but we saw no larger game.

For days we traveled on through the wach-seen-beetje thorn bush. Curiously enough, this bush, which spreads unbroken over so vast a portion of South Africa, seems to the travelers to be always subtly changing in character. Now it is so thick that one can see only a few yards; now it breaks into a park-like country; then again the bushes are for a mile or two only a few feet high, and a little farther on the timber is of quite a decent size. And yet to travel on through it for days is monotonously dreary, and its ugliness and unattractiveness makes it after a time appear almost as a personal enemy.

And after all this feeling is not so far wrong, for surely this is the land "where life has death for neighbor"—a neighbor ready to greet any one who may wander alone into his domain. If a man is inexperienced and unless he possesses a singularly good bump of locality, it is about ten to one that in half an hour he is hopelessly lost. It is impossible to imagine how easy it is to lose one's bearings, and I never ceased to marvel at the instinct which led the natives to go back straight to the camp. But not every native has this instinct.

To be one of us he must have been born and bred in the bush. The natives of the mountains in the Zoutpansberg district are worse than useless in the bush of the low country, and the Basuto police sometimes lose themselves in the Kalahari. Not long ago a Basuto was lost pursuing a wounded wildebeest, and was found a few days afterward with his head gnawed off by the jackals.

I can imagine no more awful fate than to be lost in the bush. In the open country, on the great plains and under God's clear sky, hope and resolution would be loath to desert one. But here "lenden-eyed despair" would quickly come. A man would have to be of stubborn stuff, indeed, who would not be bowed down by the awful sense of impenetrableness and hopelessness with which this country fills the mind.

To one born and bred in an open land it is the feeling of the never-endingness of the bush that appals, the feeling, too, that man's wits are here of no avail, that water may be within a few yards—perhaps the only water for many miles—and yet there be no mark to guide one to it. The waterlessness, the lonely silence of the country, the stunted, gnarled branches of the eternal thorn bush, always oppressed my imagination with the same thought—that surely this was a land on which God's curse had suddenly descended, turning it, perhaps, from a land growing and full of promise into this hopeless and useless waste.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LOST BAG.

One night a few years ago I traveled north to Aberdeen by the mid-night train intending to go on further next day to attend the wedding of a friend of mine. I had a small hand-bag with me, containing some wearing apparel and a present for the bride.

I entered a carriage and got into an empty compartment. After putting my bag upon the rack I sat down and began to read. After leaving Montrose I must have fallen asleep, for I woke up with a start as the train drew up at Stonehaven. Looking up at the rack, I noticed that my bag was missing.

Rushing into the corridor, I looked to see if any of the other passengers were leaving the carriage, but there was none, so after the train had started again I went and interviewed the other passengers, but with no

satisfaction. None of them had seen anybody passing their compartments. I was in a quandary, and was thinking I had seen the last of my bag when we arrived in Aberdeen. I took a good look at my fellow-passengers as they left the train, and I noticed a closely muffled-up man who had occupied the compartment next to me, leave the train carrying a large traveling bag and a rug.

Somehow the man's appearance seemed to me to be suspicious, so, acting on a sudden impulse, I determined to follow him. I fancied he turned round once or twice to see if I was following, but just as he was turning a corner sharply he went full bang into a policeman with the result that his bag and rug were knocked out of his hands. Before he could get them up again I was up to him, and there by the side of his rug was my bag.

"Excuse me," I said, going forward, "I think this is my property. I lost it somehow—"

But before either the policeman or I could act the thief was up the street like a hare, leaving the other bag and the rug behind him.

I explained matters to the policeman and a few days later I got a letter stating that the other bag and the rug had also been stolen on the journey, and had been restored to their rightful owner. The thief was never caught.—D. Mackie, Kirkcaldy.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S BLUFF.

As we left Sandy Gulch for Rising Sun there were six males passengers to go by the stage, and the route was over the mountains and full of chances of disaster. The driver came out from breakfast as soon as the stage was ready, and looking about on the passengers he selected a small, pale-faced man and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was climbing up the driver whispered to the rest of us:

"I picked him out in order to scare him to death. You fellows will see a heap of fun before we've gone ten miles!"

Two minutes west of the gulch the roadway made a sudden turn, with a sheer fall of a hundred feet down to Wild Cat Creek, and the driver put his horses at a gallop and said to the man:

"We may get around all right, or we may fetch up down below. Hold your breath and say your prayers!"

The passenger made no move and did not change countenance, and, after making the course all right, the rider rather indignantly demanded:

"Didn't you see that the off wheel run within a foot of the edge of the precipice?"

"It ran within six inches, sir," was the reply.

Beyond the curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The five of us inside had to hang on for dear life and every half minute the stage seemed bound to go over.

"Did ye know that if we'd happened to have struck a rock we'd all been dead men in no time?"

"Of course."

"And ye wasn't prayin'?"

"Not at all."

Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it on one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach. We were flung in a heap and frightened half to death, but the man beside the driver never lost a puff of his cigar. When things were safe the driver turned on him with:

"That surely was the brink of the grave."

"Guess it was," was the quiet reply.

"The closest shave you will ever hev until the last one comes."

"Yes."

"See here now, but what sort of a critter ar' you?" was the query.

"Don't you know 'nuff to git skeart?"

"Nothing has happened yet to scare me."

"But mebbe ye want me to drive plumb over a precipice a thousand feet high?"

"If you conveniently can. The fact is driver, I came off up here intending to commit suicide, and if you can dump the whole of us over some cliff you'll oblige me."—Atlanta Constitution.

MODERN HEROICS.

Among the lamentations heard from people who incline to praise the past at the expense of the present is that the age of heroic deeds is gone with the spinning wheel and the stage coach with its pompous position and tooting guard. We have always held that human nature had not changed with the fashions of dress or of domestic habits. The principal difference is, that heroism is not nowadays conspicuous on fields of carnage where men are trying to destroy lives, but on the peaceful fields of industry which are more famous for their triumphs than scenes of strife ever were.

A few lines in a morning paper one day last month recorded all that is likely to be heard of an act which was sublime. There was an explosion of a glycerine boiling tank in a soap-making establishment in Jersey City, in which several of the workmen were painfully burned. One named John Lees was severely scalded on the back of his head by the boiling glycerine. The police wanted to send Lees to the hospital but he refused to go, saying that he left his wife at home feeling poorly, and that it would alarm her to hear that he had been sent to a hospital. He would go home, and he did.

TAX FORTUNES, SAYS CARNEGIE.

Predicts Day When to Make Money Will Be Deemed Ignoble.

The London Review of Reviews prints a striking article by Andrew Carnegie entitled "My Partners, the People." Mr. Carnegie expresses the belief that a millionaire ought to share his wealth with the poor, but with the limitation that his fortune should not be divided before the millionaire's death. Then the community should exact a large share, graduated in increasing proportion to the extent of the dead man's wealth.

After advocating the British graduated death duties as a basis for distribution, Mr. Carnegie says:

"Such contributions from the owners of enormous fortunes at their death would do much to reconcile dissatisfied but fair minded people to the alarmingly unequal distribution of wealth arising from the new industrial conditions of our day. We shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or bequeathed at death, so that it will be impossible for the owners of enormous fortunes to hand no more than a certain amount to any individual."

Mr. Carnegie humbly deprecates the claim of the merely wealthy to fame. They have no place with educated men, and they occupy a lower plane intellectually. In the coming day brains will stand above dollars, and conduct above both. The making of money as an aim will then be rated as an ignoble ambition.

WISE WORDS.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Socrates.

Many a good man's purse is like a siphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—Arthur Edwards.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Courage is a sort of armor to the mind, and keeps an unwelcome impression from driving too deep into perception.—Elmes.

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end; of what we want, and not of what we have.—Stevenson.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even mores and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—Emerson.

Joy is a working thing. It builds up while it enlarges the whole nature. It is the wine to strengthen the heart, to brace it to carry noble enterprise.—Dora Greenwall.

Shall a mechanical experiment succeed infallibly, and the one vital experiment of humanity remain a chance? Is corn to grow by method and character by caprice?—Henry Drummond.

Too many strictures as to childish conduct are like elastic garters seen too often on stout little legs. They impede the moral circulation, and should be for the most part laid aside. Elizabeth Grinnell.

If your faith in God is stronger for every humble task in which you need and get His aid, then that humble task is necessary to the fulness of your faith in God. It will make the music of your life more firm and solid.—Phillips Brooks.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—Archdeacon Farrar.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is something within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers than what the man is.—Austin Phelps.

Too Early Achievement.

The English girl of seventeen, who has just written a historical novel of more than average merit, is a cause of great wonderment among our British cousins, and great things are predicted for her as a writer in the future. But youthful prodigies in literature do not usually fulfill the promise of their early achievements. They do not develop into eminent writers as a general thing, and Chatterton and Henry Kirke White probably did all they were possible of doing. Who reads their poems to-day except from curiosity. The "marvelous boy who perished in his pride," probably recognized instinctively that he could do nothing better than his impostures.

It is true that in music and in acting the infant phenomenon has often progressed to great distinction, but in literature and in art the precocious children seldom or never advance beyond their early cleverness. The overbright child at school does not, like wine, improve with age, and is often to be found among the dullards in later life, while his slower paced brother has attained eminence. Therefore, put not too much faith in prodigies.

The Argentine Republic boasts of the largest wheat field in the world. It covers a little more than 100 square miles.

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RECIPES.

Gingerbread—Half cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1 large spoon lard of butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups flour. After all are mixed add 1 well beaten egg.

Egg Tarts.—Line small deep gem pans with a rich pastry and partly fill them with the following mixture. One egg well beaten with a cup of light-brown sugar; then add a tablespoon of vinegar. Bake until crust is well browned then the filling will be done. This recipe makes about a dozen tarts.

Soda Crackers—Sift together one quart flour, one teaspoonful soda and half a teaspoonful salt. Rub into this one tablespoonful lard and butter mixed, using the tips of the fingers, beat one egg and add, together with butter and milk, enough to make a very stiff paste. Beat until light and blistered. Roll rather thin, cut into squares, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven.

Milk Biscuit.—Put into a saucepan one half cup milk and a tablespoonful butter, and set on the stove to warm. Sift together half a pound flour and a teaspoonful baking powder, and pour into it the hot milk. Mix into a smooth, stiff paste, then with a floured rolling pin, roll into as thin a sheet as possible. Cut into small rounds and bake about twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Macaroni Italian Style.—Put three-fourths of a pound of macaroni without breaking into boiling salted water and cook twenty minutes or until done. Drain and put into a saucepan with one gill of tomato sauce and a quarter pound grated Parmesan cheese. Season with nutmeg and pepper to taste and cook slowly for ten minutes, tossing frequently. Arrange on a hot dish and serve with grated cheese separately.

THE FAMILY SILVER.

In the first place, keep it bright. If never allowed to get into a deplorable condition, its cleaning will be no hardship.

Regularly once a week wash it thoroughly in very hot soapsuds. Remove one piece at a time from the suds, polish it at once and drop into very hot clean water.

When ready to dry take only one piece at a time from the hot water, dry at once, and polish with chamois skin or flannel.

This method is much better than heaping the wet silver on a tray, to get cold before dried.

Silver not in general use should be wrapped in white tissue paper and kept in a cotton flannel bag.

A special kind of tissue paper and flannel for this purpose can be bought at a reliable silversmith's.

Mark each bag plainly with its contents.

When wanted silver kept this way will always be found bright.

The Milwaukee Journal asserts that: "Nobody can save you from pneumonia but yourself. It is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure. For of all the diseases this is one of the easiest to avoid and one of the hardest to cure. While consumption is being mastered and is on the decline, pneumonia still baffles medical science and is on the increase."

The Cincinnati Enquirer is assured that: "Aerial navigation would revolutionize warfare, making it so destructive as to probably insure its early abolition. Free trade would be bound to prevail everywhere, because it would be impossible to prevent smuggling; custom houses would be of no use. Travel would be stimulated and increased. Unreachable portions of the globe reached and explored."

With prosperity at top notch, with wages higher than ever, with immigration outrunning all records, boasts the New York World: "There has never been a time when so many workers from the Pacific to the Atlantic were crying so loudly for work as just now."

SUCCESS.

The word unbreathed; whose temper true
From the heart's fire was sent,
The goal I never reached, where to
My spirit's strength was bent,
All—my longed and failed to do
Is full accomplishment.

And somewhere in the fields whereon
The ungathered harvests be,
My sheaves lie ripening in the sun
That warm and golden gleam,
And filled with food myself hath sown
This famished soul shall be,
—Grace Ellery Channing, in Youth's Companion.

A Letter-Writer's Blunder.

By JAMES C. HILLWELL.

"Dolly, dear, there is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you. What shall you do? Of course, I know that you are not presentable; how could you be, while engaged in washing windows? But he seems so anxious to see you, I could not say no. There! I've dropped his card somewhere. Well, no matter. But if you will, Dolly—just step in and speak to him."

Aunt Jane paused to take breath. There was a timid quaver, a half-deprecatory tone in her voice, too, as though she knew that she was asking a great deal, but had still resolved to do her duty courageously.

The room at whose open door she was standing—the best in the old-fashioned farmhouse nestling among the Pontiac Hills—looked at present as though no power could set it straight again. It was so provoking! Her pretty niece, Dolly Thorpe, from the metropolis, had come to spend the summer with Aunt Jane; and hardly was she comfortably settled when a telegram had arrived from Dolly's father requesting Aunt Jane to receive, for a few weeks, a particular friend of his own, who wished to try the effect of the fresh air upon a somewhat delicate constitution.

The telegram had been received the day previous, and, just at that particular juncture, Aunt Jane's own servant had given notice, and taken her departure. There was no help for it. The work must be done somehow, and the best room put in readiness for the expected guest.

Dolly Thorpe was standing upon a stepladder in the cheery apartment known as "the spare room," busily engaged in cleaning the windows. She was a pretty girl, with roguish brown eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. She had been interrupted in her work several times already that morning, and this last summons seemed the one drop too much for her overflowing cup of vexations.

Each demand upon her time and patience Dolly had met and faced bravely, for Aunt Jane was just recovering from a serious illness, and was hardly able to get about the house. To-morrow the new servant would come, and Dolly would be freed from her arduous duties.

In the meantime the expected guest, whose name her father had not taken the trouble to mention, being simply referred to in Mr. Thorpe's telegram as "a friend of mine"—they knew not whether the expected guest was male or female—was liable at any moment to drop in upon them.

All this time Dolly had been standing upon the stepladder, gazing down into Aunt Jane's appealing face, with intense dismay upon her own, and a piece of chamolins in her hand. She wore a blue calico gown, tied up above a pair of little feet in not altogether irreproachable slippers; a pink cap surmounted her curly head. Yet she was simply charming, thought Aunt Jane.

"Just step down a minute, dear," pleaded that individual, meekly. Stiffing an inward groan, Dolly turned round, but catching the skirt of her gown upon the ladder as she did so, she was left for a brief space suspended like Mahomet's coffin. The bucket of soapuds upon the top of the stepladder grew uneasy, and came down to see what was the matter; and the scene that followed can be better imagined than described.

In the midst of the excitement, while Dolly was struggling with the refractory stepladder, which had suddenly collapsed, converting the bare floor into a miniature lake, in which, to use her own expression, she was "getting along swimmingly," a tall form appeared in the open doorway, a pair of merry gray eyes took in the scene, and a musical voice, struggling hard to stifle a burst of laughter, asked sweetly:

"Can I be of any assistance? Why!" in mock astonishment, "if it isn't Dolly Thorpe!"

"Jack!" with a shrill little shriek of dismay. "Yes, it is I. How do you like my get-up? Aunt Jane's servant has taken French leave; somebody had to do this."

"Was it really necessary that all this should be done?" asked Jack Bentley, with lurking mischief in his voice.

Dolly flared up in an instant. How dare he laugh at her?

"You know what I mean. Just lift that side of the stepladder, Jack, and be quiet. There! Thanks awfully. I shall get out of it somehow. I feel like the immortal youth who 'stood on the burning deck.' Jack!" suddenly emerging from the general confusion, and holding out two white hands in greeting, her bright eyes shining like stars, "I'm so glad to see you. Did you drop down from the skies? What brought you here?"

"Well, that is good!" suppressing a whistle. "I was so sure you would be glad to see me that I didn't stop to invent any excuse for coming. But I refuse to have anything to say to you until you have made yourself presentable. Go and put on a dry dress!"

"But," she inquired, ruefully, "who is to finish the room? It is a point of honor with me to carry out an undertaking, and then—I've promised Aunt Jane."

"All right. I'll help you. What is to be done next?"

"You don't mean it?"

For Jack was pulling off his coat, and looking quite fierce, as though longing to set to work in real earnest.

"Well," pursued Dolly, "if you really want to"—Jack made a wry face—"I will not stand in the way—not for the world. Go to work if you like. No doubt work will do you good, and prove a novel experience. The greater part is done, anyhow. We have only to mop up the floor, lay the rug, put in the furniture, hang the curtains, and—"

"Stay! Enough! enough! And for whom are all these preparations intended, for some one is expected—I feel it in the air."

Dolly laughed.

"Quite a swell, no doubt. You see, we don't really know, but suspect that it is one of the sterner sex. Papa just telegraphed to Aunt Jane to expect a friend of his to-day."

Jack Bentley turned the empty pail upside down, and coolly proceeded to seat himself upon the inverted edge.

"Dolly, how long have you had the pleasure of my acquaintance?" was the apparently irrelevant question. She laughed gayly.

"Exactly three years and six months," she announced, demurely, "and I must confess I don't know anything good of you." But the tender light in the merry brown eyes belied her saucy words.

Jack continued loftily:

"I pass your insinuations by with the contempt they merit. Rose of the world, did you ever promise to marry me—circumstances permitting—or—did you not?"

She crept a little closer to his side. "I—I am afraid I did," she said, softly.

"But, oh, Jack! papa would be furious if he knew. He will never consent—because—"

"Because I am as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and he intends that you shall marry Horace Dillingham, the rich merchant."

"Jack!"

"It is true, dear—quite true. Now, listen to my tale of woe. I am here—here to stay! I am your Aunt Jane's expected guest. Are you willing, sweetheart?"

"Will you? Oh, Jack!"

Not another word; but somehow he seemed quite content.

"Please explain," she ventured, timidly, after a pause of golden silence.

Jack drew from his pocket an open letter, addressed to himself, and placed it in Dolly's hand.

It began "My Dear Friend," and ended "Yours as ever." ("Quite tender," Jack declared, in parenthesis), "RUFUS THORPE."

In this letter Mr. Thorpe, Dolly's father, proceeded to advise his "dear friend" to make a trip at once to Millside, in the Pontiac Hills, to his sister-in-law's house—Miss Jane Dean—slyly, insinuating that his daughter, Miss Dolly, would warmly welcome him there.

Dolly's face assumed a look of bewilderment as she read her father's letter. What did it all mean?

"Why, Jack, what has changed papa so? He used to be so violently opposed to you, you know, I cannot understand it at all!"

"I can," Jack answered, grimly. "He wrote this letter to Dillingham, and one to me at the same time, only mine was of an entirely different nature, I imagine. In his haste he made a common mistake; he inclosed my letter in the envelope addressed to Dillingham, and vice versa. The invitation to Mr. Dillingham, in which no name was mentioned, was received by me. What could I do but accept?"

"What, indeed?" laughed Dolly. "And now that you are here, we will just have a splendid time."

Taken into their confidence, Aunt Jane could not find it in her heart to object, for Jack was in every way unobjectionable, save that he was not wealthy. Yet he held a good position in a prosperous firm, and his advancement was only a question of time, after all.

Mr. Rufus Thorpe was overwhelmed with consternation one day, while sitting in his office, by the apparition of the two young culprits, with the astounding announcement that they had been quietly married that morning.

"I won her under false pretenses; but she's mine, all the same," the young rascal unblushingly added.

But when Mr. Thorpe had learned that a distant relative of Jack Bentley's had just shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving him sole heir to a neat little fortune, he thought better of the marriage, and in time expressed unqualified approval.—New York Weekly.

The Austrian Lloyd line established the first week in January a fast fortnightly steamship service between Trieste and Brindisi, on the Mediterranean, and Karachi and Bombay, India, with a maximum voyage of fifteen days.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII of France in 1445. In England the first standing army was organized in 1688.



LOST IN AFRICAN BUSH.

Among difficulties of travel we found that our boys had not the slightest idea of distance either in miles or hours. At times it was extremely irritating, but there was no help for it. A native can only calculate by the sun. He will point to the sky and say: "When the sun is there we shall get to water." And if one is traveling continuously he is generally right. But an outspan at once upsets the calculation. How often did we ask "Metsleka?" (Where is the water?) and receive the invariable answer: "Not so very far," or "Very far," the only two modes of expressing distance known to him.

In this way we journeyed on slowly through the sultry and dusty country spending the mornings and evenings shooting in the bush. It was a land of few attractions, and yet in the cool light of the morning, or when its barren brownness was hidden by the warm glow of the setting sun, it was almost beautiful. Bird life was plentiful and we always enjoyed the luxury of fresh pheasant and partridge—a luxury to which Johannesburg, under the tyranny of cold storage, is a stranger. Partridges, namquas and shrimples (a little partridge—a great delicacy), reheaded pheasants, korhaan, guinea fowls, were to be found everywhere, and sometimes we saw a pauw Steinbuck and dulkor (phuduudu in Bechnana) were plentiful, too, but we saw no larger game.

For days we traveled on through the wash-see-bee thorn bush. Curiously enough, this bush, which spreads unbroken over so vast a portion of South Africa, seems to the travelers to be always subtly changing in character. Now it is so thick that one can see only a few yards; now it breaks into a park-like country; then again the bushes are for a mile or two only a few feet high, and a little further on the timber is of quite a decent size. And yet to travel on through it for days is monotonously dreary, and its ugliness and unattractiveness makes it after a time appear almost as a personal enemy.

And after all this feeling is not so far wrong, for surely this is the land "where life has death for neighbor"—a neighbor ready to greet any one who may wander alone into his domain. If a man is inexperienced and unless he possesses a singularly good bump of locality, it is about ten to one that in half an hour he is hopelessly lost. It is impossible to imagine how easy it is to lose one's bearings, and I never ceased to marvel at the instinct which led the natives to go back straight to the camp. But not every native has this instinct.

To be one of us he must have been born and bred in the bush. The natives of the mountains in the Zoutpansberg district are worse than useless in the bush of the low country, and the Basuto police sometimes lose themselves in the Kalahari. Not long ago a Basuto was lost pursuing a wounded wildebeest, and was found a few days afterward with his head gnawed off by the jackals.

I can imagine no more awful fate than to be lost in the bush. In the open country, on the great plains and under God's clear sky, hope and resolution would be loath to desert one. But here "lead-eyed despair" would quickly come. A man would have to be of stubborn stuff, indeed, who would not be bowed down by the awful sense of impenetrableness and hopelessness with which this country fills the mind.

To one born and bred in an open land it is the feeling of the never-endingness of the bush that appals, the feeling, too, that man's wits are here of no avail, that water may be within a few yards—perhaps the only water for many miles—and yet there be no mark to guide one to it. The waterlessness, the lonely silence of the country the stunted, gnarled branches of the eternal thorn bush, always oppressed my imagination with the same thought—that surely this was a land on which God's curse had suddenly descended, turning it, perhaps, from a land growing and full of promise into this hopeless and useless waste.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LOST BAG.

One night a few years ago I traveled north to Aberdeen by the mid-night train intending to go on further next day to attend the wedding of a friend of mine. I had a small hand-bag with me, containing some wearing apparel and a present for the bride.

I entered a corridor carriage and got into an empty compartment. After putting my bag upon the rack I sat down and began to read. After leaving Montrose I must have fallen asleep, for I woke up with a start as the train drew up at Stonehaven. Looking up at the rack, I noticed that my bag was missing.

Rushing into the corridor, I looked to see if any of the other passengers were leaving the carriage, but there was none, so after the train had started again I went and interviewed the other passengers, but with no

satisfaction. None of them had seen anybody passing their compartments. I was in a quandary, and was thinking I had seen the last of my bag when we arrived in Aberdeen. I took a good look at my fellow-passengers as they left the train, and I noticed a closely muffled-up man who had occupied the compartment next to me, leave the train carrying a large traveling bag and a rug.

Somehow the man's appearance seemed to me to be suspicious, so, acting on a sudden impulse, I determined to follow him. I fancied he turned round once or twice to see if I was following, but just as he was turning a corner sharply he went full bang into a policeman with the result that his bag and rug were knocked out of his hands. Before he could get them up again I was up to him, and there by the side of his rug was my bag.

"Excuse me," I said, going forward, "I think this is my property. I lost it somehow—"

But before either the policeman or I could act the thief was up the street like a hare, leaving the other bag and the rug behind him.

I explained matters to the policeman and a few days later I got a letter stating that the other bag and the rug had also been stolen on the journey, and had been restored to their rightful owner. The thief was never caught.—D. Mackie, Kirkcaldy.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S BLUFF.

As we left Sandy Gulch for Rising Sun there were six males passengers to go by the stage, and the route was over the mountains and full of chances of disaster. The driver came out from breakfast as soon as the stage was ready, and looking about on the passengers he selected a small, pale-faced man and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was climbing up the driver whispered to the rest of us:

"I picked him out in order to scare him to death. You fellows will see a heap of fun before we've gone ten miles!"

Two minutes west of the gulch the roadway made a sudden turn, with a sheer fall of a hundred feet down to Wild Cat Creek, and the driver put his horses at a gallop and said to the man:

"We may get around all right, or we may fetch up down below. Hold yer breath and say yer prayers!"

The passenger made no move and did not change countenance, and, after making the course all right, the rider rather indignantly demanded: "Didn't you see that the off wheel run within a foot of the edge of the precipice?"

"It ran within six inches, sir!" was the reply.

Beyond the curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The five of us inside had to hang on for dear life and every half minute the stage seemed bound to go over.

"Did ye know that if we'd happened to have struck a rock we'd all been dead men in no time?"

"Of course."

"And ye wasn't prayin'?"

"Not at all."

Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it on one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach. We were flung in a heap and frightened half to death, but the man beside the driver never lost a puff of his cigar. When things were safe the driver turned on him with:

"That surely was the brink of the grave."

"Guess it was," was the quiet reply.

"The closest shave you will ever hev until the last one comes."

"Yes."

"See here now, but what sort of a critter ar' you?" was the query. "Don't you know 'nuff to git skeart?"

"Nothing has happened yet to scare me."

"But mebbe ye want me to drive plumb over a precipice a thousand feet high?"

"If you conveniently can. The fact is driver, I came off up here intending to commit suicide, and if you can dump the whole of us over some cliff you'll oblige me."—Atlanta Constitution.

MODERN HEROICS.

Among the lamentations heard from people who incline to praise the past at the expense of the present is that the age of heroic deeds is gone with the spinning wheel and the stage coach with its pompous postillion and tooting guard. We have always held that human nature had not changed with the fashions of dress or of domestic habits. The principal difference is, that heroism is not nowadays conspicuous on fields of carnage where men are trying to destroy lives, but on the peaceful fields of industry which are more famous for their triumphs than scenes of strife ever were.

A few lines in a morning paper one day last month recorded all that is likely to be heard of an act which was sublime. There was an explosion of a glycerine boiling tank in a soap-making establishment in Jersey City, in which several of the workmen were painfully burned. One named John Lees was severely scalded on the back of his head by the boiling glycerine. The police wanted to send Lees to the hospital but he refused to go, saying that he left his wife at home feeling poorly, and that it would alarm her to hear that he had been sent to a hospital. He would go home, and he did.

TAX FORTUNES, SAYS CARNEGIE.

Predicts Day When to Make Money Will Be Deemed Ignoble.

The London Review of Reviews prints a striking article by Andrew Carnegie entitled "My Partners, the People." Mr. Carnegie expresses the belief that a millionaire ought to share his wealth with the poor, but with the limitation that his fortune should not be divided before the millionaire's death. Then the community should exact a large share, graduated in increasing proportion to the extent of the dead man's wealth.

After advocating the British graduated death duties as a basis for distribution, Mr. Carnegie says:

"Such contributions from the owners of enormous fortunes at their death would do much to reconcile dissatisfied but fair minded people to the alarmingly unequal distribution of wealth arising from the new industrial conditions of our day. We shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or bequeathed at death, so that it will be impossible for the owners of enormous fortunes to hand no more than a certain amount to any individual."

Mr. Carnegie humbly deprecates the claim of the merely wealthy to fame. They have no place with educated men, and they occupy a lower plane intellectually. In the coming day brains will stand above dollars, and conduct above both. The making of money as an aim will then be rated as an ignoble ambition.

WISE WORDS.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Socrates.

Many a good man's purse is like a siphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—Arthur Edwards.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Courage is a sort of armor to the mind, and keeps an unwelcome impression from driving too deep into perception.—Elmes.

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end; of what we want, and not of what we have.—Stevenson.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even moles and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—Emerson.

Joy is a working thing. It builds up while it enlarges the whole nature. It is the wine to strengthen the heart, to brace it to carry noble enterprise.—Dora Greenwell.

Shall a mechanical experiment succeed infallibly, and the one vital experiment of humanity remain a chance? Is corn to grow by method and character by caprice?—Henry Drummond.

Too many strictures as to childish conduct are like elastic garters seen too often on stout little legs. They impede the moral circulation, and should be for the most part laid aside. Elizabeth Grinnell.

If your faith in God is stronger for every humble task in which you need and get His aid, then that humble task is necessary to the fullness of your faith in God. It will make the music of your life more firm and solid.—Phillips Brooks.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—Archdeacon Farrar.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is something within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers than what the man is.—Austin Phelps.

Too Early Achievement.

The English girl of seventeen, who has just written a historical novel of more than average merit, is a cause of great wonderment among our British cousins, and great things are predicted for her as a writer in the future. But youthful prodigies in literature do not usually fulfill the promise of their early achievements. They do not develop into eminent writers as a general thing, and Chatterton and Henry Kirke White probably did all they were possible of doing. Who reads their poems today except from curiosity. The "marvelous boy who perished in his pride," probably recognized instinctively that he could do nothing better than his impostures.

It is true that in music and in acting the infant phenomenon has often progressed to great distinction, but in literature and in art the precocious children seldom or never advance beyond their early cleverness. The overbright child at school does not, like wine, improve with age, and is often to be found among the dullards in later life, while his slower paced brother has attained eminence. Therefore, put not too much faith in prodigies.

The Argentine Republic boasts of the largest wheat field in the world. It covers a little more than 100 square miles.

EAGLE HOTEL.

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CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR.

House newly refitted, and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

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RECIPES.

Gingerbread—Half cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1 large spoon lard of butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups flour. After all are mixed add 1 well beaten egg.

Egg Tarts.—Line small deep gem pans with a rich pastry and partly fill them with the following mixture: One egg well beaten with a cup of light-brown sugar; then add a tablespoon of vinegar. Bake until crust is well browned then the filling will be done. This recipe makes about a dozen tarts.

Soda Crackers.—Sift together one quart flour, one teaspoonful soda and half a teaspoonful salt. Rub into this one tablespoonful lard and butter mixed, using the tips of the fingers, beat one egg and add, together with butter and milk, enough to make a very stiff paste. Beat until light and blistered. Roll rather thin, cut into squares, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven.

Milk Biscuit.—Put into a saucepan one half cup milk and a tablespoonful butter, and set on the stove to warm. Sift together half a pound flour and a teaspoonful baking powder, and pour into it the hot milk. Mix into a smooth, stiff paste, then with a floured rolling pin, roll into as thin a sheet as possible. Cut into small rounds and bake about twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Macaroni Italian Style.—Put three-fourths of a pound of macaroni without breaking into boiling salted water and cook twenty minutes or until done. Drain and put into a saucepan with one gill of tomato sauce and a quarter pound grated Parmesan cheese. Season with nutmeg and pepper to taste and cook slowly for ten minutes, tossing frequently. Arrange on a hot dish and serve with grated cheese separately.

THE FAMILY SILVER.

In the first place, keep it bright. If never allowed to get into a deplorable condition, its cleaning will be no hardship.

Regularly once a week wash it thoroughly in very hot soapuds.

Remove one piece at a time from the suds, polish it at once and drop into very hot clean water.

When ready to dry take only one piece at a time from the hot water, dry at once, and polish with chamolins skin or flannel.

This method is much better than heaping the wet silver on a tray, to get cold before dried.

Silver not in general use should be wrapped in white tissue paper and kept in a cotton flannel bag.

A special kind of tissue paper and flannel for this purpose can be bought at a reliable silversmith's.

Mark each bag plainly with its contents.

When wanted silver kept this way will always be found bright.

The Milwaukee Journal asserts that: "Nobody can save you from pneumonia but yourself. It is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure. For of all the diseases this is one of the easiest to avoid and one of the hardest to cure. While consumption is being mastered and is on the decline, pneumonia still baffles medical science and is on the increase."

The Cincinnati Enquirer is assured that: "Aerial navigation would revolutionize warfare, making it so destructive as to probably insure its early abolition. Free trade would be bound to prevail everywhere, because it would be impossible to prevent smuggling; custom houses would be of no use. Travel would be stimulated and increased, and inaccessible portions of the globe reached and explored."

With prosperity at top notch, with wages higher than ever, with immigration outrunning all records, boasts the New York World, there has never been a time when employers from the Pacific to the Atlantic were crying so loudly for workers as just now.

SUCCESS.

The word unbreathed; whose temper true
From the heart's fire was sent,
The goal I never reached, where
My spirit's strength was bent,
All—my I longed and failed to do
Is full accomplishment.

And somewhere in the fields whereon
The ungarnered harvests be,
My sheaves lie ripening in the sun
That warms eternally,
And filled with food myself hath sown
This furnished soil shall be.
—Grace Ellery Channing, in Youth's Com-
panion.

A Letter-Writer's Blunder.

By JAMES C. HILLWELL.

"Dolly, dear, there is a gentleman in the sitting-room who wishes to see you. What shall you do? Of course, I know that you are not presentable; how could you be, while engaged in washing windows? But he seems so anxious to see you, I could not say no. There! I've dropped his card somewhere. Well, no matter. But if you will, Dolly—just step in and speak to him."

Aunt Jane paused to take breath. There was a timid quaver, a half-deprecatory tone in her voice, too, as though she knew that she was asking a great deal, but had still resolved to do her duty courageously.

The room at whose open door she was standing—the best in the old-fashioned farmhouse nestling among the Pontiac Hills—looked at present as though no power could set it straight again. It was so provoking! Her pretty niece, Dolly Thorpe, from the metropolises, had come to spend the summer with Aunt Jane; and hardly was she comfortably settled when a telegram had arrived from Dolly's father requesting Aunt Jane to receive, for a few weeks, a particular friend of his own, who wished to try the effect of the fresh air upon a somewhat delicate constitution.

The telegram had been received the day previous, and, just at that particular juncture, Aunt Jane's one servant had given notice, and taken her departure. There was no help for it. The work must be done somehow, and the best room put in readiness for the expected guest.

Dolly Thorpe was standing upon a stepladder in the cheery apartment known as "the spare room," busily engaged in cleaning the windows. She was a pretty girl, with roguish brown eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. She had been interrupted in her work several times already that morning, and this last summons seemed the one drop too much for her overflowing cup of vexations.

Each demand upon her time and patience Dolly had met and faced bravely, for Aunt Jane was just recovering from a serious illness, and was hardly able to get about the house. To-morrow the new servant would come, and Dolly would be freed from her arduous duties.

In the meantime the expected guest, whose name her father had not taken the trouble to mention, being simply referred to in Mr. Thorpe's telegram as "a friend of mine"—they knew not whether the expected guest was male or female—was, liable at any moment to drop in upon them.

All this time Dolly had been standing upon the stepladder, gazing down into Aunt Jane's appealing face, with intense dismay upon her own, and a piece of chamolis in her hand. She wore a blue calico gown, tied up above a pair of little feet in not altogether irreproachable slippers; a pink cap surmounted her curly head. Yet she was simply charming, thought Aunt Jane.

"Just step down a minute, dear," pleaded that individual, meekly.

Suffing an inward groan, Dolly turned round, but catching the skirt of her gown upon the ladder as she did so, she was left for a brief space suspended like Mahomet's coffin. The bucket of soap suds upon the top of the stepladder grew uneasy, and came down to see what was the matter; and the scene that followed can be better imagined than described.

In the midst of the excitement, while Dolly was struggling with the refractory stepladder, which had suddenly collapsed, converting the bare floor into a miniature lake, in which, to use her own expression, she was "getting along swimmingly," a tall form appeared in the open doorway, a pair of merry gray eyes took in the scene, and a musical voice, struggling hard to stifle a burst of laughter, asked sweetly:

"Can I be of any assistance? Why!" in mock astonishment, "if it isn't Dolly Thorpe!"

"Jack!" with a shrill little shriek of dismay. "Yes, it is I. How do you like my get-up? Aunt Jane's servant has taken French leave; somebody had to do this."

"Was it really necessary that all this should be done?" asked Jack Bentley, with lurking mischief in his voice.

Dolly flared up in an instant. How dare he laugh at her?

"You know what I mean, Jack. Just lift that side of the stepladder, Jack, and be quiet. There! Thanks awfully. I shall get out of it somehow. I feel like the immortal youth who 'stood on the burning deck.' Jack!" suddenly emerging from the general confusion, and holding out two white hands in greeting, her bright eyes shining like stars, "I'm so glad to see you. Did you drop down from the skies? What brought you here?"

"Well, that is good!" suppressing a whistle. "I was so sure you would be glad to see me that I didn't stop to invent any excuse for coming. But I refuse to have anything to say to you until you have made yourself presentable. Go and put on a dry dress!"

"But," she inquired, ruefully, "who is to finish the room? It is a point of honor with me to carry out an undertaking, and then—I've promised Aunt Jane."

"All right. I'll help you. What is to be done next?"

"You don't mean it?"

For Jack was pulling off his coat, and looking quite fierce, as though longing to set to work in real earnest.

"Well," pursued Dolly, "if you really want to"—Jack made a wry face—"I will not stand in the way—not for the world. Go to work if you like. No doubt work will do you good, and prove a novel experience. The greater part is done, anyhow. We have only to mop up the floor, lay the rug, put in the furniture, hang the curtains, and—"

"Stay! Enough! enough! And for whom are all these preparations intended, for some one is expected—I feel it in the air."

Dolly laughed.

"Quite a swell, no doubt. You see, we don't really know, but suspect that it is one of the sterner sex. Papa just telegraphed to Aunt Jane to expect a friend of his to-day."

Jack Bentley turned the empty pail upside down, and coolly proceeded to seat himself upon the inverted edge.

"Dolly, how long have you had the pleasure of my acquaintance?" was the apparently irrelevant question. She laughed gayly.

"Exactly three years and six months," she announced, demurely, "and I must confess I don't know anything good of you." But the tender light in the merry brown eyes belied her saucy words.

Jack continued loftily:

"I pass your insinuations by with the contempt they merit. Rose of the world, did you ever promise to marry me—circumstances permitting—or—did you not?"

She crept a little closer to his side.

"I—I am afraid I did," she said, softly. "But, oh, Jack! papa would be furious if he knew. He will never consent—because—"

"Because I am as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and he intends that you shall marry Horace Dillingham, the rich merchant."

"Jack!"

"It is true, dear—quite true. Now, listen to my tale of woe. I am here—here to stay! I am your Aunt Jane's expected guest. Are you willing, sweetheart?"

"Will you? Oh, Jack!"

Not another word; but somehow he seemed quite content.

"Please explain," she ventured, timidly, after a pause of golden silence.

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It began "My Dear Friend," and ended "Yours as ever." ("Quite tender," Jack declared, in parenthesis), "RUFUS THORPE."

In this letter Mr. Thorpe, Dolly's father proceeded to advise his "dear friend" to make a trip at once to Millside, in the Pontiac Hills, to his sister-in-law's house—Miss Jane Dean—slyly, insinuating that his daughter, Miss Dolly, would warmly welcome him there.

Dolly's face assumed a look of bewilderment as she read her father's letter. What did it all mean?

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"I can," Jack answered, grimly.

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"What, indeed?" laughed Dolly.

"And now that you are here, we will just have a splendid time."

Taken into their confidence, Aunt Jane could not find it in her heart to object, for Jack was in every way unobjectionable, save that he was not wealthy. Yet he held a good position in a prosperous firm, and his advancement was only a question of time, after all.

Mr. Rufus Thorpe was overwhelmed with consternation one day, while sitting in his office, by the apparition of the two young culprits, with the astounding announcement that they had been quietly married that morning.

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The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII of France in 1445. In England the first standing army was organized in 1633.



LOST IN AFRICAN BUSH.

Among difficulties of travel we found that our boys had not the slightest idea of distance either in miles or hours. At times it was extremely irritating, but there was no help for it. A native can only calculate by the sun. He will point to the sky and say: "When the sun is there we shall get to water." And if one is traveling continuously he is generally right. But an outspan at once upsets the calculation. How often did we ask "Metsiekae?" (Where is the water?) and receive the invariable answer: "Not so very far," or "Very far," the only two modes of expressing distance known to him.

In this way we journeyed on slowly through the sultry and dusty country spending the mornings and evenings shooting in the bush. It was a land of few attractions, and yet in the cool light of the morning, or when its barren brownness was hidden by the warm glow of the setting sun, it was almost beautiful. Bird life was plentiful and we always enjoyed the luxury of fresh pheasant and partridge—a luxury to which Johannesburg, under the tyranny of cold storage, is a stranger. Partridges, namquas and shrimps (a little partridge—a great delicacy), reheaded pheasants, korhaan, guinea fowls, were to be found everywhere, and sometimes we saw a paauw Steinbuck and dulkler (phuduhudu in Bechnana) were plentiful, too, but we saw no larger game.

For days we traveled on through the wach-ee-beetle thorn bush. Curiously enough, this bush, which spreads unbroken over so vast a portion of South Africa, seems to the travelers to be always subtly changing in character. Now it is so thick that one can see only a few yards; now it breaks into a park-like country; then again the bushes are for a mile or two only a few feet high, and a little further on the timber is of quite a decent size. And yet to travel on through it for days is monotonously dreary, and its ugliness and unattractiveness makes it after a time appear almost as a personal enemy.

And after all this feeling is not so far wrong, for surely this is the land "where life has death for neighbor"—a neighbor ready to greet any one who may wander alone into his domain. If a man is inexperienced and unless he possesses a singularly good bump of locality, it is about ten to one that in half an hour he is hopelessly lost. It is impossible to imagine how easy it is to lose one's bearings, and I never ceased to marvel at the instinct which led the natives to go back straight to the camp. But not every native has this instinct.

To be one of us he must have been born and bred in the bush. The natives of the mountains in the Zoutpansberg district are worse than useless in the bush of the low country, and the Basuto police sometimes lose themselves in the Kalahari. Not long ago a Basuto was lost pursuing a wounded wildebeest, and was found a few days afterward with his head gnawed off by the jackals.

I can imagine no more awful fate than to be lost in the bush. In the open country, on the great plains and under God's clear sky, hope and resolution would be loath to desert one. But here "leaden-eyed despair" would quickly come. A man would have to be of stubborn stuff, indeed, who would not be bowed down by the awful sense of impenetrableness and hopelessness with which this country fills the mind.

To one born and bred in an open land it is the feeling of the never-endingness of the bush that appals, the feeling, too, that man's wits are here of no avail, that water may be within a few yards—perhaps the only water for many miles—and yet there be no mark to guide one to it. The waterlessness, the lonely silence of the country the stunted, gnarled branches of the eternal thorn bush, always oppressed my imagination with the same thought—that surely this was a land on which God's curse had suddenly descended, turning it, perhaps, from a land growing and full of promise into this hopeless and useless waste.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LOST BAG.

One night a few years ago I traveled north to Aberdeen by the mid-night train intending to go on further next day to attend the wedding of a friend of mine. I had a small hand-bag with me, containing some wearing apparel and a present for the bride.

I entered a corridor carriage and got into an empty compartment. After putting my bag upon the rack I sat down and began to read. After leaving Montrose I must have fallen asleep, for I woke up with a start as the train drew up at Stonehaven. Looking up at the rack, I noticed that my bag was missing.

Rushing into the corridor, I looked to see if any of the other passengers were leaving the carriage, but there was none, so after the train had started again I went and interviewed the other passengers, but with no

satisfaction. None of them had seen anybody passing their compartments.

I was in a quandary, and was thinking I had seen the last of my bag when we arrived in Aberdeen. I took a good look at my fellow-passengers as they left the train, and I noticed a closely muffled-up man who had occupied the compartment next to me, leave the train carrying a large traveling bag and a rug.

Somewhat the man's appearance seemed to me to be suspicious, so, acting on a sudden impulse, I determined to follow him. I fancied he turned round once or twice to see if I was following, but just as he was turning a corner sharply he went full bang into a policeman with the result that his bag and rug were knocked out of his hands. Before he could get them up again I was up to him, and there by the side of his rug was my bag.

"Excuse me," I said, going forward, "I think this is my property. I lost it somehow—"

But before either the policeman or I could act the thief was up the street like a hare, leaving the other bag and the rug behind him.

I explained matters to the policeman and a few days later I got a letter stating that the other bag and the rug had also been stolen on the journey, and had been restored to their rightful owner. The thief was never caught.—D. Mackie, Kirkcaldy.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S BLUFF.

As we left Sandy Gulch for Rising Sun there were six males passengers to go by the stage, and the route was over the mountains and full of chances of disaster. The driver came out from breakfast as soon as the stage was ready, and looking about on the passengers he selected a small, pale-faced man and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was climbing up the driver whispered to the rest of us:

"I picked him out in order to scare him to death. You fellows will see a heap of fun before we've gone ten miles!"

Two minutes west of the gulch the roadway made a sudden turn, with a sheer fall of a hundred feet down to Wild Cat Creek, and the driver put his horses at a gallop and said to the man:

"We may get around all right, or we may fetch up down below. Hold your breath and say your prayers!"

The passenger made no move and did not change countenance, and, after making the course all right, the rider rather indignantly demanded:

"Didn't you see that the off wheel run within a foot of the edge of the precipice?"

"It ran within six inches, sir!" was the reply.

Beyond the curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The five of us inside had to hang on for dear life and every half minute the stage seemed bound to go over.

"Did ye know that if we'd happened to have struck a rock we'd all been dead men in no time?"

"Of course."

"And ye wasn't prayin'?"

"Not at all."

Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it on one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach. We were flung in a heap and frightened half to death, but the man beside the driver never lost a puff of his cigar. When things were safe the driver turned on him with:

"That surely was the brink of the grave."

"Guess it was," was the quiet reply.

"The closest shave you will ever hev until the last one comes."

"Yes."

"See here now, but what sort of a critter ar' you?" was the query.

"Don't you know 'nuff to git skeart?"

"Nothing has happened yet to scare me."

"But mebbe ye want me to drive plumb over a precipice a thousand feet high?"

"If you conveniently can. The fact is driver, I came off up here intending to commit suicide, and if you can dump the whole of us over some cliff you'll oblige me."—Atlanta Constitution.

MODERN HEROICS.

Among the lamentations heard from people who incline to praise the past at the expense of the present is that the age of heroic deeds is gone with the spinning wheel and the stage coach with its pompous postillion and tooting guard. We have always held that human nature had not changed with the fashions of dress or of domestic habits. The principal difference is, that heroism is not nowadays conspicuous on fields of carnage where men are trying to destroy lives, but on the peaceful fields of industry which are more famous for their triumphs than scenes of strife ever were.

A few lines in a morning paper one day last month recorded an act which is likely to be heard of an act which was sublime. There was an explosion of a glycerine boiling tank in a soap-making establishment in Jersey City. In which several of the workmen were painfully burned. One named John Lees was severely scalded on the back of his head by the boiling glycerine. The police wanted to send Lees to the hospital but he refused to go, saying that he left his wife at home feeling poorly, and that it would alarm her to hear that he had been sent to a hospital. He would go home, and he did.

TAX FORTUNES, SAYS CARNEGIE.

Predicts Day When to Make Money Will Be Deemed Ignoble.

The London Review of Reviews prints a striking article by Andrew Carnegie entitled "My Partners, the People." Mr. Carnegie expresses the belief that a millionaire ought to share his wealth with the poor, but with the limitation that his fortune should not be divided before the millionaire's death. Then the community should exact a large share, graduated in increasing proportion to the extent of the dead man's wealth.

After advocating the British graduated death duties as a basis for distribution, Mr. Carnegie says:

"Such contributions from the owners of enormous fortunes at their death would do much to reconcile dissatisfied but fair minded people to the alarmingly unequal distribution of wealth arising from the new industrial conditions of our day. We shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or bequeathed at death, so that it will be impossible for the owners of enormous fortunes to hand no more than a certain amount to any individual."

Mr. Carnegie humbly deprecates the claim of the merely wealthy to fame. They have no place with educated men, and they occupy a lower plane intellectually. In the coming day brains will stand above dollars, and conduct above both. The making of money as an aim will then be rated as an ignoble ambition.

WISE WORDS.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Socrates.

Many a good man's purse is like a siphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—Arthur Edwards.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Courage is a sort of armor to the mind, and keeps an unwelcome impression from driving too deep into perception.—Elmes.

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.—Bovee.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end; of what we want, and not of what we have.—Stevenson.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even notes and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—Emerson.

Joy is a working thing. It builds up while it enlarges the whole nature. It is the wine to strengthen the heart, to brace it to carry noble enterprise.—Dora Greenwell.

Shall a mechanical experiment succeed infallibly, and the one vital experiment of humanity remain a chance? Is corn to grow by method and character by caprice?—Henry Drummond.

Too many strictures as to childish conduct are like elastic garters seen too often on stout little legs. They impede the moral circulation, and should be for the most part laid aside. Elizabeth Grinnell.

If your faith in God is stronger for every humble task in which you need and get His aid, then that humble task is necessary to the fullness of your faith in God. It will make the muscle of your life more firm and solid.—Phillips Brooks.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—Archdeacon Farrar.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is something within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers than what the man is.—Austin Phelps.

Too Early Achievement.

The English girl of seventeen, who has just written a historical novel of more than average merit, is a cause of great wonderment among our British cousins, and great things are predicted for her as a writer in the future. But youthful prodigies in literature do not usually fulfill the promise of their early achievements. They do not develop into eminent writers as a general thing, and Chatterton and Henry Kirke White probably did all they were possible of doing. Who reads their poems to-day except from curiosity. The "marvelous boy who perished in his pride," probably recognized instinctively that he could do nothing better than his impostures.

It is true that in music and in acting the infant phenomenon has often progressed to great distinction, but in literature and in art the precocious children seldom or never advance beyond their early cleverness. The overbright child at school does not, like wine, improve with age, and is often to be found among the dullards in later life, while his slower paced brother has attained eminence. Therefore, put not too much faith in prodigies.

The Argentine Republic boasts of the largest wheat field in the world. It covers a little more than 100 square miles.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurbished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Barstocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurbished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam bath, hot rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office Opposite Court House.

JOHN B. McPHERSON - DONALD F. McPHERSON

McPHERSON & McPHERSON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

RECIPES.

Gingerbread.—Half cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1 large spoon lard of butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups flour. After all are mixed add 1 well beaten egg.

Egg Tarts.—Line small deep gem pans with a rich pastry and partly fill them with the following mixture: One egg well beaten with a cup of light-brown sugar; then add a tablespoon of vinegar. Bake until crust is well browned then the filling will be done. This recipe makes about a dozen tarts.

Soda Crackers.—Sift together one quart flour, one teaspoonful soda and half a teaspoonful salt. Rub into this one tablespoonful lard and butter mixed, using the tips of the fingers, beat one egg and add, together with butter and milk, enough to make a very stiff paste. Beat until light and blistered. Roll rather thin, cut into squares, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven.

Milk Biscuit.—Put into a saucepan one half cup milk and a tablespoonful butter, and set on the stove to warm. Sift together half a pound flour and a teaspoonful baking powder, and pour into it the hot milk. Mix into a smooth, stiff paste, then with a floured rolling pin, roll into as thin a sheet as possible. Cut into small rounds and bake about twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Macaroni Italian Style.—Put three-fourths of a pound of macaroni without breaking into boiling salted water and cook twenty minutes or until done. Drain and put into a saucepan with one gill of tomato sauce and a quarter pound grated Parmesan cheese. Season with nutmeg and pepper to taste and cook slowly for ten minutes, tossing frequently. Arrange on a hot dish and serve with grated cheese separately.

THE FAMILY SILVER.

In the first place, keep it bright. If never allowed to get into a deplorable condition, its cleaning will be no hardship.

Regularly once a week wash it thoroughly in very hot soap suds.

Remove one piece at a time from the suds, polish it at once and drop into very hot clean water.

When ready to dry take only one piece at a time from the hot water, dry at once, and polish with chamolis skin or flannel.

This method is much better than heaping the wet silver on a tray, to get cold before dried.

Silver not in general use should be wrapped in white tissue paper and kept in a cotton flannel bag.

A special kind of tissue paper and flannel for this purpose can be bought at a reliable silversmith's.

Mark each bag plainly with its contents. When wanted silver kept this way will always be found bright.

The Milwaukee Journal asserts that: "Nobody can save you from pneumonia but yourself. It is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure. For of all the diseases this is one of the easiest to avoid and one of the hardest to cure. While consumption is being mastered and is on the decline, pneumonia still baffles medical science and is on the increase."

The Cincinnati Enquirer is assured that: "Aerial navigation would revolutionize warfare, making it so destructive as to probably insure its early abolition. Free trade would be bound to prevail everywhere, because it would be impossible to prevent smuggling; custom houses would be of no use. Travel would be stimulated and increased, and inaccessible portions of the globe reached and explored."

Mrs. Julian McCleary, of near Stewartstown, York county, fell down a stairway at her home last Wednesday evening, and died shortly afterward. The aged woman, when she fell, alighted on her head and was rendered unconscious. She was found lying on the basement floor by her daughter. Mr. McCleary was summoned and he carried her to her sleeping apartment on the second floor, where she died one hour later. She was aged 73 years.

DOING BUSINESS AGAIN.—"When my friends thought I was about to take leave of this world, on account of indigestion, nervousness and general debility," writes A. A. Chisholm, Treadwell, N. Y., "and when it looked as if there was no hope left, I was persuaded to try Electric Bitters, and I rejoice to say that they are curing me. I am now doing business again as of old, and am still gaining daily." Best tonic medicine on earth. Guaranteed by ED. T. ATKER druggist. 50c.

The log tenant house on the farm of J. B. Bringman, close to the W. M. Railroad, between Smith's Station and Porters', was destroyed by fire about noon Saturday. The supposition is that the fire started from sparks from a passing engine. The dwelling was occupied by Noah Sterner, who lost everything in the house, with the exception of a few pieces of furniture. The loss on building and contents will amount to about \$600.

ECREKA!—Yes, I have found it at last. Found what? Why that Chamberlain's Salve cures eczema and all manner of itching of the skin. I have been afflicted for many years with skin disease. I had to get up three or four times every night and wash with cold water to allay the terrible itching, but since using this salve in December, 1905, the itching has stopped and has not troubled me.—Elder John T. Ongley, Rootville, Pa. For sale by ED. T. ATKER.

Public Sale!

OF FINE WESTERN HORSES.

Saturday, March 30, 1907,
the undersigned will sell a car load of Fine Western Horses at his stables in East Berlin. Sale at 12:30 rain or shine.
124 ly A. A. GRUVER.

Borough Account.

John S. Weaver, Treasurer, in Account with the Borough of New Oxford, Pa., from March 6, 1906, to March 4, 1907.

DR.—WATER.
Balance last audit.....\$ 122.47
Seven Taps.....42.00
From S. Keeney, tax collector.....896.64
From J. W. Winand, tax of 1906.....1.60
Water rents.....553.51
\$1,916.58

CR.—WATER.
Auditing last year's account.....\$ 1.50
Treasurer's salary Mar. '06 to Mar. '07.....19.27
Item. pub. annual statement, etc.....4.50
Gasoline and cylinder oil.....200.90
A. J. Gilden, pump and labor.....137.24
Freight on gasoline and oil.....12.65
Material, express and labor, power house.....59.01
Secretary's salary.....28.01
S. Miller Miller, surveying and plan for S. B. of Health.....6.00
Weaver Mfg. Co., tapping and material.....73.78
J. Babylon, cleaning stand pipe.....5.00
J. H. Dutera, Jr., coal.....6.25
E. M. Straley, J. P., midwifery.....50
Operating expenses—including audits, printing, salaries repairs, material, expressage, tapping and labor.....554.61
Interest on bonds.....490.00
State tax on bonds.....49.00
Bonds 25 and 102 redeemed.....204.00
Balance in treasury.....\$1,298.21
618.37
\$1,916.58

DR.—BOROUGH.
Balance last audit.....\$ 584.47
Toll gate house.....10.00
Show privileges.....5.50
Automobile fine.....25.00
Tax on telephone poles, year 1906.....25.25
License " " year 1907.....240.00
Tax from J. W. Winand, year 1906.....85
Tax from Sol. Keeney, year 1906.....502.84
Dog tax, year 1906.....12.00
\$1,499.51

CR.—BOROUGH.
Auditing last year's account.....\$ 1.50
Treas. salary, Mar. '06 to Mar. '07.....19.27
Item. pub. annual statement, etc.....5.25
Printing ordinances.....40.00
Bisberger and Hoke & Son, spalls.....161.27
P. A. & S. Small, Co., oil.....64.24
Freight on spalls and oil.....74.74
R. M. Straley, J. P., from Smith act.....1.40
C. L. Echoltz, boards and lettering for circle.....2.10
Seeds, matches, pipe, etc.....3.85
M. E. church, window clock.....12.00
Gibbert & Son, hardware, paint, etc.....34.02
A. J. Gilden, lamping.....164.80
A. J. Gilden, labor and hauling.....144.00
All other labor and hauling.....50.75
Janitor's salary.....30.00
Secretary's salary, including extra.....38.49
Repairing cart and other smithing.....11.25
Vincent Staub, stone.....3.50
Grossing stone and hauling.....28.57
Wm. Hensel, police salary.....60.00
C. H. Eamert, police suit and cap.....20.50
J. Noll, extra police service.....2.00
S. Miller Miller, surveying.....11.00
G. Linzer, surveying.....2.00
Weaver Mfg. Co., cross-hatching plates, etc.....22.07
W. C. Sheely, Bor. Atty.....20.00
Balance in treasury.....\$1,054.68
574.58
\$1,499.51

SUMMARY.
Care, Received from all sources.....\$3,226.09
Paid for all purposes.....2,526.58
th. Balance in treasury.....\$ 699.50
We, the undersigned auditors of the Borough of New Oxford, Pa., having been duly sworn according to law, have examined the foregoing accounts this 4th day of March, 1907, and find correct as stated; and also find the amount of outstanding taxes to be \$19.60, of which \$7.15 are for Borough purposes and \$12.45 for water purposes.
JOHN F. MILLER, Auditor.
HARRY W. LOOKENBILL, Auditor.
JOHN C. FLESHMAN, Auditor.
WHOSE OF ORDAINING STREETS & ALLEYS.
auditing.....\$10.00
uncertifying.....1.00
to signing notices.....2.00
for E. B. fares to Gettysburg, extra salary.....6.00
m.....559.00

No More Trouble To Get REPAIRS

FOR ANY KIND OF
Stove, Range, Heater or Furnace.
ALSO PIPE AND FIXTURES.

Just Mention Your Wants to
JOSEPH B. WEAVER.
Hanover St. New Oxford.

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.



"Pittsburg Perfect Fence."

Sold by **GILBERT & SON,**

DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Paints,

Oils, Glass, Cutlery, &c., &c.

Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.

Manufacturers Agricultural and Teaming Chains.

CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

West End Store News.

Garden Seeds.

We have a good assortment of all kinds of seeds and guarantee every package. Should any of them fail to come up we will give another package FREE of charge.

Easter Novelties.

We are showing a large assortment of these odd and quaint decorative bits at exceedingly small prices.

Men's Work Straw Hats.

We have on hand a large assortment of Men's and Boys' Broad Rimmed work hats. LARD WANTED AT 10c PER POUND.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,

THE LEADING GROCER.

Pitt Street,

New Oxford.

Let Us Show You Something in Furniture That Will Surprise You.

We have all new and up-to-date goods which we are offering to the trade at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it can be purchased for elsewhere.

Let us show you our 7-piece Chamber Suite, Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00. G. O. Chiffoniers at \$12.50, worth \$20.00. China Closets \$17.00, worth \$20.00. Mirrors at all prices—from 25c up to \$10.00.

If it is anything in the line of Furniture you desire we can supply you at money-saving figures.

We have just received a lot of fine Picture Frames with landscape views that you will surely buy. Drop in to see us.

DEATRICK BROS.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING. EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.

DELICIOUS AS IT IS GOOD
MEAD'S FLAKED RYE
24¢
15¢
THE GREAT
EST OF ALL CEREAL FOODS.
No fad or uncertain mixture. A Natural FOOD
LAXATIVE. A whole kernel of Rye to each flake.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT or write us for our three special offers. A pound package by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. It will positively cure the most aggravated case of constipation. Write to-day.
MINNEAPOLIS CEREAL COMPANY,
H. H. Dept. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Solicitors Wanted Everywhere.

NOTICE

To The Stockholders of The Littlestown Savings Institution.

By authority of the Board of Directors of the Littlestown Savings Institution the undersigned, Cashier, hereby notifies the stockholders of the Littlestown Savings Institution that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at the Banking House of this corporation, in the Borough of Littlestown on Thursday, the 9th day of May, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, to vote for or against the proposition to renew and franchise of the Littlestown Savings Institution for the further period of twenty years from the 24th day of July, 1907, on which date the present charter of the Littlestown Savings Institution expires.
1-31-3m W. R. ROBINSON, Cashier.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq. on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

Make Your Own Fertilizer

at Small Cost with
WILSON'S PHOSPHATE MILLS
From 1 to 40 H. P. Also Bone Cutters, hand and power for the poultry, and power and shell mills, farm feed mills, family grist mills, scrap cake mills. Send for our catalog.
Wilson Bros., Sole Mfrs., Easton, Pa.

Court Proclamation.

To the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables, in the different Boroughs and Townships in the County of Adams—GREETING:

KNOW YE, that in pursuance of a precept to me directed under the hand and seal of the Hon. S. McC. Swope, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas in the Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Adams and Fulton, and, by virtue of his office, of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of capital and other offenders therein, and in the General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and GEORGE H. TROSTEL and C. D. SMITH, Esqs., Associate Judges of said County of Adams: You and each of you are required to be and appear in your own proper persons with your Records, Recognizances, Examinations and other Remembrances, before the Judges aforesaid at Gettysburg, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace therein to be holden for the County of Adams aforesaid, on the 4th MONDAY of APRIL, next, (being the 22d day,) at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, there and then to do those things which to your several offices appertain.

GIVEN under my hand at Gettysburg {SEAL} on the 14th day of Mar., in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven.

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, Sheriff

Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands
Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it; it is a success. Price 25 cents.

Have your Job Printing done at the Irem office. Prices the lowest.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

- New Spring Goods. -

WE wish to inform the public that our Spring Line of Goods are now in, and cordially invite everybody to give us a call and take a look through our store, see the new styles and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Our assortments of

New Dress Goods & Silks

are now more complete than ever. A large selection of the Newest Things in Dress Trimmings, and Newest Things in Wash Goods.

Wash Goods.

Parris Tissues, Poie De Soie, Drap De Linde, Soie Duches, Carie Francaise, Falconette, Madras, French Bastiste, Prunellas, and many other new fads in this line.

Wool Cream Goods,

such as Voilles, Bastistes, Mohairs, Serges, Panamas.

Dress Linens,

in White, Gray, Natural and Blue.

Heatherbloom

for Petticoats, has the rustle of silk, a yard wide—35c the yard.

New Percales.

New Style Light and Dark Percales. Ready-to-wear Wrappers, Full line White Muslin Underwear.

White Bed Spreads,

Comforts, Blankets, Lace Curtains.

Dress Gingham,

in new styles.

Ladies' Dress Skirts.

Coats of the latest styles for Ladies' and Misses'.

Table Linen,

Napkins, Towels, Tickings, Sheeting.

Shirt Waists.

Ladies' White Lawn Shirt Waists—up-to-the-minute styles. Full line best fitting Corsets.

Home-made Carpets,

Ingrain and Brussel Carpets, Matting Art Squares, Window Shades, Linoleum, Rugs, Oil Cloth,

Notions.

A Full Line of Fancy and Staple Notions.

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All work neatly done and guaranteed

FOR PROTHONOTARY

W. A. TAUGHINBAUGH,
STRABAN TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries.

Executor's Notice.

ESTATE OF JULIANN NOEL, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams County, Pa., deceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. H. J. SNEERINGER, Executor.
Route 9, Gettysburg, Pa.

NOTICE!

A SPECIAL SALE OF
Red Cross and Century
STOVES AND RANGES.
HAYES B. FAIR
PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD

Removal Sale!

As we are taking possession of the Dellone Building, 130 Carlisle Street, April 1st, 1907, we will

Sacrifice

\$5,000 worth of Furniture, Stoves and Carpets.

All goods must be sold until April 1st, 1907.

KATZ FURNITURE CO.,

Present Location—44 Balto. St. HANOVER, PA.

A SPECIAL SALE OF
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